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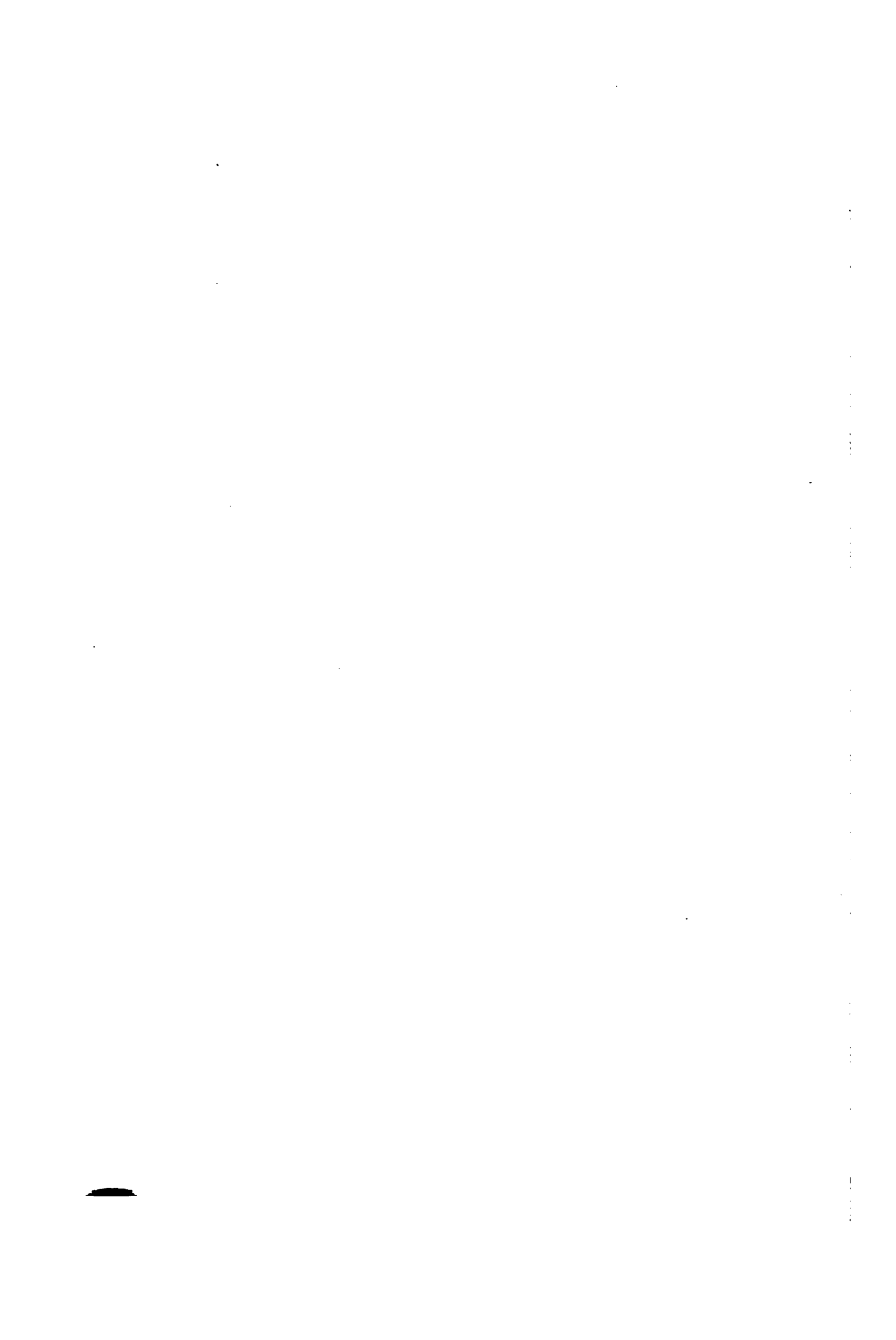


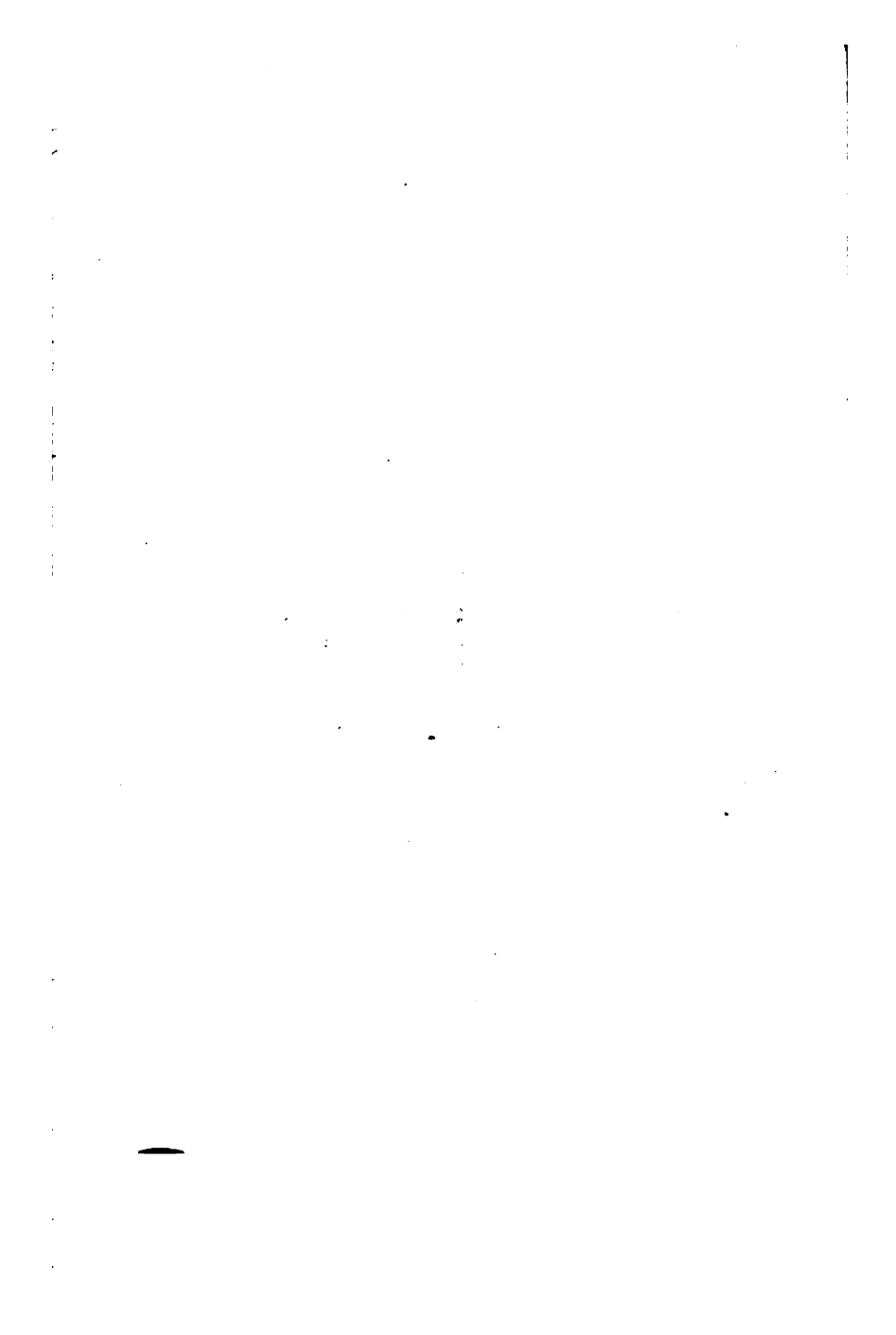
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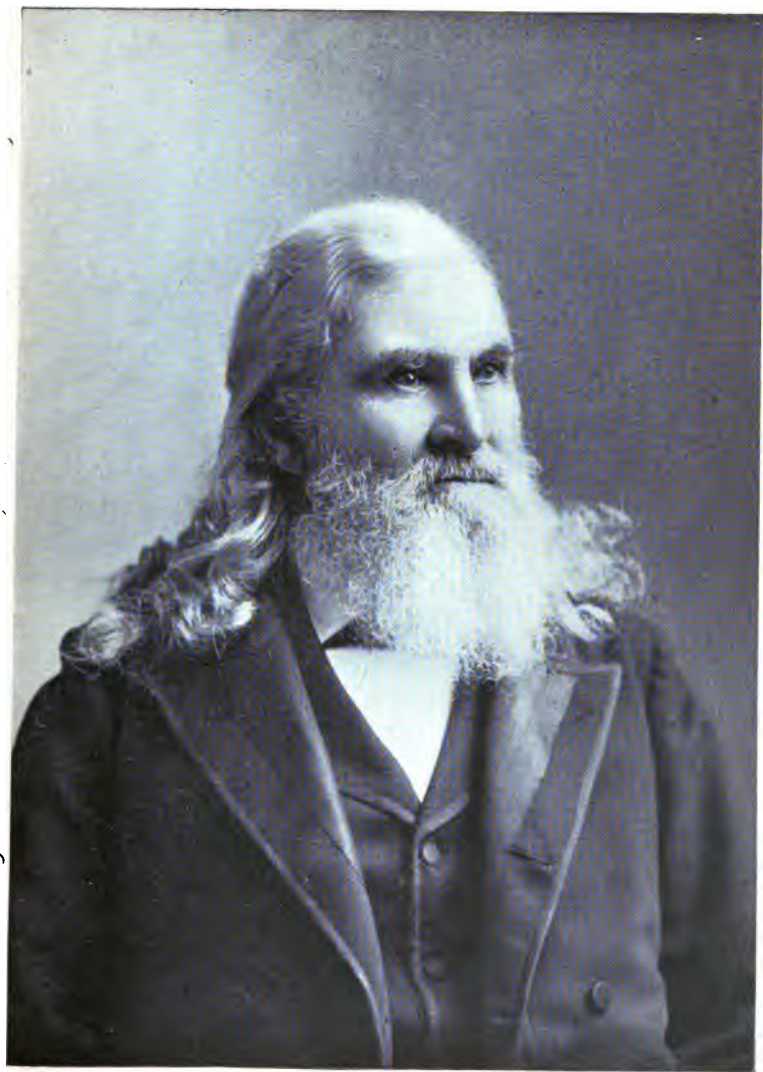




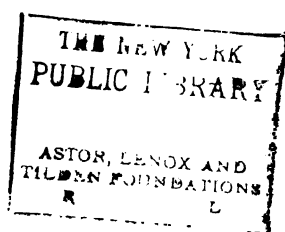
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Daniel Pelton



GREENWOOD

An Elegy

MEDITATIONS AMONG THE TOMBS

BY

DANIEL PELTON

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour :—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."
GRAY.

VOL. I.

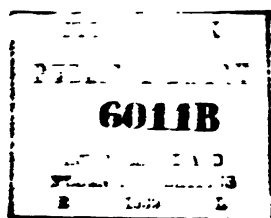
NEW YORK

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[1899]

MRS

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BY
DANIEL PELTON.

Dedication.

To those, if any, who chance to read this work and enjoy it, must thank the dear companion that I made my wife, (the joy of my life and helper in my old age,) who imagined she had found treasure in it that I had never fondly hoped to discover, and who insisted on making it public; and to whom in justice I now dedicate this, my humble effort.

Yours sincerely,

THE AUTHOR.



I HAD never given much thought to the publication of my poems, and so to leave it to others if they thought it worth while after my death; but at the continuous request of my wife I put forth this selection, hoping to please some of my many friends who have expressed a desire to see some of my works; most of them have been written years ago. In days whilom, when I drove my team afield trying to make two blades of grass grow where one had been, or inoculating some barren tree to make it produce rich and luscious fruit. Born a rhythmmer, amid sublimer scenes, the music of the spheres beats time against the raptured brain and poured sweet poesy from the willing lips, and thus I wrote.

For the better understanding of those who do not remember it, I would tell them at the time "Greenwood" was written there were two entrances, one for funerals and the other for visitors, we entered by the last named, near the Poets' Mound.



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GREENWOOD.

August 23d, 1850.

How dull the morn, the low'ring curtains shed
A fitting gloom for visiting the dead ;
It brings those serious thoughts upon a brow
Where ruthless time has scarcely drawn a plow,
And brings deep musing o'er the burning brain,
Yet 'tis not joyless though 'tis charged with pain.
By land my steed shall draw me on the way ;
By steamers wafted where the waters sway ;
My sister shall my solemn journey tend—
My dear companion and my loveliest friend.
Intent my thoughts upon the expected shore,
Careless we pass where oft we've passed before.
Till at the gate, O sacred spot ! we stand
Where sister hills stand linked on either hand.

Turn'd to the left we take the tour around
And pass the lake—a heavenly spot of ground.
Here Art to Nature lends a moulding hand,
And grassy verdure carpets all the land;
The scattering fountain would to sunbeams tell
That art can nature in one point excel.

POETS' MOUND.

AND now the Poets' Mound awakes my lyre,
Tunes ev'ry string, and sets my soul on fire;
To aid my pen no fancied muse I call.
Come, Thou Great Spirit! Governor of all;
Inspire my verse and tune the vocal lyre,
Who sent the Seraph with the living fire:
And should my verse a heavenly thought impart,
Close not the ear, and harden not the heart.

And who lies here? What genius does it own?
Is this poor Clarke that's raised this costly stone?
Too proud to beg the bread he crav'd,
None ever heard him groan,
And thus he starv'd: when in his grave
They mock him with a stone.
If he was worthy of historic praise,
If his own merit such a stone could raise,

Was he not worthy of the bread he crav'd,
Till raging hunger into madness rav'd?
Seek not perfection in the tuneful Choir,
'Tis torturing fortune sets the soul on fire.
The poet is a harp unstrung till adverse fate
Has soften'd, fired, or filled the soul with hate.

INVOCATION.

COME ! holy spirit of my song,
And crown my lyre with bays,
While forgetting other sacred dead,
I sing McDonald's praise.

Spectre shades, and spirits dire,
In fancy cross the mind,
While airy forms as bright as fire,
Float round on wings of wind.

Within this lone enchanting vale,
Still dost thy spirit stay?
Or has it left this wicked world
For calmer realms away?

To that far distant land
To seek that unknown bourne,
Who pined amid a social world,
A spirit all forlorn.

Come! pour thy spirit on my verse,
Thy wild poetic fire,
To mingle in my solemn strain,
Oh, grant thy friend's desire!

EULOGY.

THE tears bedew my cheerless eyes,
For whose with pity would not start,
To think upon the mournful fate
That has awaited Sandy Clarke.

I've often heard men call him mad,
And say dark spirits on him tend;
The mean excuse did make them glad,
That then they need not him befriend.

If it were so, then make me mad!
The change shall make my soul grow glad,
'Twill leap beyond control.

In broken ridges, grand, and rude,
His harp sonorous tun'd the song;
With eagle glance his thoughts protrude;
Thus madly rolled his verse along.

Look thou for calm serenity,
When gath'ring storms around us rise;
'Tis grandeur then like storms to be
When lightnings flash athwart the skies.

Though long oppressed by poverty,
Yet he from wealth did ever flee,
And pin'd within his soul.

His soul was like the mountain tide,
That peaceful through the plain might glide,
But when o'er rocks and ridges driven
Its roar is echoed far and wide.

His flight is check'd, his debt is paid,
The conqueror bade the curfew toll:
That Highland face is now a shade,
And eyes that spoke a gen'rous soul.

Those eyes that shone so radiant bright,
Reflecting Heaven's pure azure light,
At length have reached their goal.

THE INDIAN MOUND.

WHAT figure strange upon this tomb I trace?
It is no image of our Saxon race,
A swelling heart that's laboring in its grief,
That would not weep lest it should find relief;
Iowa's chief, it seems, and can this be
So late in bloom, thy lov'd Dohumme.
So late a maid, so late a bride,
Is this the end of human pride?
A daughter of a hunter wild,
An Indian wife, a chieftain's child.
Enough : they would not have it said
That tears were to her tribute paid.
Rest in the soil that once was thine,
Thou last fair image of a glorious line.

Compar'd with Afric's sons how bless'd
In freedom's grave to find a rest ;

Majestic bright'ning in decline,
Like setting stars that brighter shine,
Thy dust bears record of thy fame
Without one spot to blast thy name ;
But still the negro lives the scorn
Of those whose burdens long he's borne,
And yields his sons to slavery
Whom righteous heaven ordained as free.
But these in time may yet assert their right
And, joined with foreign and Confederate might,
With streams of blood may dye the Southern plain,
And Sparta call for Athens' aid in vain.
Oh, brothers! brothers! while I plead with thee,
Wilt thou not hear the cries of Slavery ?
If not the negro can thy pity move,
Think of thy race, and own a brother's love.
Shall Slavery's weeds choke up fair freedom's soil,
And freemen's labor weigh 'gainst slavery's toil ?
Shall Southern votes for the dumb negro pass*
And the free Northman vote not for his ass ?
Shall few great planters fill the fertile plain
And beach or crag is all the poor can gain ?
Shall one proud lordling his poor negroes drive ?
Where many freemen well might live and thrive ?

* The slave owners put in two votes for every five slaves they owned, and so got representation for slaves.

Shall this weak point tempt some proud mighty foe,
Where train'd in strength might deal the offensive
 blow,

And hand in hand might move the public weal
With hearts of firmness, and with fronts of steel?

But, my dear friends, let me no wrath excite;

'Tis mine alone the mournful tale to write.

When Heaven the curse of slavery would show

She gave the pen to Harriet Beecher Stowe.

GEORGE W. BROWNE'S TOMB.

As up the hill we bend our winding way
Where rival tombs their vaults, their fronts, display,
Now, generous Xanthus, lightly tread,
For here are laid the sacred dead;
Thou steed of proud Eclipse's strain,
Thou has not drawn that blood in vain;
But check awhile that smouldering fire
That proves thee of a noble sire.

What massive weight is heaped upon the dead!
What gaudy show around their tombs are shed!
More wealth than worth is often gather'd here,
And lying tombstones o'er their graves uprear;
Their anxious friends to cover every fault
Rear the high tomb, or decorate the vault;
The conscious world in silence passing by,
Pity their faults, nor chide the lifeless lie.

Now on a Gothic pile I rest my feasting eyes,
With finial plume, and tiles cut diamond-wise,
With gabled front, and quatrefoil relief,
With buttress firm, it stood awhile the chief,
And still it may with costlier structures vie,
And stand in time a proud antiquity.

THE POMP OF WEALTH.

As o'er the Hill with solemn pace and slow,
The wond'ring eyes behold the vale below ;
What wealth lies squander'd o'er the vulgar dead,
What health, what comfort might its powers have
spread ;

This adds no comfort to the senseless dead,
But by its bloom our living pride is fed ;
'Tis here their family wealth and taste are shown,
And merit told of—elsewhere never known ;
Where weakness and vanity these tombs uprear,
Pride triumphs oft where sorrow claims a tear.

Heaven takes small note whence comes or goes the
clay,
Yet man will heap up stone that scarcely will de-
cay,
Well pleased we see these mighty structures rise,
Yet Egyptian follies wisely all despise—

They by their tyrants mighty labors wrought,
We by a system with oppression fraught.

The pomp of sorrow is frozen wealth's display,
In burst of pride its grandeur seems to say,
Here lies the great, great dust beneath this stone,
A trumping chronicle that fame has never known.

Yes! this is more than common dust!
Dust made sacred by a soul!
Heaven consecrated with a holy trust!
This vacant hall the Heavens may still enroll.

THE INFANT'S GRAVE.

SEE o'er yon new-made grave the mother weeps ;
With dewy tears the new-laid clods she steeps ;
Thus loud she wails while bent down on the grass,
She hears no trampling, sees no strangers pass.
'Tis from our birth we're doom'd to feel this smart.
The fairest flowers are soonest to depart.
Their infant days alone to us are given,
They only bud on earth to bloom in heaven,
But the fell spirits that from hell proceed,
Dwell long on earth, and many a wanton deed
Shows their dark course while here on earth they
 dwell,
And plainly mark their downward track to hell.
Ah! happy are they that die in their childhood,
Their memory's with joy and their end is in bliss,
For if there's an offering in Heaven accepted
From Adam's curs'd seed 'tis an offering like this.

For we still are deceived by the memory of childhood,

For youth has its pain that's unknown to age;
The thorns are all gone where the roses once stood,
And onward are battles we dread to engage.
Like the echo that reverberates from the mountain's
rough border

How sweetly it plays upon Fancy's pleased ear—
Thus the scenes of our childhood by memory's recorder

Have sweetened ev'ry smile, and softened each tear.

MARY C. DIKE.

HERE violent death has called forth violent grief;
And let them wail, if wailing gives relief—
Let not their grief thy timeless mirth amuse,
Or artless love “spelt by the unlettered muse.”

JOHN R. PAXTON.

As o'er the hill we bend our doubtful way,
We pass where kindred bones now mouldering
lay—

But all are kindred, kindred to the dust,
And worse than dust without that heavenly trust.

MRS. MARY PAXTON.

I would weep for thee, Mary,
But thou art happy now ;
A spirit light and airy
Thought cannot mar thy brow.

For thou art gone, Mary,
And left this world behind ;
Where sorrows only vary
And cares oppress the mind.

But we will meet again, Mary,
And our kindred spirits dwell,
Like the visions of a fairy
And naught will break the spell.

CHILDHOOD AND AGE.

How often memory throws its rays
Back on our early childhood days—
Beguiles our thoughts with painted joy,
Nor aught is felt of life's alloy.

But childish thoughts, and childhood's days
Have had their joys and had their blaze,
And toil began, and cares crept in,
And selfish thoughts led on to sin.

We plough with care, we sow with pride,
Our pride increased with every stride;
The golden crops despise the plough
Oh! God in Heaven, protect us now.

THE THOUGHT OF DEATH.

WHAT noble structures of human art on every side
are spread

Within this labyrinth of monuments, this city of the
dead!

But hark, I hear a toll, it is a funeral bell,
It seems a warning spirit from yonder distant dell.
We should not fear that warning, nor dread the conqueror's strife,

For living in the fear of death is not the true end
of life;

But listening to our conscience, let it direct our ways,
Then happier shall pass our life; in peace shall end
our days.

Solemn gloom, why do we dread the grave?
Fear we to rest where there's an arm to save?
A long dark passage to an unknown bourne,
The cheerless prospect of a distant morn?

The thoughts of death the bliss of life alloy;
Wrapt in himself man might himself destroy;
Forgetful still that life alone was given
To smooth our path, and fit our soul for heaven;
In virtue's path will we our vigil keep,
How many nights are crowned with downy sleep!
If for the soul we strive its health to save,
May we not hope for comfort in the grave?
Swift flies the time when winged by silken joy,
Ere dewy fogs the ambient air destroy;
But swifter far must be its flight in death
As death is stiller than our vital breath.

THE FUNERAL.

HERE comes a priest the funeral pomp to grace
With costly scarf and sanctity of face.
Oh! holy men, can ye receive the gift
Where poverty is making many a shift!
Will ye still hover where the arrow sped,
And stoop ignobly to despoil the dead!
Ye, who to sorrow still might lend a charm,
And bathe the wounded with a healing balm!
Here comes the hearse all blackened o'er with pall;
It is a mother that Heaven was pleased to call.
Oh! holy name,—father, sister, brother,—
All combined ye are much less than mother.
Oh! thou to whom we owe our very life,
The kind protectress of our infant strife,
And still through life our kind protectress found,
All that's of thee must have a holy sound.
Fortune sets mad the world with hate or fame;
But still the mother ever is the same.

Oh! what a loss at any age is this!
To youth how needful, and to age what bliss,
To have a mother living to engage
The kind affection due her wasting age.
Though thy dead mother may rejoicing be,
Yet, little children, I would weep for thee,
For well I know that when those eyes were sealed
Thou bore a wound that never can be healed.
So must it be; and we must learn to bend,
Thankful that mem'ry still some joy can lend.
Through the long train there's many a coach at-
tends
That bears its burden, but that bears no friends.
They came to ride, or came the time to wile,
And in their joy cannot suppress the smile.
No stranger's tears need on the bier attend,
Nor secret sighing aid a weeping friend—
But smile not here, lest in some coming hour
Ye want those smiles that then will mock your
power.

THE KEEPER'S LODGE.

TURN from these tombs and yonder cottage view
With battened sides rough as the forest grew ;
Not to decay nor of a human plan ;
It seems of nature an older growth than man.
And that old bell that hangs in yonder tower
Tolls o'er the dead with more than mortal power,
And warns sublime, if warning we will hear,
To live in justice, and our Maker fear.

Still, as I hear that solemn knell,
It has a thrilling, deep'ning sound ;
It does the fading memory swell
Of friends that lie beneath the ground.

To keep the pass an ancient figure bends,
Like fancied Peter on the gate attends.
Now turn'd this cot, this loveliness I leave,
To plunge 'mid death and revel as I grieve.

LAMENTATION.

Oh ! brilliant genius still consign'd,
It works upon the thoughtful mind
To see the choice of death.

The brightest fire is soonest laid,
The fairest flower is first to fade,
The sweet, the shortest breath.

The lilies, blooming sweet and fair,
With fragrance load the ambient air,
And all their charms confess.

All feel the rapture of delight,
The transport of the sense and sight,
And none would wish it less.

Yet all that joyous scent and bloom,
Is but its passage to the tomb—
The onward march of death.

The mind is but a burning flame,
Though bright it sparkles into fame,
Must die at every breath.

THE BEGGAR.

WHAT ghastly form has caught my pitying eyes.
Nor worth, nor merit, in his cause replies.
With liquid fire his half-clad limbs would warm,
By heaven forsook to ruin nature's form.
For such as these oft charity deceives,
And such alone the generous man relieves ;
Where merit pines she trusts no sordid powers ;
'Tis for a nobler heart and freer hand than ours.
But try not these by men's severest laws,
For Heaven in mercy long has judged thy cause.

THE CURSE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Al! worse than war, more fatal to the soul,
That still deceiving, ever-maddening bowl!
The widow groans, the suffering orphan cries,
The shrewd grow rich where reckless folly flies:
The inebriate's drink can drown his grief as well
As sin on earth can pay the debt of hell;
Their health destroyed, their blameless offspring
 dooms,
And fill our graveyards with their early tombs.
Yet there are they who advocate its cause,
And call it good that wars with nature's laws.
What wretched want, what damning sins we see,
Is easy traced, curst Alcohol to thee,
It slacks our nerves, and lumbers up our course,
And brings old age with double speed and force.

Still round the tour the fairest tombs display,
Like the bright honors of the milky way.

BAY GROVE HILL.

While o'er the tombs I see yon prospect smile,
Here will I pause, and pausing muse the while.
A pleasing sight to see those stately sail—
The peaceful nation's voluntary bail.

REFLECTIONS ON THE WICKEDNESS OF NEW YORK.


THOUGH freighted with the commerce of all crime,
And so it's been from record's earliest time,
From port to port they ride the world around,
And bless and curse where'er they touch the ground.
Oh, City of my birth, could virtue see
The crime, the folly rooted deep in thee,
The midnight revel, and the rambler's den,
Those scenes of whoredom, and of wicked men,
Those shudd'ring scenes would drive her from your
strand,
And in her fright scarce raise a helping hand.
Now one black scene stands pictured to my view,
The scene all fancy, but the fancy true :—
In a back hall, an alley leads the way,
Remote from justice, and shut out from day.
Careless alike if passing night or day
The eager gambler feasts upon his prey ;

42 *ON THE WICKEDNESS OF NEW YORK.*

All pale, the youth would from his power be free ;
Too weak for conquest, and too spent to flee ;
'Tis not enough his pockets he would drain,
But sends him out to seek unlawful gain.
He goes unwilling, but with hope to shun
The punishment for crimes already done.
Till, stumbling short, his arrant course is run ;
The wretched mother mourns her ruined son.
Thus folly leads and vice pursues the way,
And night will shield those deeds too dark for day,
Till Truth breaks in, and, with his arm of might,
Dispels those clouds, and rears his throne of right.

Sad is the thought, but would I alter? Oh ! no !
Too loath we are to leave this world of woe,
Where all are sinners, sinners from our birth,
And all must sin while journeying here on earth.
For social laws draw men into a throng
And selfish rights makes each his fellow wrong.

Those few hours to virtue given,
Are like the gems that shine in heaven,
And own their Deity ;
As swift around his throne they fly,



Yet how small the space wherein they lie
Compared with all the sky!

Should Heaven in vengeance wreak its wrath again,
This might be found a City of the Plain.
But stay thine arm, Oh, Heavenly Father, spare!
Think of the babes, remember Nineveh.

WILLIAM BURBANK.

Who reared this haughty obelisk on high ?
It mocks at death and would insult the sky.
Could ye not show him in an humbler form,
Who fell the victim of a raging storm,
Where Duston's * worth and valor could not save,
But still pursued him to his very grave?
But the dear man who now we hope's in bliss,
'Tis well to know he had no hand in this.

* While they were carrying Captain Duston to the grave, who commanded the steamer in which Burbank was lost, there came up a most violent squall.

DE WITT CLINTON.

HERE rests awhile within this vault,
A statesman that could never halt;
Is this the end of thy desire,
Poor ashes of ambitious fire?
The evil still pursues thy name,
The good forgets to give thee fame;
Too loud thy foes while yet they live
Who thou in life their due could give;
But, as the smouldering ember dies,
Thy faults shall sink, thy fame shall rise,
And with its brazen throat shall sound
A blast to ring the world around—
A monument that's all thy own
Not like the silent mossy stone,
Defying Time's corroding power,
And blooming like a heavenly flower.

VIRGINIA MINGARY.*

**Thus obelisk confesses canseless fright,
The rage of fear, and ruin's mad delight ;
Prudence is wisdom when not turned to fear,
But fear is ruin in its mad career.
He early took them that so lately gave ;
Short from the womb he rock'd them to the grave.
I think I hear ye ask, Why all these babes ;
Mad unbelief ! have filled these early graves ?
But, curious man, what would ye not know
Of ill ; nor think of good the Heavens bestow.
Alike in youth, alike in age,
Alike the scholar and the sage !
This warning dire should warn us all
That death on any soon may call.**

*** A false alarm of fire in school caused the death of these children and about seventy others.**

DR. WAINWRIGHT.

SEE yonder tabular that stands below
Foolhardy madness in a man does show,
Who sported with poison, tampered with a snake,
And fooled his life with nothing good at stake.

CHARLOTTE CANDA.

TURN'D to the left, I seek the intricate round,
Where Charlotte Canda decorates the ground,
Like Sirius, fairest of the starry line.
Yet death seems setting on that heavenly shrine ;
All tombs around are in its splendor lost,
And all must bow before its mighty cost.
Yet who would envy, who would take her place,
Though not possessed of any wealth or grace.
The dread of pain, tenacity of life,
Increase with woe, and feed on mortal strife ;

In vain the roses round her bloom,
Vain may the polished marble shine,
In vain the sculptured image show
Charlotte in life almost divine.
Still all is night beneath the gorgeous tomb,
And the black grave wears the same dismal gloom.

Thou lovely flower, too delicate for earth,
'Tis only strange such beauty here had birth ;
Supine it fell before the autumnal blast
To rise to Heaven when wintry storms have passed.

SAMUEL D. SCUDDER.

SHORT was thy mission, blameless child of God.
Weep, Ceylon weep, o'er Greenwood's greedy sod,
The grave thy cradle for thy rest on earth,
Thy tomb a manger for celestial birth,
Thy education fits thee for the sky,
'Twas not in vain it taught thee how to die.
Heaven's true wealth beyond false fortune lies.
Men may grow great but never can grow wise;
Wealth and honor may conspire in vain
To seize by force what humbler mortals gain.
Fortune, oft false, was not to him untrue.
And fame, unsought, a wreath upon him threw.

RICHARDSON.

Yon gloomy pillar through the thickets lower,
And seems the relic of a stone of power.
To Odin's praise by rude barbarians given,
As dark and cheerless as their hope of Heaven.

THE VOLUNTEER OFFICERS.

ARE these the conquerors, this the trophy gave?
They fought for glory, and they won a grave :
Such fate awaits those chiefs that love to roam,
And deal destruction to a happy home.

BATTLE HILL.

BUT once these hills were stained with guiltless
blood,

Such blood and tears as made a second flood ;
What time the British legions trod our shore,
And filled Columbia's blameless land with gore.
To arms ! to arms ! the fervent patriot cried,
To arms ! to arms ! the generous youth replied ;
From every hill the clamorous sounds arise,
" And the long peals ran echoing through the
skies—"

The gray-haired veteran, and the man of God,
The polished scholar and the clownish clod,
All side by side join in the common cause
To save their country, and their country's laws :
Themselves the bulwark tyrants would destroy,
And won the freedom which we now enjoy.
Though many a soldier found an early grave,
Heaven sent a man our bleeding land to save—

Brave as Achilles, as Ulysses wise,
With Hector's virtues, to complete the prize;
His country's father, freedom's dearest son,
Beloved by all, immortal Washington :
He in the breeze, bade our proud banners fly,
And war-worn veterans shouted victory.
They know alone what freedom cost,
Who fought in many a battle lost;
And, wearied, turned and fought again,
And saw their brethren bite the plain.
Desponding, wrecked, despoiled and driven,
They met at length the smiles of Heaven ;
Then fled or fell the hireling slave,
Even then they feared a freeman's grave ;
They drove their standards from the land,
And saw them drooping leave the strand :
Tall ships they reared, and their victorious stars,
To grace the Heavens waves o'er their giant spars.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

LET bards unborn display its future worth,
I'll sing the glory of its noble birth ;
Paul Jones, the first to rear those stripes on high,
'Mid shouting sailors, and a smiling sky.
Down came the stars, a voluntary aid,
And lent their lustre, and their tribute paid.
* Then rushed to battle, 'gainst o'erpowering might,
Our valiant seamen still maintained the fight ;
The sinking hull, half filled with blood and gore,
Old ocean murmured at the wreck he bore ;
With grief the goddess saw stern Neptune's rage,
And would the favor of the god engage ;
With skillful grace she undecked the ruined mast,
And on Britannia's made her darling fast ;
Then bore her wounded heroes from the deck.
The greedy ocean swallowed up the wreck,
The boarding tars with Heaven-strung fury plied,
The vanquished foemen loud for quarter cried ;
Thus reared in blood, to triumph over fears,
'Twill float triumphant through a thousand years.

* Paul Jones's victory.

A. L. F. COWDREY.

HERE lies a man, one of a generous crew,
To duty prompt, to noble passions true,
His ardent breast, urged on by strong desire,
Has spent its rage, to check the rage of fire ;
His weeping friends and comrades held most dear
All bruised and mangled brought his body here,
Far from the noise, the bustle, and the strife,
And all those scenes he held so dear in life.

SAMUEL J. GILLESPIE.

COME view this tomb, this emblem scan,
The watchful dog, the faithful friend of man,
With more than reason does his patience burn,
And burns for him that never can return.

THE PILOT.

Now round and round unwilling are we bore,
O'er length of ground that we have trod before,
Determined thus the like mishap to shun,
At every turn we watch the lowering sun,
Till through the trees at distance we can spy,
A stately tomb high towering to the sky—
His tomb our guide whom friendship has placed
o'er

A much-loved pilot, but a guide no more ;
By angry Neptune's reckless wrath decreed,
Nor mortals could, nor Jove would intercede—
O'erpowering storms and tempests gathered o'er,
And wrecked and ruined on a well-known shore,
For he who strove while others quaked for fear,
And died for strangers—strangers shed a tear.
O reckless death, on total ruin bent,
Men at thy call are from their duty sent ;

But if to honor you can build up fame,
To die on duty is the noblest name.
But why will men thus hardy strive to live,
Where their best fortune naught but life can give;
Man, vain boaster, must yield when fate has sent,
And learn to bow to power that can't relent;
And oft it haps the proudest ones we see
Bending beneath a blind fatality:
Yet some would flee, and others trembling wait
The soft still voice that warns them of their fate.

VICTOR MARCET.

Thus did Victor stand upon the brink,
And see his comrades sporting in the brine,
Full well he knew it was his fate to sink,
And that no arm could check the power divine.
Yet in an unguarded evil hour,
He fell the victim of the threat'ning power.

Full many a squall without a cloud,
Strikes when our sails are spread,
While oft those ones that threaten loud,
Burst harmless o'er our head.
To think, to talk, may be the part of man
His actions all are of some heavenly plan.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

Oh, life, thou path of rocks and thorns,
Or vainly struggling 'gainst the tide,
Man ever o'er his folly mourns,
And only seeks the port of pride.

Oh, could ye take what fortune yields,
And bless the bounteous hand that gives,
For know what nature never shields,
That thing with comfort never lives.

In joyous youth, in age serene,
There's bliss in ev'ry peaceful scene,
In ev'ry age and state there's pain,
Where rage and discord hold their reign.

There's grandeur in the storm ;
There's beauty in the shower ;
There's loveliness amid the tears,
Of sorrow's pensive hour.

There's naught so innocent on earth,
That is not mixed with gall ;
Even dewdrops hanging on the leaves,
May wet you if they fall.

True happiness is in the mind,
Nor can it dwell away,
Dark discontent may gather clouds,
O'er nature's sunniest day.

'Tis death not life that brought me here to sing.
The sudden change might break the tuneful string.

GEORGE AND ALBERT SWAN.

WHAT constellation breaks upon my sight,
Their emblem's shining with an equal light;
In equal love and rival bloom they seem,
Like the lov'd brothers of the Spartan Queen.
Sleep! brothers, sleep! glad memory with thy
youth,
And shed a light o'er honor, love and truth.

MOSES KIMBALL.*

BEHOLD again we meet another tomb,
Of that dire storm that fill'd our land with gloom ;
How few escape destruction's deadly bows,
And pass unharmed this world of many woes ;
Yet there's consolation 'mid that solemn gloom,
To lay them decent in the funeral tomb,
Consign their spirits to a heavenly trust,
And mix their ashes with its parent dust.
'Twixt the soul and the body there's still an affinity,
Though the one is all carnal and the other divinity.
As the soul pants for Heaven, so the heart pants for
earth,
Each for the place that it claims for its birth.
'Tis the instinct of life, by nature 'tis given,
Dust unto dust, and spirit to heaven.

* Lost in the storm with Captain Duston on the Steamer
Atlantic :

COZZENS.

Now yet unseen must we desert the place
Where stands a monument possess'd of every grace ;
These angel forms to fancy only known,
Here seem to breathe upon this sculptured stone.
This skilful draft, though well it please the eye,
Yet may it not offend the Deity ?
Though some good angel bids the spirit fly,
Leave earth and seek the regions of the sky,
Yet be this truth a revelation known,
Ill sets a spirit on a sombre stone.

By various turns we seek the tower again,
To gain a prospect of the distant main.

JOHN M. BRUCE.

**AND here's, my friends, an empty tomb
Where death has never cast a gloom;
For virtues tried he's blessed with life,
Who calmly bore the business strife;
And may no troubled sea invade,
Till calm he lies in Greenwood shade.**

OCEAN HILL.

DELIGHTFUL spot ! favor'd of Heaven !
What health, what strength in every breeze is given ;
Here heavenly showers their fertile influence pour,
And ocean's briny arms wash clean the shore ;
Favor'd of Jove, what beauties here are spread,
Fit place to live seems fit to lay the dead :
Oh ! shudd'ring thought, beneath the miry sod,
Sacred alone to some infernal god,
To lay our friends where the muddy wave
In wintry tempests 'mid the valleys rave.
There fever reigns, health shuns the morbid spot,
And all that's human feels the canker rot ;
Who from such fate would not their body save ?
'Tis death to think of filling such a grave.
But here all fear, all loathing here has fled,
We seek a sweet communion with the dead,
And as we read on each historic tomb
We'd have them answer from their solemn gloom.

FAMILY BURYING-GROUNDS.

ON their own farms some choose to rest their bones
(Nor think how few of parents' farms their children
owns);

For this they choose some lone sequester'd hill,
Too drear for prospect, and too poor to till;
There frisking lambs dance at the close of day,
Or sporting heifers tear the sod away;
Brambles and briers with tall weeds o'ergrown,
And sunken graves is all of them that's known;
Their sacred memory can no more prevail;
They live in fancy of some ghostly tale;
The grudging ploughman craves the ground to till,
And grubs intrusive round the wasting hill;
Still sets his coulter towards the less'ning mound,
'Till leaning tombstones tumble on the ground,
No more o'er graves they fill with sacred awe,
But serve for stepstones at the invader's door,

Thus every trace ere long shall pass away—
Their sacred memory and their wasting clay.

As far from this hill I can see o'er the plain,
So boundless its glory and long be its reign ;
And soon my dear country exulting shall be
The joy of the land, and the pride of the sea.
A nation of learning, a nation sublime,
A nation of grandeur, a nation of crime.

THE INDIAN SPIRIT.

YET in time what we are (how strange does it seem)
In history's page shall appear but a dream ;
And they of this land that now hold the sway,
Shall be number'd with those that have long
passed away.

Where millions now live there may famish a few,
And the hunter again the lost chase shall renew :
Let me sing when a boy, how my young fancy stray'd,
'Twas a vision of ghosts, but I was not afraid.

A spirit came and sat o'er the grave,
Where his fathers were gathered, and his bones
had been laid ;
And he saw that the white man no relic would save
Nor respect to his nation or kindred had paid ;
And he rejoiced when he thought that their spirits
were free,
And none were there left, their bondsmen to be ;

But still might they rove over desert and wild,
The lovers of freedom, and nature's own child.

And nobly he thought they had played out their part,
Those old debts of vengeance they had honestly
paid ;
And friendship and gratitude those friends of the
heart,

That an Indian forgot, it ne'er could be said ;
And calmly he looked on the Great Spirit's plan,
How each race in their turn can reach but their
span,

And the soil that had borne his had taken its clay
And the Spirit that sent them had swept them away.

And the paleface had come and filled up their place,
And palaces built and torn up the soil,
Even Indian graves the last trace of his race,
And seek for no pleasure but the curses of toil,
And he pitied the white man who grovels from birth,
Slaves by their nature must still rend the earth,
And he would not have changed his wild spirit so
free,

For the life of a white man, though the noblest
could be.

DAVID HALE.

THIS name alone might o'er the heart prevail,
Thy kinsman's memory honors David Hale;
Nor less thy sternness than the chief who fell,
To know thy virtues, they must know thee well;
Oft underneath a crusty hard exterior,
The heart is tender, kind, true, superior.

The subtle false heart is always smooth,
The slime that poisons first the victim soothes;
This stern dark stone is well erected here,
Its strength and grandeur triumph over fear;
To virtue true o'er truth he held a rod,
"An honest man the noblest work of God."

REV. DAVID ABEEL.

Joy to that soul that sought to bless mankind,
The only tie that here on earth could bind ;
Thy fervent spirit would not let thee rest,
Forever wandering and forever bless'd
Oh ! yet awhile may thy good spirit rove
And aid the mission of the man of love.

And now before my feasting eyes,
Rich prospects spread around
The teeming fields with verdure green,
The sea with vessels crowned.

The birds have all returned again,
And music fills the plain,
How blest are they—they know no past,
Nor dread the future pain.

By yonder tomb there stands a tree,
Its blooming roses to display,
But on that plant you cannot see
The roses that have passed away.

FREDERIC PLACE.

BUT what is this that I behold ?
What ruin do I see?
The broken column that marks the grave
Of a friend. Oh, sacred name to me !

Upon its sides are marked around,
To show his friends lie near ;
A few short months have swept away,
All that his heart held dear.

But one I see they have not mark'd
Though memory dims with years,
Still round the mind forever clings
What youth to us endears.

Frederic, long departed boy,
Companion of my early joy—
Thy youth, thy beauty, and thy wit
Like distant meteors dimly flit.

ON THE DEATH OF EMMA MOTT.

OfT have I seen my dearest friends depart,
And whilst I mourned received a second dart.

Of late the heart has been severely tried,
And can it be the accomplished Emma died ?
This warning gloom is Heaven's gentlest sign
A gnomes set to cast a shade on time.

Ye winds that o'er old Ocean roar,
Sigh when ye reach yon pensive shore,
Ye fields, how can ye smile ?
Long may the billows lash the shore
In mournful dirge, for now no more
Fair Emma glads thine isle.

Since Emma joined the sacred dead,
Xanthus, half thy grace has fled ;
All that to Heaven belongs.

She fell as budding roses turns,
When hot the summer solstice burns,
And their young beauty wrongs.

Ah! life, how transient is thy bliss!
How many shocks we feel like this!
How false is all the show!
All that is lovely in its birth,
Leaves this sombre, cheerless earth,
Just as its charms we know.

But why complain of what is given,
Of seed that makes a growth for Heaven,
That takes no dross of earth:
For God is good for all he gives,
And would that every soul that lives
Should profit by its birth.

Then, Emma, go in beauty's power,
And seek that amaranthine bower;
And join those angel girls;
For what were Heaven with all its bliss
If it were not for gifts like this—
Such tributes from its worlds.

JONATHAN GOODHUE.

How swarmed with goodness, here our neighbor
lies,

Neighbor to all, and kindred to the skies.

Not superbly great, but most supremely good,

Through a long life his sacred honor stood,

By wealth and fortune, severest test, was tried,

He lived respected, and lamented died.

Farewell the prospect of the distant round,

Our business now is with the adjacent ground.

NEW GROUND.

DETACHED THOUGHT.

SCATTER'D more wide the cheerless tombs are seen,
And pleasing nature spreads a brighter scene;
Amid these tombs still must I turn to man,
And various thoughts arising, let me scan:
What sudden change, just there fair Science teem,
Still law is here, and law will rule supreme;
Man left to nature lives by natural laws,
The social man to fellows pleads his cause;
All rul'd by laws, but rul'd in different ways,
And only happy where the conscience sways.
With wary hand deal out a freeman's power
Lest ye may rue it in a trying hour,
For some to rage, and some to love a fool.
Who rules himself, alone is fit to rule.
Supremely selfish ev'ry man is right,
And till he's vanquished glories in his might.

In ev'ry age he boasts superior skill,
Still man is man, and so he ever will ;
Nor less his strength, nor of degenerate size,
To silence truth they balance equal lies :
See where he liv'd, and what his labors wrought,
His strength and talent by those proofs are sought.
If here he lacks, then there the proof is given
And ever thus he keeps the balance even.

Oh ! man to savage nature prone,
For culture yet how rich a plot—
Thy cultured pride oft makes thee groan,
And savage worth is oft forgot.

How soon are favors all forgot,
How deep the impression of a wrong—
Friendship seems but a selfish plot,
Deep wounds contempt as life is long.

To culture man, man has the power,
For vernal showers his growth prepare,
And most we love that tender flower,
That only grows with toil and care.

Oh ! feeble art, how fruitless is thy strife
When frugal nature will not warm to life ;

In vain we seek, in vain we strive to know ;
What from our fellows may spontaneous flow.

Consign each one unto his place,
And let him fill that place with grace,
To war with nature's laws 'twere vain—
When God makes laws, those laws will reign.
Full many a rock by sculptor soiled,
That might have made a corner stone.
Material waste, and labor spoiled,
And all too late the folly known.

If study charms thee pleasing is the toil,
But care is needful or ye'll wear the soil.
Spend not your toil where adverse fate oppose,
Nor seek to give what Heaven alone bestows.
In a rich field may grow a barren tree,
Robbing the soil of its fertility :
While sprouting from bri'ry hedge I've known
The clust'ring fruit, culture would proudly own.
On coarsest spray the richest flowers may grow,
And the fine leaf may scarcely own a blow.
Ah! why will death such victims proudly seek—
Enough the simple, and enough the weak,

But can the flowers their fragrance yield,
And not their atoms cast away?
Can the rich harvest coat the field,
And draw no substance from the clay?
Thus active minds must quickly pass away
Like kindling fires that brighten to decay.

Not always worth, but weakness oft
To early ruin tends,
And self esteem attains a height
Where ridicule suspends.

Claiming talent none can see,
Or merit none can find,
That sheds a feeble ray within
To dazzle their own mind.

Thus they who vainly seek for fame,
Will meet a just reward,
And perish with their own esteem
Without one echoing chord.

Thus with embittering chagrin,
And wrath they leave the world;
To pine unheeded and unseen,
Where merit oft is hurled.

Some early find the covering, grave,
And some their folly weep—
While some throw back those blunted darts
That wounded them so deep.

Heed not this smooth and flattering world,
Flattery will only foil;
But when thy work is weighed with gold,
There's merit in thy toil.

Oft man's the author of his own woe,
With his own hand he deals the inflicting blow,
Self-tortured, writhing, suffering, grieved,
And blames the world that he is not relieved;
Nor reason ask to seek an easier plan,
But passions rage and swallow up the man.

Still o'er new grounds we bend our way,
As yet unsestl'd by the dead;
Who yet in life may storm awhile,
Ere their journeying spirits have fled.

But ah! in life, oft worse than death,
A thousand ills pour in.
Man not only suffers for his own
But for his fellow's sin.

Our dearest joys, our dearest ties,
They reckless cut away,
And in a moment cause a wound
That will not heal for aye.

Oft some fell demon, arbiter of strife,
Bursts friendship's bands—the dearest gems of life;
And lying scandal, or more dangerous truth,
Cut loose those links so dear to generous youth.

Slaves, hell-bent in mischief, each a host,
In things they are least concern'd they meddle most;
Alert to harm they play their dev'lish part
Without one virtuous spark to warm the heart.

Nor seize we joy, or joy it seems,
But restless still we roam;
All the gain our journey proves
If this is not our home.

Oh! ever restless evil man,
How fruitless is thy toil,—
Ere yet ye've gathered in the crop
You turn it in the soil.

The pursuit of pleasure is alone its gain,
Too oft pursuing what must end in pain;

The soul arises with the coming chase,
The looked-for pleasure when we end the race.
Though still receding still we press afore,
We grasp the jewel and it shines no more.

'Tis thus the hunter can the chase enjoy
O'er hedge and ditch, and standing crops destroy—
Till fall'n at length, he sees the vanquished prize;
The noble stag rolls up his dying eyes,
The hunter feels, and all his pleasure dies.

But still there's joy amid our chosen friends,
On honest friendship lasting bliss attends;
This is for all, for every man may find
One that admires with a congenial mind.

There is no clime all crops will suit,
Nor any culture all will tend—
But barren the soil that bears no fruit,
And cold the man that has no friend.

Choose not a friend that will thy substance crave,
Be a true friend, but never be a slave;
Nor high, nor low, but choose an equal grade,
To burden not, or not to go unpaid;

With even scale let open favors swing
Nor deal out justice with a secret spring.

OH, thou who think'st thy fate severely hard,
Because some cloud obscures a brightening day,
Thinkest thou that Heaven will show thee more
regard,
And all the schemes of nature disarray?

Think not creation was alone for you,
Thou art but part of a stupendous plan;
'Twas made for Cæsar and the sparrows too,
And worlds on worlds, too much for man to scan.

Nor is misfortune often what it seems,
And man to want and misery left forlorn,
Our dull minds ill search for heavenly schemes,
Our greatest ills are blessings nobly borne.

Man's but a wave on the ocean of time,
A speck on the shore, a note in the chime,
A link in the chain, a part of the whole,
And countless the value of one precious soul.

But small, ah, small! is that being and soul.
To the Power that creates and moveth the whole;

Man's but speck to the earth, what's the earth to
the sun?

And wide over space does Sol's system run;

Yet farther in space and twinkling around

Is the glory of glories, the bright stars abound;

Yet far, far into space, where the vision seems lost,

And the sight and the mind into chaos are tossed—

There myriads of worlds seem clouding the space,

Like specks tossed chaotic, and seeking their place;

There whole stellar systems seem but begun

And creation proceeding ad infinitum;

Great God! O forgive me if man has a weight,

Ye heaven of heavens, what then's thy estate?

DR. MITCHELL.

HERE ends this farce : how much this road, like man,
Still leading onward ends where it began !
How much like life this consecrated ground !
Though on we drive still must we come around.
In vain we halt, in vain we strive to fly,
There lies the goal, and there our course must lie ;
Restless rovers struggling from the womb,
To end our struggle in the silent tomb.
And few in life that bears a common name,
Is worth resounding through the trump of fame.
But here lies one for whom she blew a blast,
Nor can it be without a tribute passed.

Clio, beloved of all the sacred nine,
Thy tablet fill upon this honored shrine ;
Courtied by nobles and beloved by kings,
And this the glory that their honor brings.

Yet science claims thee, bids thee live a name,
With zealous Priestley blundering up to fame,
A pleasing, trifling, yet a thoughtful sage,
A blaze of glory sinking into age.

CHANCELLOR KENT.

HERE lies the great, a clever man lies here,
The Judge of judges bids the judge appear;
A sapient jurist, and a generous man,
Thy virtues known, thy talent who could scan?

HARPERS.

HERE'S a band of brothers, do not fear,
These social men not yet are here;
They yet awhile have parts to play
And brighten many a gloomy day.

GERMAN GROUNDS.

FAR from his home the wandering German lies—
'Tis freedom's home, the living brother cries;
Who just escaped the tyrant's iron grasp
Would in his arms the enchanting goddess clasp,
And thinks fair freedom's soil may lighter tread,
And softer lie upon her noble dead,
And feels in freedom more content to die
Than live in chains from whence he had to fly.
'Tis hard for man to leave his native land
And seek a dwelling on a foreign strand,
But naught compared with those brave souls of
yore
Who built their homes upon a hostile shore.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

HA! who can tell the suffering of that band
Who first set foot on wild New England's strand?
With solemn look the fathers stand
 Around their new-made brother's grave,
'Tis in a free but foreign land
 And death that liberty to crave.

Yet would they rather fill that grave
 Than tyrants dread or curse their God—
The master there can find no slave,
 But turns in horror from the sod.

They thought who next of them should fall,
 Their friends an ample grave would heap,
They thought the summons was for all,
 And only for the last would weep.

PUBLIC LOTS.

STILL as we drive full many a grave we pass
Till grave to grave join in one common mass ;
Here the long lines of heaped-up earth do wave,
There the deep trench shows it one common grave.
The mean canaille there toils for strengthening
bread,

And like the falcon feasts upon the dead.
The curling smoke around his nostrils play
And in low joking pass the hours away.

So let it be, still may their hearts be glad,
Till crushing fortune bids the soul be sad ;
For they can feel who rough in every way,
Roughly does sorrow o'er their bosom play.

PIERO MARONCELLI.*

BUT mid these ridges of the vulgar dead,
Beloved of fame, Piero's may be read,
Who, doomed in chains of misery to stand
For Europe's sin, for loving his dear land :
Him to the furies heartless tyrants gave,
Till pitying fortune the poor wretch would save.
The butcher'd body strength enough did crave
To guide it hobbling to a freeman's grave.

Funereal honors or the costly tomb
Could not repay the patriot for his doom ;
Yet there are those who meaner parts did play,
With tombs resplendent as the God of day.

* The body of Piero Maroncelli has been removed by his countrymen, and a fine monument erected over his body.

ITALY.

FAIR Italy, thou fairy-land of flowers,

Ill sets the wreath upon a tyrant's brow,

Thou still art lovely in declining hours.

Hast thou no Cincinnatus at the plough?

Not vain for thee the patriot's blood shall flow

Thy fattened soil the stouter hearts shall grow.

AN INVECTIVE AGAINST TYRANNY.

Does Europe's rulers murmur at our slaves?
Who would not give to freemen quiet graves?
Men with nature undisputed as their own,
Oppressed, trod down, nor pitied when they groan,
And yet the echo of a groan would make you grieved
Turn to your homes, begin ye to relieve.
You dogs dressed in your gold and scarlet coats
To bark at freemen with your brazen throats;
With simoon breath to blight fair freedom's tree,
All men are selfish, most supremely ye.
We know your object, what you hope to gain,
So hold your peace, your labor all is vain.
He that would scourge asks not if black or white,
Strength is his guide, he looks not to the right:
Ours is a wrong, a more than crying shame,
Sent by your fathers, those you would not blame!
But still go on oppressing all you can,
While we have freedom for your meanest man.

DINAH DEPUY.

HERE lies a saint though born a slave
None will deny the freedom of the grave;
Her mortal frame may moulder here away
But heaven has claim'd what never will decay.
Who has not found in humble life,
 Where heavens ethereal embers burn'd,
Such noble spirits never were,
 Nor never can to dust be turn'd.

FOUNTAIN HILL.

THE fount of life in fields of death
The many distant rills supplying;
How much like life its stay is breath,
And flows no more at breath's denying.

THE FIREMEN'S MONUMENT.

No more the bell awakes the strong desire,
Their ashes now contain no living fire ;
Nor think with pain or pride the perils past,
But wait unconscious for the trumpet's blast.

Such men are ours that rather die than yield
Their country's bulwark, and their country's shield ;
Yet need restraint ; their passions uncontrolled
Are fierce, vindictive, virulent, and bold ;
Their swelling veins if maddened let to go
Would run to riot and nefarious woe ;
But to fairly govern and to justly please,
Our country's fortune much depends on these,
That power that brings such blessings to our hand,
And wafts in safety o'er the smiling land,
If reckless fed, and raised beyond control,
Will burst in fury and destroy the whole.

Thus plebeian power to nature ever true,
It built up Rome, and Rome it overthrew.

It tyrants check'd, and oft would tyrants slay,
But knew no bounds, and madden'd in decay.
'Tis not for all each secret art to scan,
The arm that labors seldom lays the plan ;
Each in their place must play their several parts,
What best befits of Science, or of arts ;
Each in his place exalts his nation's might,
And there alone his nation wills his right ;
With equal check each feels a just control,
And virtue reigns to harmonize the whole.

THE EVIL OF INSUBORDINATION.

FORGIVE the o'erflowing of an ardent breast,
With manly strength, and generous heart possess'd.
They mix what's great and what's weak in man
Angels can pity, devils never can,
Stern moralist, hast thou not felt the passion strong
within
Thy vanquish'd breast that tempts a man to sin ?
Then why condemn the youth who chance to trip
When better fortune would not let thee slip ?
Too cold for love, thy bosom's feast is hate ;
Thy rancor'd breast thy prowling cannot sate.

CONCLUSION.

But noiseless time is stealing on
That wears this life away,
And bids the subtle spirit fly
And leaves its worn and worthless clay.

Then we must still be journeying on,
Nor waste that time in song,
Though in sweet communion with the dead
A few short hours belong.

The tombs are past, my song is spent
This day remember'd be,
While side by side I drive with time
Till death shall set me free.

Adieu! ye gates, and consecrated ground ;
Adieu! ye hills, and shadowy vales around ;
Adieu! ye monuments, ye dead, farewell—
A short farewell, then with you I will dwell.

CONCLUDING ELEGY.

I HAVE not toiled to build up fame,
Nor sought for earthly praise ;
The gifts the world bestows with fame
Are envy and delays,

But as the songster warbling forth
In sunshine and in shades ;
Would shun the noisy blast of fame
Which solitude invades.

The easy, humble, quiet life
I hope for is the best ;
And free from pain I hope to gain
A place where I may rest.

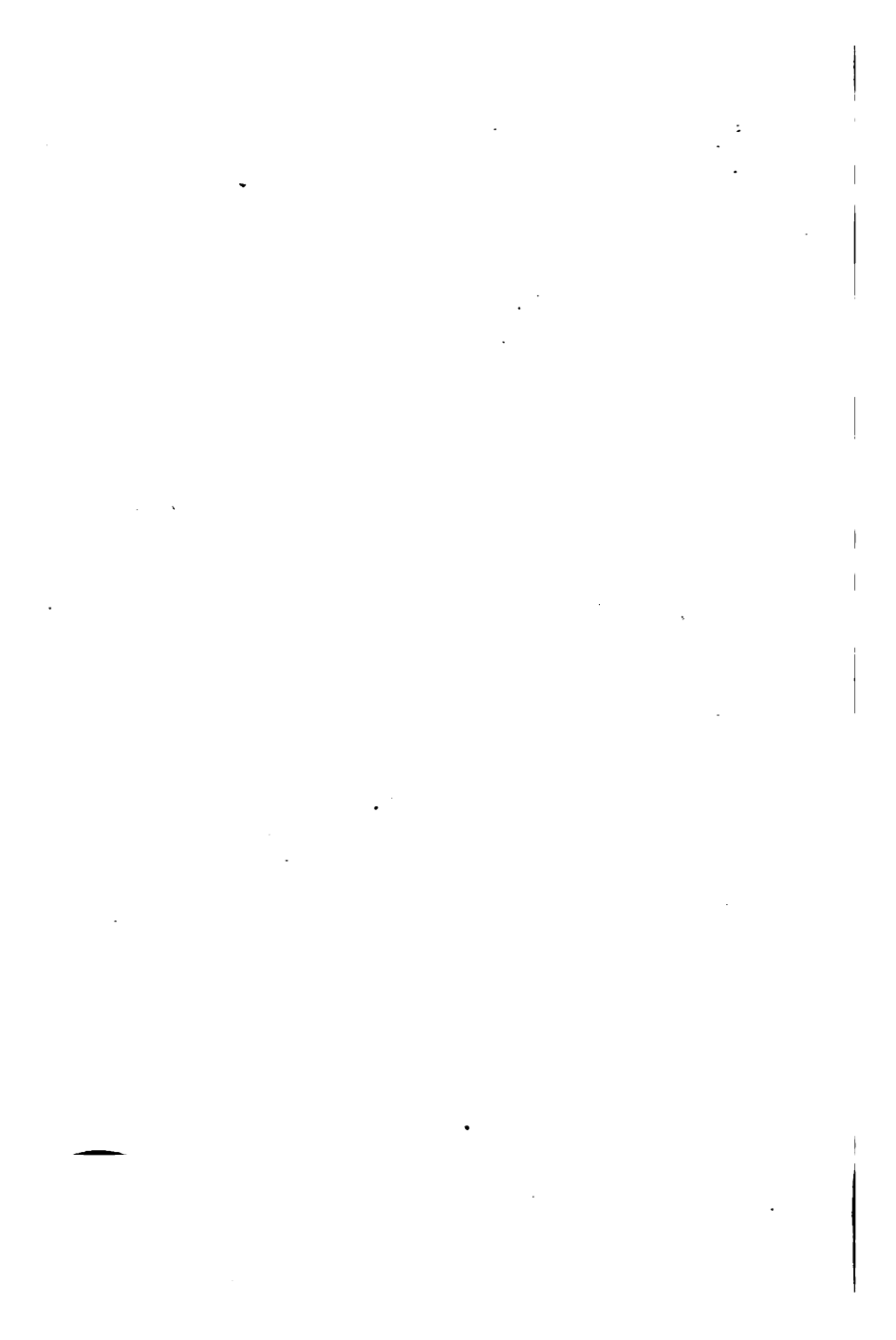
When you behold my mossy grave,
Who chance to pass along,
As I thought of the sacred dead,
Think of the child of song.

Nor hide my faults, for faults I have,
And they are not a few ;
I only boast an honest heart
That's tender, kind, and true.

When gentle zephyrs sweep along,
Or sigh among the trees,
Then think upon the Greenwood song,
And let the spirit please.

1875

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

DIRE WINTER RULES THE DREARY REALM.

DIRE Winter rules the dreary realm,
The sea-gull screams o'er Kill von Kull,
The hardy boatman dreads the helm,
And scarcely through the ice can scull.

And far around for shroud of snow
The fields have changed their living green,
The howling winds a tempest blow,
And desolation rules the scene.

Thus winter reigns supreme in him,
Who sees his only joy depart,
Nor flattering hope, with fitting pulse,
Warms the least channel of his heart.

108 *DIRE WINTER RULES THE DREARY REALM.*

But let my Mary smile again,
That pulse how high, that heart how light,
And silken joy shall drive the pain
Of shadowy phantoms from my sight.

With joy I'll hail the welcome spring,
To see the elm protect the vine,
And songsters to their mates shall sing
And so will I, my valentine.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET WAVE.

**Flow gently, sweet wave, glide slowly away,
For short is thy passage to my dear natal bay ;
There rolled in some eddy a moment may stay,
Then launched in the ocean forever and aye.**

**Thou mind'st me, bright wave, of life's fickle beam,
As it glides down the course of its widening stream ;
A moment in manhood, it may shine on the bay,
Then sinks all ingulfed in the ocean of spray.
From the fountain of life, to the ocean of death
We pause but a moment, we draw but a breath.**

THE CLOVE.

IN search of contentment whoever may rove,
Though weary, delighted must pause in this clove;
Where the picture of bliss in fancy may glow,
And nature's pulse beat to the heart's healthy flow;
Where the hills will not echo an unholy sound,
Nor an unhallowed sound through the valley
 rebound;
Not a sound that is heard but to heaven will raise,
Every note that you hear is the music of praise.
With a smile on the vale stands each hill linked to
 hill,
And their plumes nod in grandeur to the murmur-
 ing rill;
And that smooth glassy lake that's reflecting the sky,
Is the mirror of heaven where the goddesses vie.
'Tis the wax-work of paradise, where there's nothing
 forbidden,
The perfection of nature, the foretaste of heaven,

Ye toilers for riches, ye slaves from your birth,
Ye ramblers for pleasure, ye reptiles of earth,
Who find in your lives not a moment of bliss,
Come, take ye a view of a model like this,
Where fancy from truth gets those pictures so rare,
And mocks every effort to make them more fair;
And learn, though it's rare when the spot ye shall
find,
There's peace and contentment for the virtuous
mind;
Though short to the best is the bliss that is given,
One step to this vale, and another to heaven.

THE RAINBOW.

ON Ararat top our pious parents stood,
And viewed with joy the slow assuaging flood,
Nor longed to ride the stormy deep once more,
Nor mourned the good ship cast upon the shore.
Nor the lost dove that brought the peaceful spray,
Nor scattering herds that wind their rugged way.
Their grateful breasts are filled with pious awe,
And for the future would some aid implore;
From each clean herd a sacrifice they fell,
And smoky altars raised a savoury smell;
The Almighty saw and pity moved His breast
To ease their minds and put their fears at rest;
He said "No more on earth shall raging floods be sent,
And as I swear behold my covenant.
Seedtime and harvest shall again appear,
And the rich soil shall bear the loaded ear;
The welcome seasons shall in order come,
And shadowy night to brightest day give room."

Then dewy drops through scattering clouds were
sent

And the bright sun burst through the firmament;
The reflected beams with animating glare,
Draw the bright colors from the ambient air,
In order each, and radiant as they glow,
In the bright heavens they form a brighter bow,
The waves supporting either end below.
Their fears are now in admiration lost,
Their toils forgot and stormy waves that's crossed.
And view the truth as high in heaven it shone,
That God and mercy ever shall be one.

As heavenly truth awoke my slumbering fire,
So semblance strong still keeps me to the lyre;
As from the clouds Sol calls the colors true,
So light increased gives truth a brighter hue.
It stands a bow to mind of debts that's paid,
Of punished sin, of righteousness the aid;
Its form an arch, and as an arch 'tis strong,
And as to heaven and earth it does belong,
It rests on earth and bends the heavens along;
Its colors pure, so pure is heaven from crime;
As grand to view, so heaven is most sublime.

THE SETTING STAR (VENUS).

I saw the lovely queen of night,
Smiling in the western sky,
It filled my soul with rapture bright,
To see the laughter-loving eye.

Her last looks were upon the wave,
She brightened as she near'd the deep,
She smiled upon the watery grave—
That grave which makes so many weep.

She is gone beyond the briny wave,
No more she shines—the star of heaven—
She sank behind the yearning grave,
Bright stars but for a time are given.

Yet heaven is filled with feebler fires,
That spread around a lustre bright,
United in their strength conspire
To light the wanderer through the night.

So perish every star of earth,
They only for a season shine,
But still they hope a heavenly birth,
Who cherish faith and love divine.

**THE SEASONS ALL MUST OWN THEIR
BOUNDS.**

**THE seasons all must own their bounds,
The fiercest storm must lull its blast;
The sweetest Spring that e'er's enjoyed
Is when the dreariest winter's past.**

**Thus, Mary, hope can brace the nerves,
To bear the violence of the blast,
That when the raging storm is spent
To rest within thy arms at last.**

TO MISS —.

I've seen the sullen winter sun,
Twice fourteen times return;
But still as colder blew those storms,
The more did summer burn.

But still with you that wintry frown,
Through every change I trace,
That's left in me an icy chill
That time cannot erase.

THE POETRY OF NATURE.

THERE'S poetry in every scene,
There's music in the spheres,
There's harmony in every theme,
Where nature's throne uprears.

The warbling of the feathered throng,
The murmuring of the running rill,
The insects' call joined to the song,
Thus all dissolved sweet notes distill.

Like distant mountains wrapt in mist,
Or lofty glaciers towering high,
With scenes that mock learned diction's list,
Behold the grandeur of the sky.

Thus all resolved my soul may be,
When my body lies beneath the sod,
In nature's truest poetry—
The fittest offering for its God.

ILL NEVER STRIKE THE LYRE AGAIN.

I'll never strike the lyre again,
No more its music makes me glad,
For every fool has got his theme,
And mine perhaps may sound as bad.

Classic brute, and Classic man,
Alike but ink historic page;
Then learn and live—live while you can,
And let no thought but life engage.

IF MARY WILL BUT SMILE.

May 1st, 1850.

How gently spring is riding in ; on the welcome bull
he is borne,
While rich the wreaths of flowers are wound on
either horn ;
The fragrant falling blossoms a rich profusion yields,
While gladdening vital lustre is brightening all the
fields ;
The crocus and the hyacinth, they now must yield
the sway,
And the early gay narcissus no longer looks so gay ;
The sprightly, feathered warblers, with notes so loud
and clear,
Are singing, 'mid the blooming trees, the promise of
the year :
Thus gay the face of nature the fitting hours can
wile,
And every change shall cheer me if Mary will but
smile.

THE COMPLAINT.

In vain I turn the vocal lyre,
The ear unwilling hears the strain;
Bereft of all its heavenly fire,
And every earthly sense but pain.

But only let my Mary smile,
And all around shall seem more gay;
The changing scenes the hours shall wile,
And joy shall greet each coming day.

Then side by side again we'd rove,
And strive the fairest flowers to cull,
Careless to every thought but love,
On blooming banks of Kill von Kull.

**THOSE EARLY WALKS THAT WE HAVE
TAKEN.**

THOSE early walks that I have taken,
With the ones I loved so well—
On grounds that long have been forsaken,
Fond the memory loves to dwell.

Bold invader with thy treasure,
Spoil not that ancient hedge or lane—
Sacred spots to heavenly pleasure,
With thy toil so fraught with pain.

My unseen ghost I want should visit
Those sacred lonesome spots again ;
There on some well-known rock to sit,
And think not all of life was pain.

THE ECHO OF HOME.

WHAT spell is it that charms me, that I never would
shun,

That warms the chilled heart like a mild winter's
sun ?

What fancy pursues me, though far I may roam ?
'Tis the deep rolling echo of my dear native home.

The old faithful watch-dog as he greets me with
joy,

The fond mother's call to her young roving boy ;
The stern sacred bee, as she hums her own tale,
And the morals still echo from my dear native
vale.

The horse's shrill whinny as he sniffs up the gale,
The deep lowing herds, as they stroll through the
vale,

The sweet singing birds on the orchard's low trees,
Oh ! this is an echo so charming to please.

The wild shouts of joy as the woodland we rove,
The sad, plaintive strain of the still mourning dove,
The rough flapping sound of the discordant sail,
Oh! this is the echo of my dear native vale.

Thou idol of manhood, why burst on my strain?
Be silent, kind memory, oh! bring not your pain;
Why blight ye my fancy with that still blasting
tale,

'Tis not the echo of my dear native vale.

When the father of exiles shall beckon me home,
And bid the lorn stranger no longer to roam,
With joy I will greet it, and then with a smile,
Mount on an echo of my dear native isle.

WOMAN'S HEART.

**Who has not found a woman's heart
Is harder than a brazen shield;
And seen full many a blunted dart,
Before its stubborn casement yield !**

TIME.

TIME's always mad, when we are glad,
And flaps his wings and flies away ;
And lags again when we are sad,
And where he's welcome will not stay.

MARY.

THERE'S music in that holy sound,
That charms me like a fairy.
I could not love a lass
Unless her name was Mary.

THE OLD CRUSER BURYING-PLACE.

Oh, sacred spot, where human dust
Lies mouldering 'neath neglected stone,
Is this the end of human trust?
How happy then when fate's unknown.

Who that these moss-bound stones shall see
Shall wonder that the bard has sung;
They seem to bend in sympathy,
And almost seem to have a tongue.

Even this old barn would stand on them,
Had I not kept it from the line;
I could not pile unhallowed stone
Upon an ancient worthy line.

Then let us learn from this a truth—
Though great in life that die we must;
Embrace the time while we are here
And leave the rest to heavenly trust.

THE STORM.

At sea near New Jersey Coast, July 10, 1878.

How strange to think that I am here,
And, stranger yet, to have no fear !
Surrounded by the boundless deep,
The stormy clouds above us sweep ;
Darkness hanging like a pall,
O'er our noble wooden wall ;
Loud the distant thunders roar,
And vivid flashes light the shore ;
But strong the nerve is braced 'gainst fear,
When Thou, O God ! we know art near.
Through storm and calm, through light and dark,
And joys and ills Thou guidest our bark ;
Through Thee alone we enter life,
Through Thee alone we bear the strife,
And when at length the strife is past,
Thine is the haven sought at last.

TO LAURA PELTON, ON THE DEATH OF
HER FATHER.

Written in the special car while riding to the grave of my
cousin, William Tilden Pelton, July, 1880.

Oh! child, bereft of a dear father's love,
A charming, youthful, helpless, fluttering dove,
Still there is left a heavenly Father's care,
And still to heaven thou art a rightful heir.
And short at most the journey here below,
And vain the glitter of its gaudy show.
But nature, teeming with a generous glow
Of healthful life, through all its creatures flow,
Bids you arise and take an equal share
Of earthly joys, and youthful earthly care.
When, worn at length, we feel life's journey end,
Memory awakes, and life new pleasure lends.
Life swiftly glides—we see the heavenly charms,
Our parents beckon with their open arms;

Oh! then thy life shall doubly be repaid,
An earth-born child, a heavenly cherub made,
Thy spirit, fleeing far from earth's alarms,
Shall rest an angel in thy father's arms.

MY OLD SHOES.

AND must we part, my dear old friends,
So constant and so true ;
A friend in need is a friend indeed,
Although a poor old shoe.

Together we have often strode,
In pleasure or in pain,
Companions, if I walked or rode,
In sunshine or in rain.

And now to think that we must part,
As best of friends must part,—
To think new friendships must be formed,
It almost breaks my heart.

Nor love I less for service past,
Down-trodden and forlorn,
I've loved thee well from last to last,
But most since beauty's shorn.

But sad, oh ! sad, is common fate,
The ash-heap and the shoe,
But doubly sad when we reflect
We'll soon be ashes too.

TO SOPHIE.

IN days whilom when youth and health
Their wanton course to rapture led,
Had I such charming influence met,
For fear of capture should have fled.

But now to age serener comes,
An angel face—an angel breath;
A foretaste of our heavenly hopes,
Before we feel the sting of death.

FRIENDSHIP TO SAMUEL BURGER.

THINKEST thou, Samuel, heaven's but a name,
Then whence came friendship's true and holy flame?
The only passion in the human breast
That's not of selfishness supreme possessed,
That feels another's woes, another's wrongs,
Nor thinks the pain alone to him belongs,
That hails the joy within his fellow's breast,
And feels more bliss than by himself possessed;
When fortune courts, would have him share his lot,
When foes beset to shun the impending shock,
Our friend we seek, our confidant and rock.
Should heaven's true record every motive name,
'Tis this alone that would not put to shame.
The patriot's flame ambition would disgrace,
And anxious love would hide his blushing face.

THE KISS.

THOSE lips so high,
Those eyes so shy,
Who could refuse a kiss?
Oh, Time, ye slowly pain destroy.
How soon ye perish, earthly joy;
How short is earthly bliss!

ON THE DEATH OF MY LITTLE DOG "LILY."

Died September 19, 1883.

OH, Jennie dear ! my thoughts on thee,
As little Lily leaves my arms,
And must each gentle spirit flee
Till earth for me has lost its charms ?

Only a little dog 'tis true,
But dear, oh dear ! that dog to me,
She was a kindred friend with you
And warmed the love I have for thee.

Still nature, kind, has love for me ;
It warms the heart but does not shine ;
For soon, too soon, its charms they flee,
Till naught is felt but love divine.

When from earthly cares at length I rest,
And seek the mansions of my God,
There in the chambers of the blest,
I'd love to meet my little dog.

OH, LOVELIEST STAR OF NIGHT THAT
SHINES.

Oh, loveliest star of night that shines
To my benighted soul,
Oh, may its ruling influence bright,
My walks on earth control.

And may the love of Jennie's heart
My bosom ever warm,
And may its gentle influence guide
My walks on earth from harm.

Oh, holy Power, that rules the earth
And guides the rolling spheres,
Oh, Power of powers that rules above,
And all that life endears,

If in Thy power and in Thy love,
And laws to nature given,
Can hear the prayer of suffering love
Appealing to high Heaven,

LOVELIEST STAR OF NIGHT THAT SHINES. 139

May I my earthly task fulfil,
With wisdom such as given,
Then soul to soul united till
The end of earth—and heaven.

MY JENNIE'S GRAVE.

WHEN I have left this world of care,
And given to earth, all earth can crave,
Who will the garland wreaths prepare
To decorate my Jennie's grave?

Sad is the thought, and hard to bear,
But sadder was the hour of parting.
But stricken life can thus prepare
To calmly meet the hour of starting

To worlds unknown. Oh, dreadful thought!
When unprepared by sorrows deep,
And disappointed hopes are taught
That we are here alone to weep,

And work, and toil, and seek for joys
That carnal thought can never give,
Till heavenward turned, by blessed alloys,
To seek the life that heaven can give.

Then garland wreaths and halos bright,
And roses sweet around her bloom,
And gentle twilight's softer light
Alternate change from glorious noon.

Perhaps my narrow fancy paints
This heavenly change in earthly hue,
But this is free from narrow taint—
That earth is frail and heaven is true. —

OH, JENNIE DEAR! OH, JENNIE DEAR!

CAN I forget her lovely form,
That angel all divine,—
How could I hope to have her here
Within these arms of mine?

Oh, Jennie dear! Oh, Jennie dear!
Oh, still remember me,
And mix what joy on earth I have
With constant thought of thee.

Still as in life I onward plod,
Thy constant form is near,—
And with my angel and my God,
What dangers need I fear?

Oh, Jennie dear! Oh, Jennie dear!
Oh, still remember me,
And mix what joy on earth I have
With constant thought of thee.

OH, JENNIE DEAR! OH, JENNIE DEAR! 143

Still, rolling Time, move gently on,
With love and thoughts above,
To meet my angel and my God,
'Twill then be perfect love.

Oh, Jennie dear! Oh, Jennie dear!
Oh, still remember me,
And mix the love in heaven above
With constant thought of thee.

BUT STILL I KNOW MY JENNIE'S DEAD.

But still I know my Jennie's dead ;
I know she cannot be,
Save in my dreams, and wandering thoughts,
Attached on earth to me.

I wander round in loneliness
Among the gay and blest.
But turn me from this world of strife,
I only seek for rest.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. BURKMAN'S
DARLING CHILD.

ALMIGHTY FATHER, blest be Thy will,
We humbly bow beneath the rod.
Hush! be still, my murmuring heart,
The messenger has come from God,

Who sent his loving, blessed Son,
To our accursed and fallen race;
His glorious light the victory won,
And all that seek may find His grace.

Think of the God who sent his son,
An offering dear on Calvary;
The sacrifice was meant for all,
And surely it was shed for thee.

Now He has called thy darling home,
Pure, untainted, by our fallen race;
She has gone to join that heavenly throng
Eternal love her dwelling-place.

146 *ON THE DEATH OF MRS. BURKMAN'S CHILD.*

Eternal hope, earth's dearest friend,
Inspire thy breast to thoughts above,
With hopes to meet thy angel dear
In realms where dwell eternal love.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPHINE.

SLEEP! sister, sleep! to thee is given,
The joy, the blessedness of heaven;
If we possessed our Saviour's grace,
We'd gladly take thy resting-place.

What more could sinful man have given,
To satisfy a righteous God;
The greatest blessing sent from Heaven,
Is laid beneath the cold, cold sod.

What less could bounteous Heaven receive,
That all our joy and blessings give;
Afflictions for awhile may grieve,
But come that every soul may live.

Then, mourner, by your loss improve—
Think why the Lamb of God was slain;
Thy sin contemns a Saviour's love,
And crucifies your Lord again.

EMMA MOTT.

AND is it now a worthless corse,
That once I loved to kiss?
Ah, no! that which I loved so well,
Has entered into bliss.

It is the tenement alone,
That mouldering back to clay;
That spark with its refulgent light,
Is a celestial ray.

And, Emma, we shall meet again,
And I behold that face,
That had such power on earth to charm,
With all its heavenly grace.

I WOULD NOT HAVE THEE BACK, MY LOVE.

I would not have thee back, my love,

What! call thee to this world again?

Where loveliest day but breeds a storm,

And sweetest smiles may end in pain.

ON THE DEATH OF MAMIE E. BENEDICT
BASINGER.

June 13th, 1896.

Ah, cruel Death, what hast thou done,
Thinketh thou another victory won!
Ah no! hear'st thou the song
That swelleth from that angel throng,
Celestial robed, divinely bright,
And seen alone by heavenly light.
Thou early claimed the mortal shade,
But canst the Heavenly bourne invade,
Where swift the immortal spirit flies
To realms unseen by mortal eyes,
Where gathering Angels round her sing
And hear the Saviour's welcome ring.
Divinely blest, we hear the Saviour say,
While we stand weeping o'er the mortal clay.

MEMORY.*

On the death of Mamie E. Basinger.

THE friend of the past no grief can restore her,
But the joy of the past is in memory's recorder;
Down deep in my heart, where my life's blood is
 beating,
Lies the green grave of sorrow; still the joys are
 repeating,
When our deep sorrows yield to the slumbers of
 night,
Then memory restores the gay dreams of delight,
And we live once again in the scenes of the past,
And wish, when awakened, that they ever might last.

* Written in the Catskill Mountains, Sept. 8th, 1896.

WRITTEN VALENTINE'S DAY, AFTER THE
DEATH OF ———.

No more you'll see your Valentine,
Unless that sight by God is given ;
For He who sent her here to bud,
Has taken her to bloom in Heaven.

The joyous memory of the past,
The memory of those writhing pains,
The tears of friends that she amassed,
Is all of her that now remains.

Dear is the tribute each doth pay,
Even dear the memory of her pain—
For well we know it was the way
That she her glorious end did gain.

And dearer now does seem the abode,
Of that blest welcome resting-place,
Nor do we fear that dreary road,
Nor dread the storms that we must face.

When some dear one a-travelling goes,
To some far country's glorious round,
'Tis then the heart a yearning knows,
And gladly to that land would bound.

ON THE DEATH OF PETER THE FLOWER BOY.

(Drowned at New Brighton) who every few days, summer and winter, would decorate himself from head to toe with the most beautiful flowers, and promenade the roads for miles around.

OH! where is posy Peter gone?

The rose it droops its head;

Why should it bloom on this dark waste,

Or idly fragrance shed?

Old Pluto had no peace below,

For Proserpina railed—

His scorching realms her seed would blast,

And oft her labor failed.

In vain he brought down foreign seed,

Or called down heavenly showers,

Still rage or gloom would o'er her reign,

Her joy was in the flowers.

Full well she knew of Peter's fame,
For from heaven to Pluto's gloom
Had spread the splendor of his name,
In fragrant gorgeous bloom.

And she would have him down below,
To raise her drooping flowers,
And bring them back to earthly bloom
To deck her maiden bowers.

The jealous god is forced to come
And steal the boy away,
And leave our land in sombre gloom
To cheer his realm with day.

Oh! there was joy in Kingdom-come,
Among the rosy bowers.
With amaranthine wreaths they crown
And hail him, Prince of flowers.

ON THE DEATH OF ANDREW JACKSON
DOWNING.

THE roses droop, the lilies pine,
Their guardian angel now no more.
In vain we bud the eglantine,
Or heavenly showers upon them pour.

He sleeps as sleep the flowers gone
When chill November blasts the plain;
But not like flowers o'er him we mourn
That spring shall bid return again.

Yes, he shall bloom beyond this vale;
He still shall be their guardian power;
He'll scent the rose in every gale,
And visit them in every shower.

TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

LET Scotia boast her tuneful sons,
Whose glory shall forever stand,
Though her fruitful throes should never bring
Another bard to bless her land.

But from that gathered throng of fame,
The heart in fulness fondly turns,
And o'er the memory sheds a tear
For truest, noblest, sweetest Burns.

TO MARY.

THOUGH sullen Winter hold its throne,
The genial sun oft sheds a beam
That wakes fond nature's softest tone,
And calls my Mary to my theme.

What fans that secret smouldering fire,
That ever burns to be possessed?
What lights the flame of strong desire
That to my Mary stands confessed?

How vain is all the pride of life,
How vain the treasures here we gain,
How vain our selfish worldly strife,
How vain our toil, our sweat, our pain,

Unless some genial social tie,
Shall twine itself about the heart,
To make our cares, our troubles, fly,
And of ourselves become a part!

THE WESTERN HUNTER.

SEEK not the city's smoky den,
Or slimy marshes morbid fen;
On the mountain's craggy side
Is freedom's home—the patriot's pride.

In Luxury's lap young Edwin nursed,
That vainly human woes would soothe;
We still must bear that early curse
Though wealth our path may strive to smooth.

He grew a sapling, tall and smooth,
Unfit for toil, but strong to love;
How short that joy, how love's abused,
When falcon hunts the turtle-dove!

She died of grief and cold neglect—
He, mad with love, has left his home;
Time has his heartless parents wrecked:
Behold the sturdy hunter roam.

His coal-black steed, with eye of fire,
With ample chest, and flowing mane,
His master's will his great desire,
He scarcely needs the guiding rein.

'Twas his to find the doubtful path,
The rider's part to seek the game,
Though each could bear the traveller's part,
And both could feel the hunter's flame,

He glories in the rising war,
His strength can nerve the rider's breast;
His steed can feel the rider's fire,
Thus each the other's soul possessed.

He taught the passions wild to flow—
A generous friend, a mortal foe;
He gloried in the equal fight
But never in the overthrow.

He would not wear his limbs with toil,
For all was his that nature bred;
Nor would he load his arms with spoil,
But trusted Him who sparrows fed.

Unmoved he heard the battle's din,
Unshaken saw the grizzly die ;
But tears they flow at mercy's call
And all awake to pity's cry.

His heart is like a lion's strong,
With eye as gentle as a dove,
He seems like one that always has,
And always would the mountains rove.

Sarap and hunting-coat he wore,
And buckskins deep, and breeches flare ;
His rifle o'er his shoulder slung,
Fixed to his sash his knife did glare.

Thus shone our chief, the western pride,
What time swift rumor's frightful tale
Told to torture given, a captured maid—
I'll die, he swears, or will prevail.

And here I'll cease, for I'm content—
Enough my tale to fancy gives,
Enough to tell our hero went,
And, having been, that still he lives.

THERE IS AN ARM TO SAVE.

WHY mourn you for the distant one?

Have ye beheld his grave?

Why lean ye not on bracing hope,

While there's an Arm to save?

Though blackest clouds are loosened wild,

And maddened billows rave,

Yet mourn not for the living one,

For there's an Arm to save.

Why mourn ye for the perished one,

Who sank beneath the wave?

Is there no port beyond this life

Where there's an Arm to save?

COME, JESU, KIND AND LIVING GOD.

COME, Jesu, kind and loving God,
A sinner's cries attend ;
Save us from the chastening rod,
And all our ways defend.

Let not an humble suppliant's cry
Be heard in Heaven in vain ;
But send Thy mercy from on high,
And free a soul from pain.

Save us with that precious blood,
Which Thou alone could give,
And thousand thousands still may save,
But none without can live.

ON RECOVERING FROM SICKNESS.

March, 1849.

RISING from a bed of pain,
From foul disease, I slowly gain :
Corruption's slow reflux course
My feeble powers can scarcely force.
All nature smiles around serene,
The laughing fields assume their green,
The air with humming insects ring,
And little songsters gayly sing.
Suffering with o'erwhelming pain
I longed for death—but longed in vain ;
The tedious time crept slowly by,
And hard the strings of life did try.
Seeing all nature teem with life,
I, gladly too, will join the strife,
To shrink from pain, and death would shun,
Rejoice that Heaven, Thy will be done :

But what most now to comfort tends,
To meet the greeting of my friends,
Who, wondering, see that I'm alive,
And hope that I may live and thrive,
And blest with health and strength and years.
But most my drooping spirit cheers,

To see the maiden's lovely tear,
Not like those tears in sorrow shed;
Like joy that's risen over fear,
Shining like stars when storms have fled.

Yet all to death in time must yield,
To seek a land, we are told, more blest;
Yet may I toil on many a field,
Ere with my fathers I must rest.

WRITTEN FOR THE ORPHAN CHILDREN'S
HOME.

WE thank the Lord that gave us birth,
The Lord that saves the soul,
Who thinks His meanest creatures worth
His guardian control.
He guides us o'er the desert land,
Or on the stormy seas;
He bids the raging waters rise,
And calms them at His ease:
My father's home was on the wave—
That wave is now my father's grave.

And when He drove that ship a wreck,
'Twas not without a will—
And He our orphan tears to check
Is Father to us still.
He guardians to our aid did bring,
And we our grief did tell,
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That touched the heart's most tuneful string,
And thus the numbers fell :
My father's home was on the wave—
That wave is now my father's grave.

THE LAMB OF CALVARY.

WHEN first the soul the body warms
With life-inspiring breath,
Who but the Lamb of Calvary
Can save the soul from death?

When thoughtless youth, in search of joy,
Would drive that soul to wreck,
Who but the Lamb of Calvary
Can total ruin check?

When gathering round our riper years,
We see our offspring rise,
Who but the Lamb of Calvary
Can counsel and advise?

When frosty time shall bow our heads,
And our full days are given,
Who but the Lamb of Calvary
Can bear that soul to heaven?

IS THIS MY MARY'S HOME ?

**Is this the place where Mary dwelt,
Is this my Mary's home,
Where mirth and joy harmonious dealt?
How have these raptures flown !**

**No more the organ's sacred sound
Swells to my Mary's touch,
Her harp if touched sheds discord round.
Why have I seen it such ?**

**Discord and rage, dispute the ground
Sacred to peace and love ;
Soft peace within no more is found,
And far has flown the dove.**

THOU WHO OF HOPE COULD FONDLY
SING.

THOU who of hope could fondly sing,
Or tell the woes of Wyoming ;
Or chant some legendary tale,
May o'er a stubborn heart prevail.

Then give that vanquished heart to me ;
Or bid it set its captive free—
Or lend thy power of song awhile
That I may win my Mary's smile.

THE STOLEN LOCK.

Poor captive, thou has lost thy place,
No more on Mary's neck to wave,
Where once you added grace to grace,
How fallen, since thou art a slave !

I fain would gain'd her heart and soul,
But blunted many a harmless dart,
And when I could not get the whole,
I thought no harm to steal a part.

If, like this lock, I'd see thee fail,
And in my care thy beauty pine,
Then I'm content—I can't prevail,
And make such heavenly graces mine.

THINK I CAN'T LOVE WHEN FAR AWAY!

THINK I can't love when far away!

When nature smiles in grandeur round,
And social voices round me play,
I'll hear my love in every sound.

Think I can't love when far away!

Tho' tempest fills the stormy scene,
And fortune sends an adverse day,
My love shall make my life serene.

Think I can't love when far away!

Though gulfs and seas may rage between;
Or desert wilds my journey stay,
My love shall make that desert green.

REPENTANCE.

Oh! give me my first love again,
That fanned my passions to a flame—
Who first I loved, who first I feared,
Who first my frightened passions cheered—
I'll never, never, rove again,
Nor fill that honest heart with pain.

THE PASSIONS BURNING.

How long my muse neglected lay,
While I in pleasure spent my time.
I seek the long deserted way,
To drown my sorrow in my rhyme.

Tell me, ye nine, has Cupid fled,
For yours alone it is to know :
For sure the urchin is not dead,
He seeks new arrows for his bow.

Oh no ! no galling arrow flies,
'Tis loving Venus' fondest rest :
And now she only opes my eyes,
That I may see myself more blest.

'Tis the strong pulse and not the wound
That from the heart so freely flows,
That runs its rapid course around,
And still its wonted way it knows.

I CANNOT BOAST OF LOVE DIVINE.

TO SOPHIA.

I CANNOT boast of love divine,
For I am of a mortal line ;
Nor know I how the gods do love ;
Nor court I as the turtle-dove.
But 'tis a truth confessedly,
I never loved a girl like thee.
Heroes may smile where cannons roar,
And face where iron tempests pour,
And soldier-like may bear the smart,
But who can bear 'gainst Cupid's dart ?
Believe me, braver far than me
Have died, by feebler far than thee.

THE WISH.

ONCE, as I drove my hardy steers,
Enthroned upon a lumber'd car,
Bright Venus rose above the hills—
I scarce believed it was a star.

I thought it was Latana's son
Leading his steeds before his car,
And as I gazed it glowed and shone,
But owned at length it was a star.

Thus I beheld a maiden bright
Of face, and form, and grace divine,
So fit she seem'd for heavenly flight,
I dared not hope to make her mine.

I wished that she had been that star,
And I had been the favored god :
Or I, Apollo's shining car,
And she to hold the reins and rod.

DRYADS, I HAVE LOST MY LOVE

DRYADS, I have lost my love—

Guide me to my Flora;

I cannot live without my dove

So much I do adore her.

The wine and oil shall freely flow,

The gentlest lamb I'll offer—

All these I'd gladly give to know

If my love has turned a scoffer.

But sure some storm is gathering nigh,

Or those eyes so dim and darkling,

Would, like the glow-worm in the night,

Be for her Damon sparkling.

Some wandering comet thus I'm here,

Whose course is all distraction ;

The sport of every social sphere,

Nor feels its true attraction.

Perhaps Orion, envious god !
Forgets the sister pleiads
And claims those eyes to gild his sword,
Oh, tell ! some gentle naiad.

TO JENNY H—

THE summer clouds they often frown,
And vernal joys scarce dare to shine,
But softer scenes those storms must crown,
So smiles succeed those frowns of thine.

TO CUPID.

CURD, I'll have a quarrel with thee,
Unless thou go away from me;
You little rogue, you seem possessed
To aim your darts at my sore breast.
Go, villain! seek for manlier toil,
Or let some school-boy be thy spoil;
Dost thou never mean to cease,
And leave the weak to dwell in peace?
Why wast thou always made a boy,
With thy folly to annoy?
You had better change thy life,
Become a man, and take a wife,
Then you'll learn what you begun
Does not always end in fun.
Begone, I say, and quit thy folly,
Or I'll go and quarrel with Polly.

A SONNET.

I WILL love thee still,
Though thy heart may chill:
The eyes I cherish
Never will perish.

Though far we may sever,
Forget them I'll never;
Till life flits away
Their light they'll display.

And fill with delight
Like that star of the west;
'Twill gladden my twilight,
And welcome my rest.

YE LITTLE BIRDS, AWAKE NO NOTE.

YE little birds, awake no note,

Ye fly too cheerily from the spray ;

Too soft ye on your pinions float,

Ye cannot drive my grief away.

But if ye mourn, come mourn with me,

Together by this rill we'll lie.

And nature, that's forever free,

With murmuring brooks and winds shall sigh.

LOVE.

Love it is a holy name,
The mimic of a heavenly flame;
Too pure the passion seems for earth,
We deem it of a heavenly birth;
Love the passions can command,
Mortals linking hand in hand;
The only foe for which he'll flee
Is the fell demon, Jealousy.

I NEVER TOLD THEE THAT I LOVED.

I NEVER told thee that I loved,
But think me not a stone unmoved ;
I feel the flame, I own its power,
And, longing, hope a happier hour.

TO ISABEL.

'TWOULD seem the Almighty Power above,
His creatures formed for hate and love.
Some He His warmest love has willed,
Whilst some with deepest hate distilled;
Some have an equal share from Heaven,
And freedom's blessed choice is given.
Then may it never be thy fate,
That birth or choice has given thee hate;
Oh never! never! it were shame
That love like mine should end in pain.
Oh! would my verse had power to tell
How much I love my Isabel;
And when that love was known to thee,
That joy for joy thou'd give to me.
Then might I sing with Isabel
That my fond love's reciprocal.

HEAR ME! HEAR ME! ISABEL.

HEAR me! hear me! Isabel!
My heart my fondest passions tell,
While I pour my soul away,
Hear the lover's fondest lay.

Love has a sickening sound, 'tis true,
It must not, cannot, sicken you,
When friendship adds its holy name
Unto that erring, headlong flame.
In friendship first my love began,
To trace his love, ah! tell who can.
My bosom held the smouldering shame,
Till vent it found and burst in flame.

WHY SHOULD MY ROSE NEGLECTED LIE.

WHY should my rose neglected lie,
And wither in this dark alcove—
Neglected beauty thus to die,
And perish with the charms of love.

Neglected thus all beauty flies,
When sick'ning thought clings to despair
Unheeded treasure withering lies
That's worth more than the miser's care.

THAT HAPPY TIME WILL COME, MARY.

THAT happy time will come, Mary,
This storm will pass away—
The clouds they are but airy,
And powerful is the day.

The sun he shines more glorious,
When through the storm he sweeps,
Than Aurora gently rising
To tell the world she sleeps.

Hold love and hope in friendship,
And wait the welcome hour—
Nor be less kind than nature
Who blessed thee with such power.

YOUNG MALINDA.

YOUNG Malinda, fresh and fair,
With open brow, and eyes of fire—
With rosy cheeks, and curly hair,
And lips that might the gods inspire.

But young Malinda had a fault—
That fault her dearest friends had stung ;
She'd fly to rage, in fierce assault,
Much higher than my lyre is strung.

In vain Malinda touched the lyre,
For she would not her rage control—
Her heart too easy fanned to fire
For muse's power to charm her soul.

Now young Malinda's friends were few,
And they of mildest kind,
Who checked the torrent of her soul,
By passions more refined.

Now, Mary, pray, a warning take,
You have Malinda's charms and grace;
Know every fault that you forsake
At least ten blessings take its place.

SEE HOW MATILDA SCORNS MY LOVE.

SEE how Matilda scorns my love,
My song has lost its power to move;
The grace of song alone is mine,
And she contemns its power divine.

All lost to her the sacred fire,
No rosy wreaths entwine my lyre;
Matilda will not lend an ear,
Nor deign a smile my song to cheer.

Yet let me praise, ye sacred nine,
Matilda's grace that's all divine—
And bid my echoing song arise
To bear her praise along the skies.

TO ISABEL.

PEGASEAN maids, ye nymphs divine,
The guardians of the sacred line,
And most, Erato, with me dwell,
Whilst I sing of my Isabel.

I would not ask of haughty fame
To give to me a poet's name ;
I only crave the power to tell
How well I love my Isabel.

STILL I LOVE THEE.

**AND still I love thee, Isabel,
And how I long with thee to dwell,
Had latent love the power to tell
Our loves would be reciprocal.**

TO CAMILLA.

HAD thy beauty well been known,
First in verse thou might have shone,
Thy splendor then we might rehearse,
In sweet Anacreon's gayest verse ;
And Solomon had made thee chord
With the grandeur of his Lord.

TO MARY.

SINCE Cupid's adamantine points,
Have failed to pierce thy steel-clad heart,
I'll try thy armor at its joints,
With the gentler muse's dart.

Then listen, Mary, to my art,
While for the prize I touch the string;
And take that casement from thy heart,
And let me bays and myrtles bring.

TO CHLOE.

If repentance has atonement for sin,
Then well I have paid for neglect;
But who can that fabric restore
That has suffered from ruin and wreck.

When harvest is wasted and spent,
And summer is ended and gone,
Ask the tempest and storms to relent:
Over winter, and famine, ye may mourn.

Oh! had I the wings, and could fly,
I would not pursue the gay spring,
To the home of my loved one I'd hie,
And with her forever would sing.

How careless the roses we pass,
In their season of sunshine and bloom,
And the lily, how heedless, alas!
Though inhaling their richest perfume.

But they have their day, and are gone,
And see not, nor feel not the storm ;
But we o'er their memory must mourn,
Though nature has done them no wrong.

Yet there's peace to be found in this smart,
That still over pain has a charm,
That the dart that's so deep in my heart
No bosom but mine can do harm.

There's a bloom in the waste of my heart,
With tears I will water it long ;
It cannot, it shall not, depart,
'Tis the joy and the soul of my song.

When of my repentance ye learn,
Ye cannot I know but forgive ;
A sigh in that bosom may yearn,
Which hearing, a world I would give.

THE MAID OF RAHWAY.

I SING the Maid of Rahway,
While suffering from the smart
Of that sweetly poisoned arrow
That wounded deep my heart.

'Tis to the Maid of Rahway
All other passions yield ;
My herds neglected roaming,
Uncultured are my fields.

If for the Maid of Rahway
I'm long oppressed with care,
My business, all distracted,
Will drive me to despair.

Why for the Maid of Rahway
I stroll oppressed with care,
My bosom ever heaving,
My mind forever there ?

'Tis that the Maid of Rahway,
Should I to her appear,
A lover sick with passion,
She would not lend an ear.

'Tis for the Maid of Rahway
I'm suffering now with pain;
And to the Maid of Rahway
I venture to complain.

'Tis to the Maid of Rahway
I give what I possess ;
If she will to the plaintiff
A love for him confess.

THE MAID OF OLD TOWN.

Did ever ye rove,
Through vale of the Clove?
There soon ye may gain,
That fruitful old plain
That lies back of Clifton.

Like the sun ever beaming,
There love's ever dreaming;
What a prize ye may gain,
On the old smiling plain
That lies back of Clifton.

Not a bird on the trees,
Nor a sigh on the breeze;
But sweetness may gain,
On that musical plain
That lies back of Clifton.

What a pearl! what a prize!
Will dazzle your eyes;
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THE MAID OF OLD TOWN.

Not a princess, nor crown,
Can compare with Old Town
That lies back of Clifton.

The pride of that plain,
O'er my heart may she reign,
And my love I'll repeat
Till it ceases to beat.
May it lie back of Clifton.

TO SOPHIE.

I HAVE THOUGHT OF THEE A THOUSAND TIMES.

I've thought of thee a thousand times
Since I beheld thy face ;
Those sparkling eyes, that polished brow,
That almost heavenly grace.

Oh no ; I've thought of thee but once ;
In one unbroken chain
Are bound my day-thoughts and my dreams
In fancy's burning flame.

TO SOPHIE.

THERE is music in that charming dame
Of all my love the trophy,
I could not love another lass
So heavenly is my Sophie.

THE GIRL I LOVE SO DEARLY.

It's great delight,
Of a winter night,
When the moon is shining clearly,
In the distant lot
To view the cot
Of the girl I love so dearly.

Where the beacon showed,
Through the woodland road,
The cottage standing peerly,
That friendly light
Shall guide me right
To the girl I love so dearly.

There by the side
Of my lovely bride
To spend an evening cheerly,
And ere we part,
The tear shall start,
From the girl who loves me dearly.

BIDDY YOUNG.

I WENT to church the other night,
My head was gay, my heart was light,
They prayed sublime, and sweetly sung,
But all was lost through Biddy Young.
My tongue was mute, my heart was wrung.
Oh! I'm unstrung by Biddy Young.

With heavy heart I went away,
And thought of her both night and day;
My wounded heart was deeply stung
By the soft eyes of Biddy Young.
My tongue was mute, my heart was wrung.
Oh! I'm unstrung by Biddy Young.

With pensive brow I shun the field,
For hope has ceased to count the yield,
And idly stroll the woods among,
And think alone of Biddy Young.
My tongue was mute my heart was wrung.
Oh! I'm unstrung by Biddy Young.

I drag along with feeble feet,
My pulse has almost ceased to beat,
My life on its last thread is swung,
And must I die for Biddy Young?

My tongue was mute, my heart was wrung.

Oh! I'm unstrung by Biddy Young.

When this dull life has passed away,
And night has closed upon my day,
Still o'er that rest a gloom is hung
Those dreams I fear of Biddy Young.

My tongue is mute, my heart is wrung.

Oh! I'm undone by Biddy Young.

TO MISS MARY L. PELTON.

Oh, Mary, the sun of our joy,
Why hast thou thus left us forlorn?
How could ye our pleasure destroy,
While the dewdrops yet spangled the morn?

Every face is the stamp of despair,
All nature seems teeming with pain,
The trees look so naked and bare,
That they never can blossom again.

Like the sun when he slopes down the south,
What a waste he leaves barren and drear,
Yet safe he retireth in strength,
While the winter pours in on his rear.

If, perchance, you revisit my dreams,
So transient the joys you display,
Such a chaos of brightness it seems,
Like meteors they vanish ere day.

Oh! that you were but a star,
That your twinkling might gladden our plain,
And I, on some heavenly car,
Like Orion, pursuing in vain.

But why thus the moments beguile,
Or mourn for the sunshine and shower;
To invite you again to our isle,
Is all that is left in our power.

MY ISLAND MAID.

SURE as brightest gems abound,
Where the milky way is laid,
So fairest ones on isles are found,
But loveliest is my Island maid.

She'd gild Orion's shoulder bright—
With meaner gems his sword is laid—
Or turn the lovers madd'ning flight,
Would my lovely Island maid.

Another world she would destroy,
Nor deem the forfeit dearly paid ;
Like Helen fire another Troy,
Would my lovely Island maid.

But I am over fond 'tis shown,
And scarce can write another line ;
This Island maid shall be my own,
And bloom my lovely valentine.

THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

Is it Heaven's frown that thus appears,
Or nature melting into tears?
But through the fog the lurid morn
Must darker grow, and more forlorn.
Hark! the city's distant bell,
Sadly echoes through the dell;
And the cannon's distant roar
Deep resounds along the shore,
While storm and darkness yet prevail,
The insidious foe creeps through the dale,
And up the steep and rugged height,
They wait the coming of the light:
Hark! the beating of the drum.
To arms! to arms! they come, they come!
Volley on volley the muskets pour,
Fearfully the death-shots gore,
In vain our bravest troops advance
To fall before the Cossack lance;

The remnant of our lines retire,
Before the cannon's deadly fire.
Mad the rage of battle tore,
Deep the echoing cannons roar,
Sharp the click of rifles pour ;
Dying groans, and smoking gore,
All combine to wake our fear
When we think no succor near.
Now, to save our lessening ranks,
Comes the lightning of the Franks!
Courage in their step, we trace ;
The light of battle in their face ;
Now awakes the slackening fight ;
The battle roars from left to right !
The fog's dispelled, out bursts the sun ;
The foe has fled, the field is won.

Ah ! who can view this field of blood ?
A tyrant's rage, a tyrant's frown,
A pall should be that tyrant's scarf,
An urn an emblem of his crown.

CRITTENDON, THE CUBAN PATRIOT.

ALL undeceived, the Patriot stands,
His thoughts are on his native land—
His heart with freedom's pulse beats high,
But mourns its wretched destiny.

He thinks of his distant friends and home,
The land where his fathers fought and bled;
But his fathers for battle did not roam,
Polluting the land with hostile tread.

Oh! had he but in battle died,
On the bloody field his valor tried,
Supinely stretched 'mid the shouting host,
Smiling to heaven, have yielded up the ghost.

But think not the soldier's spirit is lost,
Though the demons of mischief have made him their
prey,

In heaven 'tis reckoned what their avarice cost,
For the blood of the patriot they dearly shall pay.

As the Roman expired so his spirit shall fly,
Nor sickens the soul that shall never die,
But the hero's death shall honor his grave—
That grave that was meant to dishonor the brave.

* At the rising of the people of Cuba in the summer of 1851, Gen. Lopez and Col. Crittendon, of Kentucky, at the head of 450 men hastened from New Orleans by the steamer Pampero, landing Aug. 12th at a point called Playitas, some 30 miles west of Havana. Gen. Lopez then detailed 150 picked men under command of Col. Crittendon to bring up the expeditionary baggage, and marched with the main body inland. Soon both commands were engaged by heavy odds; Crittendon manfully confronted the enemy, only to find his command cut down to 50 men without arms and ammunition. These were taken prisoners to Havana, where all of them were shot.

AN ELEGY ON MY OLD CAT "PINK."

Born March 30th, 1836 ; died December 25th, 1849.

THIS Christmas night has taken flight
The noblest of her kind,
In grief I write what I indite,
So kindred seemed her mind.

Perhaps it will some body fill
With intellect refined ;
If souls advance, short be thy trance,
Perfection of thy kind.

AWAY, MY MUSE.

AWAY, my muse, I bid thee flee,
Nor tempt me to the strife so vain ;
The world but envies when it sees
The laurels that we strive to gain.

I'll meet thee in some lone alcove,
Or at the winding woodland haunt,
Or at the gentle sighing grove
To Ora's self thy praise I'll chant.

THE SPRING RAIN.

LET'S rejoice amid the spring rain,
For with it comes the flowers—
While autumn's dark and sullen storms
Bring naught but gloomy hours.

**NOW I HAVE LEARNED IN LOVE TO
APPEAR.**

Now I have learned in love to appear,
Just as the world shows love for me ;
And mark them with contemptuous sneer
That practices coquetry.

**ANSWER TO A LADY THAT WANTED AN
INTRODUCTION.**

FAIR stranger, be this truth transferred upon thy
heart;

Who meet not, love not, weep not, nor have the pain
to part.

DID YOU EVER MARRY YET.

Did you ever marry yet,
And hear a scolding woman fret?
With the broomstick bang the cats,
And box about the dirty brats?

Did you ever marry yet,
And hear the doctor dun for debt?
The butcher swear he would not wait,
And baker run to shun the gate?

Did you ever marry yet,
Or with the notion ever fret?
You'd better hang till you are dead,
Than let the thought come in your head.

FULL MANY A LASS I'VE LOVED.

FULL many a lass I've loved,
And many a girl has made me glad;
Yet never once a heart has moved—
'Tis such a fate that makes me sad.

Yet will I love, and love again,
Through all my life though short or long,
And to my muse I'll still complain,
And own my passion in my song.

**I NEED NOT TELL MY SOPHIE
THAT I LOVE.**

No. 1.

**I NEED not tune the vocal lyre
To tell my Sophie that I love—
Nor need I play the flatterer's part
And call her more than gentle dove.
Enough to say that I am thine,
And thou shalt be my Valentine.**

TO SOPHIE.

No. 2.

**THE south wind is blowing,
And spring is returning,
And the soft notes of love
In each bosom is burning.
'Tis the heaven awakens
This influence divine—
With joy I'll obey,
Here's to you, Valentine.**

TO SOPHIE.

No. 3.

LONG as I hear the feathered tribes,
With notes of joy the woodland rings—
So long, dear girl, shall be my pride
Thy beauties and thy charms to sing.

Long as I love the budding trees,
Or view with joy the blushing rose,
So long thy grace and charms shall please,
And eyes that with fond rapture glows.

Long as I feel the sacred fire,
That wakes the soul to thoughts sublime,
So long I'll tune the vocal lyre
To praises of my Valentine.

TO MARY.

No. 4.

**So stands the elm in pride of strength,
And bears the clinging fruitful vine,
Whose arms had been of useless length
Without its cheering Valentine.**

TO ISABEL.

No. 5.

TELL me! tell me! Isabel,
If love like mine does in thee dwell—
Or if 'tis vain to love thee, tell,
Or own it if reciprocal:
Believe me, girl, that love like mine,
Was seldom sent by Valentine.

BLEST BE THY CHOICE.

NONE like the poet knows to love,
The poet's flame is from above ;
Blest be thy choice to own me thine,
And doubly blest thy Valentine.

PIECES FOR AN ALBUM.

No. 1.

MY album is my heart's recorder
To mark the various passions of each friend,
Sad, or delighted, here I may prefer
A chosen few to succor or attend.

No. 2.

We, of ourselves, are but a point to start;
Each social friend is an integral part,
With Christ, the friend and Saviour of the soul,
And God, the great Creator, forms the whole:
Faith, love, and friendship then thy throne up-
rear,
And heavenly truths on every page appear.

No. 3.

Wealth and honor, youth and beauty,
In rivalry assembled here—
What is then the minstrel's duty?
Only here to shed a tear.

Though each of these may be true-hearted,
Yet all conspire to crush the flame;
And when the luring gem's departed,
It only leaves its empty name.

No. 4.

Long may this verse your vision bless,
And seem the work of yesterday,
When this hand shall withering blight confess,
Or moulder in its parent clay.

No. 5.

Pardon me, dear friend, if I presume
To place so dull a flower amid this bloom;
The brightest petals, when they pass away,
Leave no fair fruit to cheer a future day,

No. 6.

In flattering verse to jingle Charlotte's name
On this fair page may be a poet's part;
But mine shall be to write indelibly
The name of friendship on its owner's heart.

No. 7.

When wasting time has swept this hand away,
Should this remain here learn its faithful heart,
Where truth and honor held their quiet reign,
And smooth-tongued flattery never claimed a part.

No. 8.

Dear Lady, though you bid me write,
I scarcely know what to indite—
For should I tell you that I love,
It only would to laughter move;
If I to flattery tune a string,
The muses will refuse to sing.
I'll hang my harp upon the trees,
And trust the grandeur of the breeze,
And call the gentle zephyrs nigh,
And only answer sigh for sigh.

No. 9.

Like Eden this may bloom so fair,
That ev'ry one their taste may suit.
Nor need they fear the serpent's snare,
For here is no forbidden fruit.

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OUR BEAUTIFUL HOUNDS

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OUR BEAUTIFUL HOUNDS

Page 129.

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
DANIEL PELTON

TOGETHER WITH
DISCOURSE AND LECTURES

Before the Athenæum Society in the early Forties

VOL. II.

NEW YORK
W. L. ALLISON CO.
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1871

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BY
DANIEL, PELTON.**

PREFACE TO VOLUME SECOND.

Again I offer to the public another volume of my Poetical Works; the flattering accounts that I have received of my first book is all the apology I shall present. I court no special favor from that inestimable and invaluable class of fellow citizens known as critics, who so kindly handled the first publications of such writers as Byron, Moore and Mrs. Hemans *née* Browne, and many others. Let the readers please themselves, and if they do not like it I shall be sorry but not angry.

Yours sincerely,

DANIEL PELTON.

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FROM MRS. ELLA BENEDICT BURKMAN
TO DANIEL PELTON.

To the Bard of Eighty-one.

GREETING to the poet, on this his natal day ;
All honor to the bard of eighty-one !
Standing on the border-land he gazes far away,
Upon the long, long journey he has come.

Or seated on the heights he scans the record of
his days,
Where joys and sorrows each their measure fill ;
When safe in mem'ry's case the book he lays,
To feel that old dreams linger round him still !

So bright and clear a record his hath been,
His motto ever " Charity to all ! "
His name and honor always pure and clear,
His heart responding quick to duty's call.

Here resting in the even tide of life,
Safe sheltered in the harbor of his home,
His guardian angel ever his sweet wife,
What evil can betide or near him come ?

2 *TO MRS. ELLA BENEDICT BURKMAN.*

We greet thee, noble bard of eighty-one !
Blest be the remnant of thy days !
And when the heavenly messenger shall come
To guide thee to thy Home, the King to praise,

May holy peace attend thine upward way !
But yet the wish sincere we bring to thee
Is that we all may live to see the day
When thou shall count thy years a century !

ELLA BENEDICT BURKMAN.

RAVENHURST, January, 17, 1899.

TO MRS. ELLA BENEDICT BURKMAN.

*An Answer to Lines Written to me on my Eighty-first Birth-
day. Entitled "The Bard of Eighty-one."*

SWEET songster o'er your welcome gift—
For naught more welcome comes than song—
The soul inspired in raptures lift,
Enchantment rolls the verse along.

I seize the lyre, the tuneful strings
From sympathy its power attains ;
The echoing notes repeating sing
The music of thy heavenly strains.

FROM MRS. SOPHIE J. FRANKLIN PELTON. 3

For seldom I break forth aloud,
Half coy, half fear, my notes restrain,
Lest I the spheres with discord crowd,
And discord fills my soul with pain.

Like winter birds in gentle song
I warble forth my plaintive lays ;
Or in silent raptures urged along,
Transported with bewildering maze.

Thus let me thank thee for the lays
That's filled my soul with sacred fire,
And strengthens my declining days,
With animated life's desire.

DANIEL PELTON.

January 17, 1899.

**LINES FROM MRS. SOPHIE J. FRANKLIN
PELTON TO HER HUSBAND.**

Suggested on the Franklin Street L.-Road Station.

To my darling Hubby most dear
These Franklin lines may seem queer ;
But in the name there's some fatality,
As he was born in this locality ;
And on the birthday
Of the great far away,

Who bottled electricity,
To his great felicity.
And he married one—a calamity!
But still we will hope for sweet charity.
For he loves her, and thinks her a rarity.

APPENDIX BY SAID HUBBY.

Now he has found her a reality,
In her great frugality
And her bearing in majesty,
With her Christian sanctity,
With acknowledged ability
And her royal stability,
And her marvelous agility
All this with civility.

MRS. PELTON ADDS :

All this and more, with ample store,
With avoirdupois gain of thirty-five pounds or
more.

January 15, 1895.

LINES WRITTEN BY MRS. SOPHIE J.
FRANKLIN PELTON ON THE DEATH OF
HER SPLENDID HOUND, "BEAUTY."

MY beautiful Hound has left me.

I hope for a happier realm ;
For faith sincere and trusty,
She never left the helm.

That sad, sad hour of parting,
I never, never can forget ;
For still I see her struggling,
And hear her breathing yet.

No more life's pulse is beating,
Its evening came at last ;
But Oh ! our joys how fleeting,
What happy hours have past.

Now they have fled and gone,
And I'm pining for my pet ;
The weary hours are long,
And still I must regret.

But still I have a friend,
That friend to man was given ;
When joy on earth is gone,
There still is hope in heaven.

May 13, 1896.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

SPIRITS of the Mighty dead !

That chance to roam this cis-Atlantic shore ;
Who stamp the air with soft Æolian tread,
Attend the praises of the immortal Moore !

Though not for thee I tune the vocal lyre,
'Tis for my Sophie, if she'll deign to read.
Enough of bland ! I feel my rising fire,
I've tun'd my chords, and now I may proceed.

Erin's bard, I love thy song,
Of softest notes, and sweetest tale ;
The muses have inspir'd thy tongue,
Sweet singing Bard of Innisfail.

Full often has thy Lalla Rookh
Cheer'd my melancholy hours ;
Full well I love that charming book,
That sings of love in eastern bowers.

And old Anacreon lives again,
As musical as when of yore ;
To sing whose praises it were vain,
That often have been sung before.

Like old Apollo's primal lyre,
Whose music still dwells in the shell;
Thus Erin's bard in living fire,
On Erin's harp shall ever dwell.

Whilst Cupid round the heart does play,
Love raptur'd Bards shall sound thy name;
Nor aught that jealous man can say,
Shall ever mar that well-earn'd fame.

While Erin boasts a fruitful isle,
Or Erin can an exile send,
So long that exile with a smile
Thy melodies to heaven shall wend.

MY FIRST COURTSHIP.

IN some enterprises the first onset proves the fortune of the undertaking, and so superstitiously are we affected by that fact that often without further trial we abandon our schemes as lost. Such was the fact with my first courtship. Whether I was really in love, or instinctively urged to a sense of natural duty, or how I made the engagement, or whether it was made with me, I cannot now say; but circumstances connected with the facts are more vivid in my mind than matters of

come again, as I had my mind made up, I need not now say how. The next time I used the carriage I found a small mitten in it with the thumb pretty well sucked off; and I have never found out how it got there. This was an angry sore, but no one ever chaffed me with it, unless by accident. My tailor, when he saw my coat, reckoned I had been keeping company with hogs, and a lady of my acquaintance sometime afterwards asked me if I had not a habit of sucking my thumb. Now I do not know that the story ever got about, but for a long time it appeared to me as if everybody knew it, and was all the time thinking about it.

THE ATLANTIC.

A SAILOR'S TALE.

COME, ladies and landsmen, whom fortune defends,
I'll tell you of the mis'ry that sailors attends;
Of the good ship Atlantic on the deep sea long
tost,
And a port safely reached, when hope owned her
lost.
On the fourth day of Christmas from Liverpool
we sail,
With wind from west-southwest, blowing a gale;

The next day passing Cape Clear, with pilot on board

We could not release him, so the rough billows roared.

Nine days of good cheer, and hard labor, we weather'd the gale,

When her shaft burst asunder, and forced us to sail.

By the help of storm canvas our ship was hove to,
All night and next day work'd our long weary crew.

Three days we lay to, for it still blew a gale,
O'er the ice-cover'd deck, and the stiff rattling sail.

Then the wind chang'd to northwest, and less violent did blow,

When the word was to Halifax! To Halifax hi!
ho!

But the observation next day drove all our cheer away,

We had been driven from our course two hundred miles astray;

'Twas vain to head the wind, for a noble steamer's sail

Is the sport of the wind, and the prey of the gale.
Now the old gale to southwest has struck in anew,

And our ship, always losing, once more is hove to:

When a large ship drove by us, and our flag for
help did fly :

Oh ! she never was a Yankee, or she'd never been
so shy.

A council was held, and it was agreed all 'round
That for old Europe's coast, the vessel should be
bound,

For account of our stores, proved provisions get-
ting shorter,

And all were on allowance, put on precious bread
and water.

And now ten days we are flying before the driving
gale,

When the joyful news of land, and the port of
Cork we hail,

We anchor in the harbor, to forsake the hand
that blessed.

And revelling in our fortune, forget our wanted
rest.

Nor cruel were those wild winds, though oft they
rent our sail,

But lent us for a herald a kind and favoring
gale,

That bore our prayers above the storms, that
were so freely given

To the Father of sailors, in the Mansions of
Heaven.

I'M SICK OF LOVE.

I GRIEVE that I have loved so much,
I grieve my temper it is such
That I have often loved in vain,
And sought for love I ne'er could gain.
For I have lov'd full many a maid,
And have not had that love repaid ;
I hope I ne'er shall love again,
To me love's profit is its pain.
This is a truth. I tell with shame
A truth that does my bosom pain :
Full many a maid has shown me love,
While from their glances I did rove.
Oft have I met a courteous glance,
And, tempted by it to advance,
In the next meeting did appear
That love had settled to a sneer.
They say that love is from the sky,
That love with mortals cannot die ;
If earth's frail love e'er reached the sky,
Then heaven with love took many a lie.
Love is but an earth-born flame,
Low in birth, but high in fame,
Its meteor lights are fair to see ;
But meteor like, they shine and flee.

14 ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARY L. FLAKE.

They paint love as the rainbow bright,
And as it shines it's all delight.
They tell us gentle love will rove ;
But who can catch the bow or dove ?
Let friendship be our only guide,
Swift glides our bark before the tide,
The willing helmsman, and the wind
Fast leaves the sinking shores behind.
When folly bids us court the adverse wind,
Our useless sails but drives our bark behind :
When wrecked at length upon a leeward shore,
The boisterous winds tempestuous o'er us roar.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARY L. FLAKE.

Died Nov. 11th, 1897.

AND is the sufferer gone ? A solemn gloom !
To think the sufferer lies beneath the tomb.

Ah, no ! far, far away the spirit flies ;
The immortal soul we trust is in the skies,
No more to suffer, no more to agonize.

Long borne the cross, long suffered earthly pain,
Releas'd by death, she seeks the promised gain ;
With angel guide, in angel's bright array,
She meets her sister angels on the way.

With one kind thought still lingering in her mind,
Of mourning friends that linger still behind ;
But free from death, and free from earth's alarms,
She presses on to reach her Saviour's arms.

Nov. 17th, 1897.

HEAVEN.

THAT place of rest from weary time,
That lifts our minds to thoughts sublime ;
How restful to the longing soul,
That thinks the grave is not the goal.
Yes, time to all eternity,
Will grant there is a Deity ;
Atheist, Deist, and Infidel
Will grant there is a potent spell
That tells them God is nigh,
When they look into the starry sky.
And let the fool alone to sigh,
Alas ! Alas, no God is nigh !
What innate power directs our will,
Aye, yes that power is with us still,
In spite of all our outward show,
To his great power we all must bow.
Great God, to you I humbly pray,
That I in belief may never stray :

But be my constant guide and staff,
To rest within your arms at last ;
Direct, protect, and help me live,
Abide thy will, and all forgive.

SOPHIE JOSEPHINE FRANKLIN.

Shrove Tuesday, February 10, 1891.

HOURS OF MELANCHOLY.

THE MELANCHOLY HOURS OF LIFE.

THE melancholy hours of life,
That oft obscure the prime of youth,
If armed by faith roll back the strife,
Till all's dissolved in hope and truth.

LET NO RUDE ONE.

LET no rude one, with impious hand,
With doggerel verse these pages brand,
Let no mean subject here appear,
Friendship and holy love are here.

REFLECTIONS ON THE PAST.

I ONCE was gallant, once was gay,
But now, alas ! 'tis passed away ;
I once enjoyed life's witching smile,
It could my youthful hours beguile.

I dream of hours that have passed away,
To me in dreams they still seem gay ;
But when I wake again it seems
That joy and friendship both are dreams.

By yonder brook there stands a tree,
Where nought but blossoms you may see,
But the gay bush does not display
The roses that have passed away.

Thus might we view the human race,
And not a mark of time would trace,
Should we but seek the fairest flower
And only view it for an hour.

FRIENDSHIP.

Who cares for friends when fortune smiles,
And every scene the time beguiles,
When every change new joys display,
And only change to look more gay.

Give me the friends that misery tends,
Where virtue pines their succor lends,
I'd deem such friend, to me when given,
A guardian angel sent from Heaven.

WRITTEN IN THE TRINITY CHURCH-YARD. 19

Give me the friend that succor gives,
And seeks for misery where it lives ;
I rate such friend, to me when given,
The richest blessing sent from Heaven.

**WRITTEN IN THE TRINITY CHURCH-
YARD WHEN THEY WERE REBUILD-
ING THE CHURCH, ABOUT 1843.**

BEHOLD the busy crowds of living clay,
Regardless pass what moulders here away ;
Thus the tall corn rears high its lusty head,
And careless waves o'er former crops that's dead ;
Its nodding plumes amid soft zephyrs play
Nor felt the frost that soon shall sweep away.
But pause and view (and our life's blood shall
chill,
And every vein shall feel the aching thrill),
Where moss-bound tombstones scarce their tops
display,
And ruin heaped where mortal frames decay.
The rough canaille, that moves these heaps away,
Shall disregard the sacred mouldering clay.
Soft pity touched, the secret tear shall shed,
And inly mourn the ruin here that's spread ;
Amid their tombs with solemn pace she'll tread,—
Alike the honored and dishonored dead ;

There marble history alone of death can tell
Bruised and defaced till it's not legible.
But from these thoughts to distant times I fly
When no soft pity'll mark the ruder eye,
When the tall fane upon the ground shall lay
In ruined heaps that time shall scarce decay,
And far around the scattered ruin spread
Alike neglected, the temple and the dead.
When thoughtless shepherd here shall careless
tread,
O'er ruined heaps and tomb-encumbered dead ;
Not the same language shall their minds employ,
For indolence does labored tongues destroy,
Then hushed the din of noisy city's cry,
And the lone screech-owl hoot a mournful sigh ;
But cease, my thoughts, cease thy lament to pour,
E'en time itself, in time shall be no more.

BE READY.

TO-DAY we are filled with lusty life
To-morrow we may cease the strife.

**OLD MELANCHOLY, ART THOU COME
AGAIN?**


Old Melancholy, art thou come again,
To cast thy gloom upon my aching brain,
Of thou, cursed demon, must I be possessed,
To fire my brain, and load my laboring breast?

Old Melancholy, art thou come again
To hold o'er me thy cursed unwelcome reign?
Thou worst of tyrants, iron is thy sway;
I hate thee, demon; but can't drive away.

Old Melancholy, art thou come again?
Think thou to hold o'er me eternal reign?
The time will come when death shall set me free,
Dark as he is, I love him more than thee.

But who can tell what lies within the grave!
Colleagued with death his reign he yet may save;
Yet will I hope, for hope can ease our pain,
To find beyond that bourne a happier reign.

As ocean waves we pass away,
And still there are enough that stay.
Whilst I am alive my pain they'll never see,
When I am dead, they'll learn to pity me.



MELANCHOLY.

WHAT is this pain my bosom yields,
This strong desire to be alone?
Though wandering through fertile fields,
My bosom feels the torrid zone.

Not like the little sportive bird,
Or noble beast that joins the herd,
But like the melancholy dove
Whose notes are heard in some lone grove.

A VISION.

WHAT smouldering thoughts torment my burning
brain,
What fans it now, and urges to a flame;
Utopian forms in distant dimness rise,
Near and more near the doubtful phantom flies.
Is this a spirit of the distant dead,
Who late its tenement of earth has fled?

If it be so, ah ! 'tis some one I fear,
Who seeks the friend in life he held most dear.
Why round my brain these mystic dreams do
pour,
I am not skilled in visionary lore ;
But should again these painful thoughts be
known
And proved in truth what fancy here has shown ;
If my sick friend is stretched upon his bier,
Then I'll believe his spirit has been near,
That round the living still the dead attends
Or, ere they leave, pay visit to their friends.
If it be so, oh ! ever be thou near,
I love the phantom that I first did fear.
Oh ! guide my path and ever on me tend,
My youth's companion and my much-loved
friend.

TO MARY ANN.

My sister, when my spirit is flown
Through ethers strange and trackless paths un-
known,
Seek not these pages, lest thou see
The painful dreams of sad reality.
I would not with this lifted veil destroy
With melancholy's blight thy hopes of future joy.

REFLECTIONS ON THE FUTURE.

How does man differ from the common herd,
Man's but a mortal, and mortal is the bird.
But has to bird or beast been given
That anxious thought, that strong desire for
 heaven ;
And why this thought, this longing for a God
If all must rot beneath the rank green sod ?
When did his labors ever prove in vain !
Then why this thought if 'twas not given for
 gain.
Even smallest objects join some greater train,
And all are linked into one common chain,
And thus it is that highest thought is given,
That man on earth may smooth his path for
 heaven.

ON DOUBTING TO INVITE A POOR MAN
IN WHILST I WAS SICK.

WHAT ! not ask him in, because he is poor ?
I'd see him if he was a sewer.
Who cares for the rich and great,
That leaves the feeble sufferer to his fate !

BLEST IS THE MAN.

OBEEDIENT to the Almighty nod,
Blest is the man that held his God in awe,
Deep lies his body far beneath the sod,
His soul now dwells where once his mind did
soar.

ON SEEING A STORE SHUT BY THE
SHERIFF.

THE store is shut—the evil omen fear,
Some friend is dead, the news I soon must hear.
Two bawling infants at the door await,
Tired of knocking in sulky humor prate,
Why has our father shut so soon the door?
I'm sure we'll freeze before he ope's the store.
I read a note that told disastrous tale,
Not death, but desolation must prevail.
Ah! suffering babes, in vain the day bewail,
Thy father's goods shall make a sheriff's sale.
My soul it melts, though justice rules the cause,
Hard is the case, though blameless are the laws.
Thou might have smiled amidst thy competence
But for that sweeping curse—intemperance.

OVID'S LAMENT.

BE hushed my muse, no more my voice inspire,
Love has no more the charms that I desire.
Let not thy flames awake my tortured breast,
Enough already now deprives of rest ;
Long is the day and slow the night does run,
Tedious alike, with or without a sun.

Day would seem checked by the Almighty will.
But night returning is more tedious still.
When joy runs high, short is the life of man,
But when reversed it seems a lengthened span.
By jealous foes in cruel exile driven,
What's in my verse that it offence has given ?
In various ways I've taught men how to love,
For men must vary as did the powers above—
This is the crime for which they punished me,
They say my works are lacking modesty.
Love's a luxurious and a wanton boy,
And love's lasciviousness inspires its joy ;
Long in my ample breast was Cupid's throne,
And still had been had I remained in Rome ;
But now forever must we separate be,
He is not banished though they banished me.

Why did the muses ever visit Rome,
If for their visit I am driven from home,
To pine my life away in wretched plight,
That yields a thousand pains and no delight.
No more there is joy to make me life invite,
But long the hour where lies eternal night.
Adieu! my muse, no more I court thy flame,
Thy joys I have drank, but now despise my fame.

WRITTEN DURING THE MEXICAN WAR.

I HATE to hear war's glorious yell,
I hate the ones that go
To volunteer, with hearts of hell,
To fill a foreign land with woe.

A VISIT TO MY NATIVE SPOT.

I WANT to view my natal spot,
Where first I learned to know
That earth is gay, and pleasures bright,
When youthful spirits flow.
And still that mansion stood the same
"The parlor windows low,"
And still a sprightly offspring reared,
That pain in time shall know.

The neighboring houses all were gone,
And brighter buildings shone,
For had enchantment placed me there
The spot had not been known.

It minds me of some lorn old man,
That's worn out all his race,
And still dependent drags along,
The scorn of youth and grace.

I hoped some comfort here to find,
Some glimpse of early joy,
But pleasure's muse still mocking cried
Go, melancholy Boy.



ONCE LIKE THE LIGHT IT SHONE.

ONCE like the light it shone
So fair and radiant bright,
But a dark cloud arose
And veiled those joys in night.

What though the dark clouds lower
And melancholy crowds,
Yet it will shine again
Beyond those darkening clouds.

NOR DOWNY SLEEP.

NOR downy sleep shall ease my head
Till sunk beneath superior woes,
I reach the ocean of the blest
There with the just and good to rest.

DESPONDENCY.

June 21st, 1846.

THE ambient air is filled with rosy sweets,
And shady groves invite to cool retreats ;
But all are vain, I shun the enchanting grove
And lie retired in this drear alcove.
The warbling fountain and the murmuring stream
Were once my joy, but joy is but a dream ;
The tuneful birds pour joyous notes on high,
And sounds sonorous fill the ethereal sky.
The lofty elm with arms extended wide
Bears its proud load, the drunken poet's pride,
But lop the vine, the tie that nature binds,
Its mournful sighs are borne along the winds.
Ye warbling throng that now do sing so gay,
Should some rude spoiler take your mates away

Your notes would change, your melancholy strain
Would prove your bosoms were o'ercharged with
pain.

Once I, like these, could nature's mirth display,
And in fond raptures pour my soul away,
While 'mid the sunshine of my lovely fair
I basked in joy, or thought me basking there ;
But a dark cloud that long was gathering high
Smote the clear sunshine of my genial sky ;
I drooped ; the night I loathed, and tedious wore
the day,

Till time puissant swept that cloud away :
Then I with joy beheld those sparkling eyes,
As the lost hunter when two cots arise,
Beneath the summit of some snow-clad cliff,
When long he has wandered through the shape-
less drift ;

Night's dread has fled, those renovating fires.
Fill every hope, and satiate all desires ;
Swift flies the mind, already is he there,
The dog in pity whines a doleful air,
He at the threshold hears his welcome poured,
Feels the warm fire, and shares the genial board ;
Thus flattering hope has banished every pain,
Nor feared the avalanche nor frowning dame.
But ah ! to me they have proved these mystic
fires

That lead the wanderer in the murky mires,

And there to perish, midst the hazy gloom
And cheerless lights that lured him to the tomb.

Then

Farewell the fountain and the shady grove,
Farewell the wild paths where I loved to rove,
Farewell the pleasures of the sylvan shade,
Farewell to music and the black-eyed maid—
Farewell the flowery meads and fruitful fields,
Farewell those suns that contemplation yields,
Farewell those emblems all of youth and love,
But welcome the mourning of the turtle-dove.

THE SAME.

June 21st, 1846.

My mind is chaos, and perturbed my breast,
Alternate passions have deprived of rest,
All joy must flee where discord holds her reign,
And black despair feed each insatiate vein,
The day is tedious, tedious whilst 'tis light,
And still more tedious when it's wrapped in night,
Those hapless hours when Morpheus lulls my
head,
All night I dream, all day those dreams I dread.
Ah! why to me this luckless fate is given,
I who enjoyed so many gifts from heaven—

Must I in vain on every blessing call
Must one proud passion triumph over all ;
Still must I chide my tutelar power above,
And vent my rage on unrequited love.
But, grumbler, cease :—cease thy impiety,
Nor dare complain at highest heaven's decree.
For though awhile my pleasures are destroyed,
In time again they'll doubly be enjoyed,
In time, I hope, on that far distant shore,
To reach that bourne which now I dread no
more—
Then shady groves and sweet retreats shall fill
My mind with peace that heavenly joys distil.

'MID PENSIVE THOUGHT.

'Mid pensive thought I tune the descant moan,
For thou, sad Melancholy art my own ;
Once more I touch the long-neglected chords,
That with fond rapture I have often soared.
But now from this, relief may seek in vain,
The deep-toned music is surcharged with pain ;
In vain I seek the solitary wood,
Or seek the haunts where oft I musing stood ;
In vain I stroll along the fruitful plain,
Barren my laboring mind, to aught but pain,

Nor aught can oust, in vain I shun my grief,
For all that offers is but sad relief,
Oh ! tell no more of Phaon's cruelty
Or Sappho's woes, her Phaon lives in thee,
Nor waste a tear o'er soft compassion's tale,
Since my true love with thee cannot prevail ;
But smile thou still at luckless lover's fate,
And learn to laugh at love that's paid with hate.
Triumph, proud girl, 'tis but a lover's fall,
Naught have you gained, though I have suffered
all.

Triumph, blithe heart, whilst ere awhile you may,
(For thy proud form must wither with decay)
Whilst yet you boast the lovely Venus' charms'
And mail'd secure in coy Diana's arms :
Seek to despoil another manly breast,
Rejoice again when victory is confessed ;
When rough armed Time shall lop thy charms
away ;

Let pride and beauty both at once decay.
When pride survives and beauty is no more
Man learns to hate what once he loved before.
Enough of this ! I feel my rising sighs,
And the salt tears are burning in my eyes.
I still a favor crave, that I may be
Though once thy slave, now set at liberty,
That when you roll those radiant orbs around
Give me full time to cast mine on the ground—

There marble history alone of death can tell
Bruised and defaced till it's not legible.
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When no soft pity'll mark the ruder eye,
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the day,

Till time puissant swept that cloud away :
Then I with joy beheld those sparkling eyes,
As the lost hunter when two cots arise,
Beneath the summit of some snow-clad cliff,
When long he has wandered through the shape-
less drift ;

Night's dread has fled, those renovating fires.
Fill every hope, and satiate all desires ;
Swift flies the mind, already is he there,
The dog in pity whines a doleful air,
He at the threshold hears his welcome poured,
Feels the warm fire, and shares the genial board ;
Thus flattering hope has banished every pain,
Nor feared the avalanche nor frowning dame.
But ah ! to me they have proved these mystic
fires

That lead the wanderer in the murky mires,

And there to perish, midst the hazy gloom
And cheerless lights that lured him to the tomb.

Then

Farewell the fountain and the shady grove,
Farewell the wild paths where I loved to rove,
Farewell the pleasures of the sylvan shade,
Farewell to music and the black-eyed maid—
Farewell the flowery meads and fruitful fields,
Farewell those suns that contemplation yields,
Farewell those emblems all of youth and love,
But welcome the mourning of the turtle-dove.

THE SAME.

June 21st, 1846.

My mind is chaos, and perturbed my breast,
Alternate passions have deprived of rest,
All joy must flee where discord holds her reign,
And black despair feed each insatiate vein,
The day is tedious, tedious whilst 'tis light,
And still more tedious when it's wrapped in night,
Those hapless hours when Morpheus lulls my
head,
All night I dream, all day those dreams I dread.
Ah! why to me this luckless fate is given,
I who enjoyed so many gifts from heaven—

Must I in vain on every blessing call
Must one proud passion triumph over all ;
Still must I chide my tutelar power above,
And vent my rage on unrequited love.
But, grumbler, cease :—cease thy impiety,
Nor dare complain at highest heaven's decree.
For though awhile my pleasures are destroyed,
In time again they'll doubly be enjoyed,
In time, I hope, on that far distant shore,
To reach that bourne which now I dread no
more—

Then shady groves and sweet retreats shall fill
My mind with peace that heavenly joys distil.

'MID PENSIVE THOUGHT.

'Mid pensive thought I tune the descant moan,
For thou, sad Melancholy art my own ;
Once more I touch the long-neglected chords,
That with fond rapture I have often soared.
But now from this, relief may seek in vain,
The deep-toned music is surcharged with pain ;
In vain I seek the solitary wood,
Or seek the haunts where oft I musing stood ;
In vain I stroll along the fruitful plain,
Barren my laboring mind, to aught but pain,

Nor aught can oust, in vain I shun my grief,
For all that offers is but sad relief,
Oh ! tell no more of Phaon's cruelty
Or Sappho's woes, her Phaon lives in thee,
Nor waste a tear o'er soft compassion's tale,
Since my true love with thee cannot prevail ;
But smile thou still at luckless lover's fate,
And learn to laugh at love that's paid with hate.
Triumph, proud girl, 'tis but a lover's fall,
Naught have you gained, though I have suffered
all.

Triumph, blithe heart, whilst ere awhile you may,
(For thy proud form must wither with decay)
Whilst yet you boast the lovely Venus' charms'
And mail'd secure in coy Diana's arms :
Seek to despoil another manly breast,
Rejoice again when victory is confessed ;
When rough armed Time shall lop thy charms
away ;

Let pride and beauty both at once decay.
When pride survives and beauty is no more
Man learns to hate what once he loved before.
Enough of this ! I feel my rising sighs,
And the salt tears are burning in my eyes.
I still a favor crave, that I may be
Though once thy slave, now set at liberty,
That when you roll those radiant orbs around
Give me full time to cast mine on the ground—

There marble history alone of death can tell
Bruised and defaced till it's not legible.
But from these thoughts to distant times I fly
When no soft pity'll mark the ruder eye,
When the tall fane upon the ground shall lay
In ruined heaps that time shall scarce decay,
And far around the scattered ruin spread
Alike neglected, the temple and the dead.
When thoughtless shepherd here shall careless
tread,
O'er ruined heaps and tomb-encumbered dead ;
Not the same language shall their minds employ,
For indolence does labored tongues destroy,
Then hushed the din of noisy city's cry,
And the lone screech-owl hoot a mournful sigh ;
But cease, my thoughts, cease thy lament to pour,
E'en time itself, in time shall be no more.

BE READY.

TO-DAY we are filled with lusty life
To-morrow we may cease the strife.

**OLD MELANCHOLY, ART THOU COME
AGAIN?**

OLD Melancholy, art thou come again,
To cast thy gloom upon my aching brain,
Of thou, cursed demon, must I be possessed,
To fire my brain, and load my laboring breast?

Old Melancholy, art thou come again
To hold o'er me thy cursed unwelcome reign?
Thou worst of tyrants, iron is thy sway;
I hate thee, demon; but can't drive away.

Old Melancholy, art thou come again?
Think thou to hold o'er me eternal reign?
The time will come when death shall set me free,
Dark as he is, I love him more than thee.

But who can tell what lies within the grave!
Colleagued with death his reign he yet may save;
Yet will I hope, for hope can ease our pain,
To find beyond that bourne a happier reign.

As ocean waves we pass away,
And still there are enough that stay.
Whilst I am alive my pain they'll never see,
When I am dead, they'll learn to pity me.

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When I am dead, they'll learn to pity me.

40 *I FEEL LIFE'S EBBING JOYS DEPART.*

One morning, expecting its bloom,
My idol in ruin I found ;
The brier still stood in its gloom,
But the rosebud lay shrunk on the ground.

Thus ends every pleasure in gloom,
And happiness fades by the way ;
Our roses they blight ere they bloom,
And joys, ere they ripen, decay.

I FEEL LIFE'S EBBING JOYS DEPART.

I FEEL life's ebbing joys depart,
Health lingering on a shadowy beam ;
Life's fluttering on my quivering heart,
I see dark winter reigns supreme.

Oh God! Oh God! My Saviour Lord,
I come, I come, by tempest driven ;
Oh, save me from this wreck of earth ;
Receive at last my soul in heaven.

WRITTEN WHEN GOING TO CALIFORNIA.

IN vain I call that heavenly fair my dove,
Whose gentler influence can my verse inspire;
In vain my secret pining for that love
That fires my heart and tunes my vocal lyre;
Not like those visits of the sacred Nine,
Whose softer influence ever was benign,
And has my Mary never felt this love?
And was that friendship nothing but a name?
Why do I deem its influence from above,
And her cold breast not feel one latent flame?

Come listen, Mary, to my plaintive song,
Whilst I reveal the secrets of my breast,
I will not make my mournful story long,
Though long I should if it would give me rest;
'Twas my freewill and not at thy request
I loved thee first—or by the gods' behest.
Round the soft path a rosy fragrance shed,
That charmed the sense and dulled the vigil
eye,
Nor knew I snares were laid where I should
tread,
Or, had I known, too proud I'd been to fly.

42 WRITTEN WHEN GOING TO CALIFORNIA.

Soon the dark storm burst fiercely o'er my head,
Nor did I flee nor trembling crouched for fear,
Nor o'er me sought a covering shield to spread,
But sternly met it with my bosom bare,
Why was I born for seas of stormy life?
Or why not better fitted for the strife?
But why repine, since 'tis by heaven's decree?
For man may crave, but man cannot command,
And what's of heaven is more than fit for me,
For man's of earth, and his the evil hand.

In secret still I bore the galling dart,
Nor asked from thee a kind and healing hand;
From purest love I would not wound that heart,
Calm might you live could I the storms command,
And me the bulwark of your feebler frame,
Could give thee shelter with my power and name.
But ah! that power half sacrificed for thee,
And all might go if it must hold me there,
And fame's too cruel to be sought by me
That kills the wretch, or intoxicates the air.

But when that love did policy direct,
Then green-eyed jealousy did ope his eye,
When left alone, no shelter to protect,
From the unequal field I had to fly;

How vain our plans, our search for bliss how vain!
No true reality we find, but real pain:
Then farewell, Mary, be these parting lines
Sacred to truth, and sacred, dear, to thee,
And I will think when in those distant mines
No treasure there is half so dear to me.

ON HEARING THE WIND MOAN
THROUGH A DRY STALK.

I HEARD a pleasing, mournful sigh,
It charmed the ear, but not the eye,
Its pensive sad Æolian sound
Well chorded with the waste around;
To fancy's ear 'twould almost talk.
What! Can it be that old dry stalk?
Thus sings the bard the livelong day,
Unheard, his notes are waft away,
Till, sounding from his funeral bell,
Is pealed a poor, ungrateful knell.

WHAT! DO I HATE HER?

WHAT! do I hate her? No, I love her still,
Shall my resentment ever govern will?
No, I shall love her ever more and more,
Though that cold parting wounds my bosom sore;

What pity would her aching bosom move
Could she but feel the pangs with which I strove—
Could she but for a moment feel the pain
That clings unto my almost bursting brain.

But they are pangs I hope she'll never know,
That chills the heart, forbids the blood to flow,
With wildest fancy flits about the brain,
And fills the breast with every aching pain;
But ever, ever may her path be smooth,
Or, if 'tis marked, let it be tracks of love,
Then, when my pangs of love shall cease to be,
I may rejoice in her prosperity.

SADNESS.

GRAY twilight in the woodland sets,
The mist is resting on the wave,
The clouds have gathered in their wings,
And all is silent as the grave.

Why am I not thus tuned to these,
To feel with them this heavenly rest,
Why have they lost their power to please,
And I alone to be unblest.

MARY'S TEAR.

THE love, the anxious thought and fears,
The anguish deep, the heartfelt pain,
Was paid by one of Mary's tears
Why did my grief return again?

**I STILL IN SADNESS TO MY HARP
RETURN.**

Too deep my portion from Jove's bitter urn,
I still in sadness to my harp return.
The change is mine from storm to scorching ray,
The night of chaos, or the threatening day;
It matters not what latest passions vexed,
Nor boots it much what shall beset me next;
My harp is tuned to every pensive strain,
The hand that moves it is benumbed with pain,
For should my heart with sorrow cease to flow
'Twould pause to listen to another's woe.

WHEN I AM DEAD AND GONE.

THERE'S not an honest tear to shed
When I am dead and gone,
The stranger still shall pause when said,
There lies a child of song.

But still that grave some joy can bring
Beyond death's gloomy bourne,
Then time speed on your swiftest wings,
The past I will not mourn.

THE LAST TREE OF THE ORCHARD.

THOU sole survivor of the field,
That once luxuriant fruit did yield—
Tree by tree they have passed away,
Till only one survives decay ;
Even thou bearest marks of time's decay,
And limb by limb you pass away,
Fruitful and blasted, both displayed,
Life and death are close arrayed ;
For though thy boughs are withering fast,
Thou still art fruitful to the last,

And every limb where life's not smote
 Is burdened with a weight of fruit.
 How different, mortals, thy decay,
 Not limb by limb we pass away—
 Those few to whom old age is given,
 (Oft rated blessing sent from Heaven)
 Their withering limbs are stark and bare,
 Bald is their head, or hoar their hair—
 No longer fitted for their toil,
 Oft feel encumberers of the soil,
 In their decay no fruit they give,
 A dull incumbent ruin live.
 The time will come, for time is rolling fast,
 When joy shall cease and my good days are past,
 By easy strokes then let me cease to be,
 And short life end in long eternity—
 That younger sons may here enjoy this dell,
 But peaceful with my fathers let me dwell.

JUDGE NOT FROM WHAT YOU SEE.

JUDGE not because one looks so gay,
 That his is a pure summer's day,
 Judge not from objects shining bright
 That theirs is a celestial light;
 You cannot know from outward show,
 If peace or joy has reign below.

To see at times a joyous face
Is deepest melancholy's trace—
Nature oft wears a sombre gray,
And night has joys as pure as day.
'Tis where its throne contentment rears
A rugged border oft appears ;
'Tis thus some peaceful nations gain
From warring worlds a quiet reign,
Where arid sands and sterile hills appear,
And rocks impervious on their borders rear—
While heavenly dews on fertile ground
Its smiling verdure sheds around ;
Oft where proud nature looks most bright,
Reflecting heaven's ethereal light,
She is yielding most to rotting time's decay,
Or dire destruction's ruinous sway—
Thus Hecla's bosom, clad in virgin snow,
Is rent and tortured by its flames below.
Vesuvius, yes, thy steepy sides are green,
And on thy top a gorgeous plume is seen ;
A grassy verdure thy bright vales display,
And mirthful youth in dances crown the day.
Then judge by this, and who could know
Of smouldering flames, or raging fires below,
The awful splendor of that grand display,
Or mournful fate of Plina swept away.
Then judge no more, for pleasing outward show
In spirits proud may cloak the pain below.

•

GIVE ME THAT PEACE OF MIND.

THOU maid of whom I've often sang,
And filled my breast with many a pang,
Give me that peace of mind thou can,
And ease the melancholy man.

TO JENNIE.

May 18th, 1855.

WHAT fever this upon my brain,
What cheerless, pensive moan;
Is this a lover's helpless pain,
And must I die alone?

Then, Jennie, do not tarry here,
You must not stay behind—
When I am gone, 'tis not your sphere,
But follow on the wind.

OH, MARY! LOVELIEST SHADE.

WHAT vision, this, that crossed my brain,—
I know that smile, though late in pain;
Though late that form was low in death,
Now warmed with more than vulgar breath.

Oh, Mary ! Mary ! loveliest shade,
And has death thus his captive paid ?
Has he thus set thy spirit free,
And sent its lovely form to me ?

If fancy sheds a ray of truth,
Oh, happy they that die in youth ;
In memory still unmarked by time,
Or only changing more divine.

Who would not seek that land of truth,
To always live in joyous youth ;
Who would not leave this world of pain,
To have those joys that death may gain.

Oh, speed me to my Mary's arms,
While yet for her I have those charms ;
Alone with her, one hour of bliss,
Were worth a world of care like this.

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN.

Fast falls the rain, the thunder roars,
And vivid lightning round him pours,
The tattered tent invites the storm,
And howling wolves around it swarm.

No friends are there to soothe his pain,
Or holy words of promised gain ;
The spoiler's hand waits not the dead,
Already have they spoiled and fled ;
Life is flitting fast away,
Death is eager to decay,
The fever of his burning brain
Has fanned up dying memory's flame,
And, far o'er river, hill and dale,
Has waft him to his native vale :
He sees a weeping mother stand,
He feels her press his clay-cold hand,
And those around he held most dear,
Oppressed with grief, are gathering near.
And through the chaos of his brain
He hears their bitter sighs complain ;
Then fixes to heaven his glassy eyes,
His senses reel, he groans and dies.
Oh ! man, why wert thou left forlorn,
And is this then life's promised bourne ?
Or must examples thus be given,
To make us build our hopes in heaven ?
Nor wealth, nor fame, nor luxury,
From earthly cares can set us free,
But still contented strive to live,
And wait the gifts that Heaven will give.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

STILL may the eyes behold one gentle flower,
To shed a cheer upon this pensive hour.
When all seems gloomy as the waning year,
And not a hope, or scarce a joy, can cheer,
Thou comest a guide, when most we want the
flowers,

To lift the mind from earth to heavenly bowers,
And stands alone of all the sisterhood,
Like some fair relic of the just and good,
Whose gentle race fell like the tender flower,
And one alone awaits the expected hour.

Like the calm still hours of a good old man,
The mild days of autumn have fittingly ran,
Till, like his gray locks, the fields are all hoar,
And the flood-rushing rains are beginning to
pour,

And the winds in sad requiem are singing thy
doom—

That winter, rough grasper, shall find thee a
tomb.

And oft when these mild, sunless days are gone,
And the fierce wintry tempests are riding along,

OH, LIFE! THOU DULL, INCUMBENT LOAD. 58

I'll think of the flower that cheered the dark
day,
The bright sunny flower that awakened my lay,—
It shall lighten my mind in the depths of its
gloom,
The joy of those flowers beyond the dark tomb.

**OH, LIFE! THOU DULL, INCUMBENT
LOAD.**

OH, life ! thou dull incumbent load,
How great the weight, how rough the road,
How little here to gain.

What caused this leaden, senseless pain,
That loads my breast and dulls my brain,
And chills up every vein ?

How vain those efforts are to cheer,
For 'tis not rage, it is not fear,
That fills my breast with pain.

As life will spend, so joy is spent,
And I must learn to live content,
Till pleasure holds its reign.

YE GRASSY BANKS AND MEADOWS
GREEN.

YE grassy banks and meadows green
That bound the banks of Kill-Von-Kull,
How can ye spread so bright a scene,
And leave your minstrel's heart so dull?

Ye feathered tribes—a warbling throng,
Companions of my minstrelsy,
Why carol you so gay a song;
How I so sad, and ye so free?

Ye gentle winds, why don't you mourn,
As soft ye float o'er blooming gull?
And I will answer sigh for sigh,
To echoing banks of Kill-Von-Kull.

WELL SITS THE DEWDROP ON THE ROSE.

WELL sits the dewdrop on the rose,
That grows upon my Mary's grave;
Early weeping as it blows,
Hoping some guardian power will save.

And well it merits guardian care,
So fittingly it fills that place;
It seems the truest, loveliest heir
Of Mary's beauty and her grace.

Like Mary soon thy charms shall fade,
No earthly power that bloom can save,
When, then, thou art an empty shade
What flower shall bloom above thy grave?

OH, BURY ME AMONG THE TREES I LOVE.

OH ! bury me 'mid my children dear,
On the spot where my fruit-trees stand,
And their bloom and their fruits my spirits shall
cheer,
If spirits may visit this land.

WRITTEN WHILE SITTING OVER MY
MOTHER'S GRAVE, THE EVENING OF
HER BURIAL.

DEAREST mother, art thou sleeping,
Beneath this cold and cheerless sod ?
And thy son above thee weeping,
O'er this gathered heap of clod.

AH, CRUEL FATE!

Oh, no, mother, thou art o'er me,
Looking down upon thy son ;
Long thou struggled for the glory,
Now at last the glory's won.

And now my course I'll homeward bend me,
And feel no more thou art forsaken,
And thy spirit aid may lend me :
For thy soul by God is taken.

AH, CRUEL FATE!

AH, cruel fate, what bitter drugs are given
To wretched mortals from the urns of Heaven,
By turns the sweet, but chief from bitter fills,
And still the bitter through the sweet distils.
'Tis but yest'day's smiles my bosom warmed,
To-day, in the same form I feel I'm scorned ;
But still I know her passions are the same,
For half in pain each uncouth utterance came,
Choking itself like a smouldering flame.
From the same source must I bear wound on
wound,
That living corse too rotten for the ground.
But still I must, it is, it's Fate's decree,
For evil tongues in evil still must be.

But, oh, how long does seem that monster's reign,
Who still does glory in another's pain.
But still I bow and own the will of Heaven,
For who doth know why dearth or flood are
given.

While yet I was a stranger to this place,
Thou called me fool ere thou beheld my face ;
Oh, scourge of earth, how could thou still have
joy

To wage a war upon a stripling boy ?
And since that time, thou hypocrite, thou know
A double wrath has made my bosom glow.
But oh, ye Gods! why do I feel this pain ?
If this I must, what is the poet's gain ?
Must the rich soil still burden on the fields
That to the reaper such painful harvest yields ?
Oh, every aching pang to me thou yield,
Unpitying muse, that ought to be my shield !
Disease and sickness, thou might come in vain,
And death, oh, death, to me, thou would have no
pain.

But now, my muse, I'll let thee rest awhile,
Till softer smiles can sweeter hours beguile,
For since my pen can nought of comfort yield,
I'll seek the athletic labors of the field.

I HAVE NO TEARS TO SHED.

THEY say sorrow's bitter tears,
In sympathetic woe,
Much the drooping spirit cheers,
When they can freely flow.

But I am not of tears possessed;
When sympathy does glow,
It's inly burning in my breast,
And no relief does know.

Why should mortals dread to die,
What terror has mortality?
What do we leave that we should sigh?
It is a morbid sympathy.

The body dead, freed-is the mind,
No more to earth it is confined,
But swift as thought it mounts the wind,
And leaves the world and cares behind.

When the spirit has passed away,
Soon the body shall decay,
Then we cease terrestrial strife,
And begin celestial life.

HOW COULD YOU VENTURE FORTH, MY
LOVE?

How could you venture forth, my love,
And leave your pensive mate at home?
Ye sham'd the gentle name of dove
When first ye nursed a thought to roam.

The wintry frost soon chills the song
That feels no sacred warmth divine;
And spring returns to find him mute,
That still must mourn his valentine.

AND I MUST EVER PINE.

How vain would time his comfort send,
How vain the shadowy name of friend!
Nor change of scene can make me glad,
Like Petrarch still forever sad,
Like him to Laura must complain,
Like his my labor still is vain.
The admiring crowd in vain might gaze,
I only seek my Laura's praise;

The redbreast feels the hunter's hate,
The dove must mourn her absent mate;
Still wounded I must ever pine,
And mourn my absent valentine.

ON CUTTING DOWN OF THE NOBLE OLD
CHERRY TREES ON THE SHORE
ROAD OF THE PELTON ESTATE, ONE
HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN RINGS
WERE COUNTED ON SOME OF THE
LOGS.

WHAT now shall fill those noble monarchs' place,
Who'll point to heaven with such majestic grace?
For ages batter'd by the storm's alarms,
Whose wintry blasts fell harmless on their arms;
While rolling clouds the threat'ning thunders
 rouse,
The flying lightning harmless pass their boughs.
Nor time, nor age, had fell'd them with their
 darts,
Nor cank'ring worms had reach'd their vital parts;
But restless man had summons'd them to fall,
A tyrant lordling mimick'd nature's call.
The sturdy woodman, with the ruthless axe,
Relentless plies; their giant strength relax,

MEETING OF TWO HOMESICK EMIGRANTS. 61

And tumbling, sidelong, lash the trembling
ground ;
Their crushing weight makes trembling earth
resound ;
Nor are they left to moulder as they lay,
Consum'd by fire, ignobly pass away.

**MEETING OF TWO HOMESICK EMI-
GRANTS IN THE FAR-AWAY DIG-
TINGS OF CALIFORNIA.**

OH! know ye the land where the mountain and
stream
May smile at the sun, and gladden its beam?
Know ye the land of the fruit-tree and vine,
And the changes of nature seem more than di-
vine?
Oh! know ye the land from oppression still free?
And the proud eagle soars o'er the liberty tree;
'Tis the land of the east, 'tis my dear native
land;
Oh! why did I leave its peace-smiling strand.
Why wake ye the thought, that land is my own!
Why chill ye my life's blood, why raise ye a
groan?

62 *MEETING OF TWO HOMESICK EMIGRANTS.*

Why raise ye my thoughts, why rouse ye my
fear
Of the faith, and the safety, of one that's so
dear?
Why wake ye the thoughts of kindred and
friends,
When ye have not the comforts to make me
amends?
Name not this life waste for visions so sear,
The sound of my folly is harsh to my ear.

I have long made this rich ore my treasure and
pride,
I have long made my wailings to the mountain's
hoarse tide;
Like the Cock with the jewel, it's no treasure to
me,
And the stream rushes by, all careless and free.
To my countrymen dear must my passions have
vent,
Alone will they listen to my soul's discontent;
For my country and countrymen are equal to me,
And rare is the sight once so common to see.

To your countrymen, then, your passions give
vent,
But chide not that land that gave all but con-
tent;

For just is the vengeance, and just is the rod
That punishes sin, and just is the God
That visiteth vengeance on to the head
That shouted o'er conquest or innocent dead.
Then cease ye to murmur and join me in prayer,
And trust in the mercy of heavenly care.

PRAYER.

OH ! Heavenly Father, Umpire, righteous Judge,
That rule the heavens, and rule the earth in love ;
To Thee we pray, and in our prayer we own
Ourselves unwise, and truth in Thee alone.
May the good steel that breaks the stubborn sod,
And gives the bounties of a bounteous God,
By its true worth be valued every ore,
And by that worth let none be valued more.
Teach us that comforts to our wants are sent,
And the chief comfort is a mind content ;
That wandering man at home at length may find
That true contentment dwells within the mind.

CALIFORNIA EMIGRANT'S PRAYER.

God of our fathers, don't forsake
Thy children in a foreign land ;
Still doth Thou give, and still we take,
Ungrateful to the Giver's hand.

64 *FROM THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.*

Guide us, Lord, where lies the treasure,
Give us health and strength to toil,
Teach in time to know our measure,
Nor tempt our greedy eyes with spoil.

When at length we gain our measure,
And the pilgrim's toil is past,
Lead us home to peace and pleasure,
To rest our weary limbs at last.

FROM THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.

WEEP o'er my tomb, 'twill moulder and decay
Ye cannot weep o'er that which fled away,
Far into space, to distant realms away,
Where God Eternal lights celestial day,
Where at His beck retiring chaos swarms,
And at each nod some new creation forms.
Oh, could I weep, but sorrow dwells not here,
I'd shed a deluge for each wasted tear,
And drown your grief and start you on the road
That brings you joyous to this blest abode.
No, for all the sands, when numbered, are but few,
And small the portion that's assigned to you ;
And death's not vain, and well it were,
While living still, for heaven ye would prepare.
If fruit on earth pays for the labor's toil
Think of the seed that's cast on heavenly soil,

SINCE MARY LONGED TO LEAVE THIS EARTH. 65

Where ye shall reap of all the joys ye've sown,
And joys of others are not less your own.
The boundless space, the unfathomed sea,
The endless cycle of eternity—
Where ambrosial fruits hung 'mid the flowers of
 May,
And heavenly joys told not in earthly lay.
Cease, then, to mourn and dry the fruitless tear,
And live alone to meet thy kindred here.

**SINCE MARY LONGED TO LEAVE THIS
EARTH.**

SINCE Mary long'd to leave this earth,
 How could I long to stay behind !
Her death has been an angel's birth,
 By truth and virtue most refined.

Among the regions of the blest,
 With meekest grace she fills her seat
Oh ! could I bear that heavenly test !
 Or gain her side, if at her feet.

For sure it is in calmest skies
 Where she a resting-place has found ;
Even where her mouldering body lies,
 Seems more than consecrated ground.

O'ER MARY'S GRAVE.

IN secret, Mary, long we loved,
In secret now I mourn for thee.
For thee I ever thought and moved,
Then now my guardian angel be!

And guide me to that happy land,
Where lovers meet to part no more;
Where earth-tried love shall ever stand,
And bliss alone can reach that shore.

MY JENNY.

How could ye wander forth, my love,
And leave your pensive mate at home
Ye shamed the gentle name of dove,
When first ye nursed a thought to roam.
With me my Jenny will not stay,
But still for pleasure she will fly;
She wished for pleasure far away,
And left with me a wish to die.

May 17th, 1855.

NOT ALWAYS NOW.

AH ! Melancholy, thou reign'st not always now,
But now and then I have a spell of joy ;
Then dull oblivion, with her rusty plough,
Forgets to mar the smoothness of my brow :
And blithe I feel as a Bacchanalian Boy.

AH ! MELANCHOLY, SOFT-EYED MAID.

AH ! Melancholy ; soft-eyed maid,
Why hast thou such attention paid,
Why woo'd thy pensive boy ?
Go seek the gay, the wild, the free,
And let thy slave, thy captive be ;
And give me once to joy.

RETIREMENT.

WHAT tortures ambition's fire,
Or fills the breast with strong desire ?
What should make the mind to glow
For that which nature can't bestow ?

Why so zealously engage,
In that which ends in pain and rage?
Why should we not shun the brawl,
When naught is sweet, but all is gall?

Seek not fame that's in the storm,
For guile the bosom cannot warm;
Retirement is the only joy
That frees the bosom from alloy.

Seek no more ambition's stride,
But follow in the smoother tide;
Let thy bark glide gently on,
Nor listen to delusion's song.

CHARMING NATURE.

In Nature's bosom let me lie,
For I her beauties can descry,
And the self-same protecting arm
That warms her shall my bosom charm.

A TALE OF MY GRANDSIRE.

To friends and fellows I'll relate
A story that's of ancient date,
E're hoax or humbug had a name,
And witches were well known to fame;
And wiser men than you or I
From evil spirits deigned to fly :

Now on this feeble upstart race,
There's wingless fairies take their place,
That haunt our race and vex us more
Than witches that have lived before.

I sing the tale of a hero bold,
Of time that's past, and now grown old.
When music filled the Choirs.

When our forefathers, early bred
To hardy deeds, by freedom led,
For liberty inspires.

Now dwindled to a pigmy race,
There's not a remnant you can trace
Of our gigantic sires.

Not Scotia's fog-benighted land,
Nor Innisfail, nor Lochnin's strand,
Has known more rhabdomantic power
Nor courage tried in perilous hour.
Their chiefs bend forward one and all
To view the scene from Odin's hall ;
Even Perseus' self to see it had such will
He bade the constellations all stand still.
(Ah ! careless Perseus ! killing with a quoit
Who I to life am laboring to translate.)
And fierce Orion stopp'd his heavenly flight
And gave the sister pleiad's short respite :
And Orpheus stop'd—but 'twas from dread
That he should buck a mightier hero's head :
For great Alcides, sooner than lose the sight
Would burn another shirt to have given him light ;
And Dogs and Bears and heavenly cattle stood,
Even Jove himself told Juno it was good,
And would have placed him 'mid the shining stars,
But dared not crowd for fear of family jars,
For envy burns lest someone should be praised
Where they have earned none in these latter days.

'Twixt Pennsylvania and Atlantic shore,
In Cranberry's plain there dwelt a witch of yore,
'Mid hogs and kine there ne'er was made such
slaughter
By any witch that ever lived before her.

The stall-fed ox unslaughtered died,
And colts that ne'er a man did ride ;
The crazy pigs pursued their tails,
And blood besmeared the milking pails.
Such woful work, who well could bear it
But warring witches who would dare it.
Full sore the country people were aggrieved,
And much from her they wished to be relieved.
'Twas in the schoolhouse they agreed to meet,
And in the front the aged took their seat ;
(Men whose furrow'd cheeks and hoary brow
Prove to the youth that the strong man must bow ;
That their glass windows will in time grow dim,
And life's pale lamp but mock us as we trim.)
But here I will not tell what there was told,
How many an artful witch and wizard bold,
That did in olden times their witchcraft play,
And the device that drove each curse away.
Of the late witch alone I will relate,
And hope from it I will not deviate,
Lest in the epic part my story fail,
And my poor Epos ends without a tale.
Now rumor to the meeting had made known,
And it was true, as here it will be shown,
In Philadelphia there one did live,
That for killing witches a receipt could give.
But who the journey durst to undertake ?
A war with witches was so great a stake !

And Nancy had the natives in such fear
That none against her dared to volunteer.
They many sought ; at length they did prevail
The task upon Joakim Van Arsdale ;
Three times six suns he had beheld with joy,
Whose genial warmth had reared the giant boy ;
Six feet three inches was his ample height,
His hair was curly, and his skin was light ;
Broad were his shoulders, stately was his gait,
And sixteen stone could scarce dispute his weight.
Earth trembled as he trod ; or if he rode
The bending axles groaned beneath its load.
Full seventeen hands his gelding was in height,
Silver his bit, three girts were buckled tight.
For could she get her fingers 'neath the girt
The prostrate rider grovels in the dirt.
'Tis silver scares the devil out the track,
(For that's the stuff that keeps him off our back)
His ample neck sustains a double rein,
And graceful flows the honors of his mane ;
His well-turned rump supports a length of tail,
That sweeps the ground or floats amid the gale ;
His nostrils spread, his eyeballs flashing far
Proved he was conscious of the coming war.
The rider's soul had mingled with the horse,
And the strong youth was breathing from its force,
Nor shall we like Dan Homer pain
Our readers with a yarn of strain ;

Suffice to say, a sire he had,
And that he was a famous dad.
Thus fitted out he on his journey went,
And many a blessing with the boy was sent—
Though they persuaded him, much did they fear,
Ne'er horse nor rider would again appear.
And when he left his aged sire did grieve,
Fearing that Nancy might his path deceive;
The affianced Katy saw the youth depart,
And love's sharp pangs shot keenly through her
heart.

On her broad brow the untutored ringlets hung,
And loose dishevel'd o'er her bosom swung,
Half tear, half smile, she waved a parting hand,
Then sought a height that viewed the distant
land :

And when he vanished on the distant plain
In raging grief she gave vent to her pain :
“How can I part with the brave hero fair,
My dear Joakim, with the auburn hair.
I cannot blame my chief for what he does,
How could he less who his dear country loves;
But much I fear that he, in evil hour,
Will fall a victim to the infernal power.”
Then ceased the wail that into silence wanes
And hides her roses with her lily hands.
Now when Aurora gilds the coming morn,
He many miles had on his journey gone,

Whilst ev'ry hedge and bush he eyed
And oft imagined that some fiend he spied.
(What feelings strange will often nettle
Even the mightiest man of mettle.)
For well he looked about with vigil stare
Lest the curst witch should take him un
aware.

Now safe arrived at the destined spot,
The wily craftsman soon contrived a plot
To bring Miss Nancy to untimely end,
Nor all her witchcraft could her life defend.

Now, anxious to perform the deed,
He eagerly did mount his steed
And urged him at a hurried gait,
Nor scarcely for the time can wait,
But swift retraced his steps again
'Till safe arrived at Cranberry plain.
And home he did his kinsmen meet
Who welcomed him with hearty greet
And praised and gloried in their son,
And deemed success already won.
Nor lost he time : within an hour
He had begun the magic power.
First cautiously he closed the room,
Which cast o'er it a solemn gloom ;
He then the horse-shoes hung about
To keep the witching lady out.

Now Yakim* can her fate control
By the contents of a bowl,
In which he pins and needles stood
That he intermixed with blood.
And whilst 'twas boiling, with a knife
He cut and pow-wows 'gainst her life.
Soon as the blood is boiled dry
Then the intended witch must die;
Unless some one should break the charm,
And free the wretched curse from harm.
He had not far the work advanced
When merrily the needles danced,
And every other boding told
The witch that time had been too old.
(Then he into the kitchen went
And there he found that by consent
A lump of sugar she'd received
And thus that time had been relieved.
Ah! disappointment, accursed knight!
That still pursues each wretched wight;
There's not a labor that we undertake
But that fell fiend would gladly make forsake.
But he was not discouraged yet,
Nor for a moment did he fret.
It being on the Sabbath day,
Soon for the church they bent their way;

* A nickname for Joakim.

None but himself was left at home
To safely work his scheme alone.
He nailed up horse-shoes all around,
To keep old Nancy from the ground.
To make himself securer yet
He o'er the windows did them set ;
Then firing up the coals again,
He did not boil the blood in vain.
Tempest'ous winds began to howl,
And frowning skies o'er earth did scowl ;
The lightnings flash from cloud to cloud
And rolling thunders peal aloud ;
The furies seemed at war with fate
And earth appeared to have changed its gait,
The heavenly powers to have lost their sway,
And all their floodgates swept away
Loud the madden'd waters roar,
The swelling brook breaks down the shore ;
The rising deluge floods the plain
And roll in billows to the main :
And hell with all its power of boiling
Seemed with the devil fairly toiling.
Not long such uproar can sustain,
Miss Nancy sinks beneath the pain ;
The pins and needles sorely smart
The blood is gathering towards her heart ;
She sinks beneath the piercing pain,
Never, never to arise again.

But Satan, filled with vengeance dire,
Caught the last spark of Nancy's fire,
And thrust it in Joakim's loins
Which to each victim of the race adjoins,
And rankles with infernal rage,
Their ceaseless vengeance to assuage.

But now I change the earthly scene
And lift the veil that witches screen,
And show them in their court below
And let you see the Devil's show,
Where, floating in fantastic form,
Like bees that know not where to swarm,
And pass the time in foul diversion,
Or practice arts of man's aversion.
They make bewilder'd trav'lers walk,
And torture babes that cannot talk,
Misguide the nurse who tends the sick,
And help the robber in his trick.
Swindlers and gamblers find in money,
And drunkards tell that gall is honey.
Soft-headed fools they set to rhyming
And bore their friends to hear them chiming,
And feast on blood and strife of man
And love the cries of wife and orphan.

(And should this make your conscience start,
Behold what works they have, of art,
Sculptures of rogues themselves made smart.)

And none more bright they love to sing,
Than Macedonia's great king ;
And Cæsar charmed on Egypt's shore,
And near him stands his polished whore ;
And Bonaparte the front of battle,
The old witch fame will always rattle ;
And they who came at country's call
Only to make their country bawl ;
And smaller knaves with smaller wishes,
Who only wanted loaves and fishes ;
Lawyers who would for rascals plead
Or help the rich the poor man bleed ;
And Yankees who to kings would monkey,
Each doom'd to be a devil's flunkey.
Match-makers and match-breakers all,
Joining in one common brawl ;
And fools that did 'gainst witchcraft prattle,
Whose back they mark like Jacob's cattle.
The hypocrite that rides on churches,
And rogues too deep for human searches,
The infidel who sought no God,
And he who curst his native sod ;
The moralist that has no creed,
But preaches to make religion bleed ;
And they who at good morals scoff,—
But Nan is called and we are off ;
The picture wants to make it good
Who shed his guiltless brother's blood,

And they who did not get the name
Checked by bloody vengeance flame.
But Satan's wife is such a sloven,
She takes them all to heat the oven.

Now if to mercy you're inclined,
And think Joakim was unkind,
Count all the mischief done on earth,
From Nancy's death to Adam's birth.
So sure I'd feel you'd burn the witches
I'd bet my hat, my boots, my breeches.

Who envies now old Nancy's bliss
'Mid scrapings of a world like this?
With devil's furies and old witches
With howling hell-hounds, fill the niches.
She's ushered in her boding-place
Of lasting shame and dire disgrace.
The witches rav'd and rant'd awful,
But dar'd no more—it was unlawful.
And Nick, lest more should from them sever,
Did turn the keys and bolts forever.

So gang along to earth again
And view the scene upon the plain,
Where on a sudden all was calm.
Dried was the blood, broke was the charm.
The church-folks wonder what's the matter,
At such an elemental clatter.

But soon they heard what Yakim did,
And of her witchcraft they were rid.
Swift rumor's undulating tide
Spread the glad tidings far and wide.
Peace to the land, for now they know
That Nancy's soul was sent below,
Nor lives the man did ever see
Another witch in Cranberry.

This is a tale of other times
When Satan fill'd the world with crimes,
And often by his magic art
Wounded man with many a smart.
But that is not the case this day,
Magic power has lost its sway,
And nothing of its charm we know,
Save what our fathers can bestow.
And much I loved those tales to hear
In mingled joy with boyish fear ;
And fresh it's in my mem'ry yet,
How 'neath the arbor he would sit,
Divide an apple or a pear,
And with the children he would share ;
And there repeat the oft-told tale,
How 'gainst the witch he did prevail,
And deem'd the deed more valiant far
Than fighting in his country's war ;

Though loud he heard near Monmouth's shore
The belching guns ejecting ore;
And, as he coursed the field around
Our valiant steed received a wound,
And tumbling headlong, bit the ground.
And as by Lee he had been led,
With frightened Lee for safety fled,
Though rallied on by Green again,
No laurels claimed to hide his shame.
Alas! he fell, that hero bold,
Whom time had spared till he grew old,
And foes outliv'd and witches bold,
And said those troubled times had passed away,
And not a witch there lived this day.

A TRUE STORY.

IN days whilom while freedom yet was young,
And her brave sons scarce taught humanity:
Like young benevolence she crushed the sombre
worm,
But beauty charmed to spare the butterfly.

Hard by the sea there lived a man of means,
Rough as its waves and boisterous as its roar;
His heart grew hard amid those stormy scenes,
Nor aught of grandeur taught his mind to soar.

Of late by freedom's sons he had been freed,
Who still left Afric's sable sons to scorn ;
They for their father's weakness still must bleed,
Or joys unknown that wait beyond this bourne.

They have forgot that Æthiops once were men,
In science, art, and every virtuous form ;
To trace it now none but the liberal can,
Their Maker's image withered in the storm.

These left in nature's vilest paths to run,
And down corruption's trodden paths to stray ;
Then held to scorn they bid the virtuous shun,
That glutton avarice still may on them prey.

Thus kept this brutal lord, his brutal train,
Himself untutored as the slaves he drove ;
Humanity had ceased to show him pain,
Seeing no kind passions ever with him strove.

Then oft amid them rose fierce discontent,
And angry passions fanned by low desire ;
Then taught as oft their folly to repent,
By the rude cudgel and their master's ire.

The meekest of the crew all night till dawn,
In social glee and wild carouse had spent,
Waits now the coming of the tell-tale morn,
And hopes unknown to toil the day content.

Almost unseen he in a corner set,
O'er the raked coals in nodding sleep's, half
dream ;
When a scolding wench who first began to fret,
Then used her Maker's name in high blaspheme.

From words she let her angry temper glow,
And sought to drag him from his grudged re-
treat ;
He only pushed her, with untutored blow,
Enough her envious object to defeat.

A minion wretch amid this servile crew,
Who by flattery vile had raised him o'er the
rest ;
To save his own, his brothers' blood oft drew,
The master's safeguard, and the negroes' pest.

In rushed this hated of the servile crew,
Unknown the case, on harmless Lake he flew ;
Heads, hands, and feet to fierce contention grew,
"Enough !" proclaims Lake, champion of the
negro crew.

Their master now they call amid their fears,
Nor aught had seen, nor aught of merit knows ;
In boots and pants, he, half undress'd, appears,
Nor paused, but aim'd at once his lasting blows.

Full on Lake's mouth his heavy fist did ring,
The mangled mouth poured forth a purple
flood ;
Deep in his thigh his nimble foot did swing,
The strong bone crushed, no more the negro
stood.

"Avaunt ! Avaunt ! begone, nor dare to stay,"
While still beneath his feet the negro lay ;
"Avaunt ! Begone !" the negro creeps away :
And seeks a refuge in a stack of hay.

Thus 'mid his pain was heard the negro's prayer,
The listening heaven attends the negro's cries ;
"Oh ! Heavenly Father, judge Ye this affair ;"
The Father nods as 'long the heavens it flies.

The rolling time seemed careless of the deed,
The land's proud law had set the negro free ;
But woe is he that waits by Heaven decreed
The vengeance dire that waits for Heaven's
decree.

Two scores of winters with their horrors grim,
With boisterous skies had filled the land with
gloom ;
Ripe he had grown, but not to gathering in,
When fate, grim scourger, brought his certain
doom.

In nature's laws there is a general rule,
Those parts that sin must bear the avenging
gore ;

Thus fate with him, his foot had been the tool,
His toes then first began to feel the canker sore.

With foul corruption issuing from his toes,
Braced in a chair he cannot stand or lay ;
With burning inflammation still it glows,
Thus tedious time doth slowly pass away.

Toe after toe, corrupted, dropped away,
Thus lingered long this living lump of clay ;
Thus tortured keen he longs the destined day,
And last 'mid keenest torment passed away.

Ye friends and fellows of the human kind,
Both man and brute, ye well may fear to harm,
Think not kind heaven to cruel acts is blind,
Or by some spell think not to break the charm.

FAIR VIRGINIA.

FAIR Virginia, land of moil,
Land that never has been free ;
Soil that's tilled by slavery's toil,
Shames the name of liberty.

I stood upon a lofty hill,
That far o'erlooked the plain below ;
Where I could trace the rapid rill,
To a majestic river grow.

And now Aurora's golden light,
Had chased away the shades of night ;
It matters not, through toil and mirth,
He still pursues her through the earth.

The dewdrops glisten in the light,
Nor ever was a scene more bright,
As o'er the plain supine they lay,
And turned to heaven each golden ray.

Nor alone was such beauty for land to display,
Whilst the sparkling dewdrops shone on each
 spray ;
A bright sunbeam shone on each billow,
While the slave-owner dreams on a soft downy
 pillow.

But now from nature and beauty I turn,
Whilst anger and pity doth melt and burn ;
To think that the land where they boast they are
 free,
Should encumber their soil with accursed slavery.

Whilst I viewed some mean huts from it there
ran
An animal herd, men driven by man ;
I counted their numbers and exclaim'd then,
How is it, my God, that one can drive ten ?

But now the toil for the field must be shorn,
When nature and culture has reared the ripe
corn,
And see in the field they have each got a row,
And see how it falls beneath the strong blow.

But why in the rear does one of them lag,
Why does his corn-knife so heavily drag ?
When foremost in labor is all they aspire,
For this is the height that they know to desire.

Ah ! cruel driver, why was that crack ?
Why laid the butt of thy whip on his back ?
Can thou not see that his limbs have grown
slack,
It is not in spirit but in strength that he lack.

Though he is urged on with blows, he speeds not
the more,
Slower, even slower, he works than before ;
For soon must that spirit from slavery go,
For death she has struck him a heavier blow.

In vain the poor wretch for mercy now calls,
The more he cries out, the more the whip falls,
But now he can bear no longer the pain;
He staggers and reels and falls on the plain.

Whilst the driver stands o'er him with gudgeon
on high,
And swears by the prince of hell, and the sky,
That he shall arise and join in the toil,
Nor leave his companions to till all the soil.

Ah! thou poor wretch, thou beateth in vain,
Forever you have lost what you swore you would
gain;
For he is a free man, and his spirit is fled,
And you are a slave encumbered with dead.

And must such scenes as these forever be,
And in a land that boasts of liberty?
An empty boast, for half of liberty
Is that, to know our fellowmen are free.

SENT TO BARON DUFFIE ON THE BIRTH
OF HIS FIRST SON (MY ONLY NEPHEW).

ANSWER TO A TELEGRAM.

THE heartfelt joy, the heavenly bliss of meeting,
To the dear boy I send this welcome greeting.
Blest be your house while high your hearts are
 beating
With holy joy ; the ecstatic bliss of meeting
Thy son and heir. Heaven send prophetic weat-
 ing
Of bliss to come ; I send welcome greeting.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS FANNY LEG-
GETT, DAUGHTER OF THE REV. THE-
ODORE S. LEGGETT, D.D.

March 23d, 1897.

OH ! Heavenly Muse, once more my voice inspire,
Attune the strings, send down celestial fire,
Pour forth the balm that heavenly raptures bring,
For agonizing grief refuses still to sing ;

Thy portals spread, let the old bard discern
Angelic forms bear off a golden urn ;
A heaven-dropt spark enclos'd to heaven return'd,
Where late on earth the enchanting spirit burn'd.

And still, dear girl, attend me whilst I sing,
And still, to earth glad heavenly tidings bring ;
To parents sad, and him you held most dear
Next to the Saviour, and the God we fear.
That manly form, alas, bent down with grief !
Thy Saviour seek, seek and He'll give relief.
And thou, dear girl, beholding from on high
Our struggling toils, as life is passing by ;
Amid the raptures of the glorious scenes,
Reflect those raptures to the land of dreams :
Come to our dreams, thou emblem of love and truth,
Gladden our memory with thy joyous youth.

THE VISION.

*On the death of the three children of the Rev. Theodore
S. Leggett, D.D.*

March 24th, 1897.

WHAT low'ring clouds invest my vision clear,
As through the dim gloom the gorgeous lights
appear :

What sudden burst amid creation's gloom,
What glorious visions rising from the tomb.

Still as I gaze the fiery clouds take form,
And mystic shapes 'mid whirling chaos swarm :
Low murmuring sounds the senses first prepare,
Then sounds seraphic charms the listening ear ;
Triumphant forms mid the bewild'ring maze,
In order form to my astonished gaze.
Now I behold bright gems in shining crowns,
And feathery seats below in cushioned lounge,
And soft upon this aerial car appears
Three lovely forms, fresh from their earthly biers ;
By angels borne on every side they fly,
Their precious load swift mounting to the sky ;
In pæans soft, sweet music charms the ear :
Entranced I stand ; upward they disappear.

ON HENRY FOUNTAIN.

Died 1840.

SWEET is the memory of the past,
But not as sweet as Henry's rest ;
He suffered but a worldly blast
Then with his God forever blest.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN TOTTEN MEET-
ING HIS FATHER.

FATHER.

Oh! haste, my son, from earth to flee,
Short thy stay below must be—
The angel Death has set thee free,
Come to heaven; Oh, come to me!

SON.

Swifter than light my spirit flies,
Oh! tell me, father of the skies,
And I will tell thee what I know
About the bourne I left below.

FATHER.

You need not tell what Ceres yields;
Let us through Elysian fields,
Where ambrosial fruits do grow,
And nectar springs profusely flow,
There shall we wait our better part
That yet must feel terrestrial smart.
While sweet the time we'll while away
'Mid gentle twilight and celestial day.

TO THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

TIME mountains made and mountains shall decay,
So sorrows last, but joy it flits away ;
Earth has no proxy can repair thy loss,
'Tis Heaven alone extends the bleeding cross.

IS LIFE TOO SHORT ?

IF we reckon that our life is too short
Then useless pleasures are too dearly bought,
'Tis pleasure makes the time too swiftly fly
And time is lengthened out by industry.

ON THE DEATH OF THE DAUGHTERS OF
CAPTAIN JOHN BARKER.

Written on seeing the parents weep over their graves.

FROM THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.

OUR dear parents, will ye ever weep,
Why with your tears our new-made graves ye
steep ?
Think ye your sighs do not disturb our rest ?
They do not slumber that's forever blest,

But the freed spirits seek the realms on high
And smile on earth amidst their buoyant sky.
Yet all delightless is that solemn view
Of friends that's parting from the friends that's
true.

And swift as spirits mount their realms on high,
So swift to heaven does pass the secret sigh,
All other earthly cares do death destroy
'Tis this alone disturbs our heavenly joy.
Eternal bliss sheds forth her radiant beams,
And life that's past seems but life's troubled
dreams.

Joy, heaped on joy, unwearied seeks no rest,
'Tis half the blessing to see so many blest.
One mighty mass are we collectively,
Yet each within themselves may separate be,
Each having joys that's separate from the rest,
Yet in these joys the mighty mass is blest.
Nor all the joys with you on earth that dwell,
Could not match Martha's meeting Isabel.
Now this we send that you may cease your
sighs,
And dry the tear-worn channels of your eyes ;
For we have now explored that unknown
road,
And joined our fathers in their blest abode ;
And thus it is why mortals dread to die,
Drear is the path and long is eternity.

The reason why you dread your destined fate,
None knows the doom that on him does await;
But be assured they have no cause to mourn
Who leaves that port for the eternal bourne.

ON SITTING UP WITH JACOB BODINE.

How solemn all, in sadness how serene,
The lurid lamp shines gloomy o'er the scene,
Its morbid rays a cheerless influence sheds
As though the darkness from that light was
spread.

Though all is still no quiet's in the gloom,
No peace in prospect, save what's in the tomb;
He pays the debt from which no one can flee,
The awful debt of man's inconstancy;
For though he pants beneath the stroke of death,
The envious conqueror envies every breath.
He like a patriot though to fate would yield,
Craves a moment till he has gained the field;
Fain would he stay 'till the good fight is o'er,
Then launch adventurous for the unknown shore.
Close at his side a watchful daughter sat,
Oppressed with care, seemed yielding up to fate;
Melancholy clouded that lovely daughter,
Like mist that hangs o'er the face of the water.

Her head reclining on a pillow lay,
Now closed are those eyes, now shed they a ray.
Those lucid black eyes shone on that pillow
Like a sunbeam bright on a rolling billow,
Now tossing on high it shines o'er the wave,
Now sinking below in the waters to lave,
She has watched him till watching has ceased to
relieve,
She has mourned till mourning no longer can
grieve,
She has watched and mourned till her sorrows
are drown'd,
And her vigil has ended in sleeping profound.
Like a star that has watched o'er a gathering
storm,
Now gathered, is veiled in her silence to mourn,
The silence was broken as the father gazed round,
His voice proved him living yet it had a death
sound ;
He spoke of the narrow house and the peace that
was there,
But he mourned for his children and the stripes
they must bear.
Begone, they will cry, with a curse on their head,
Begone, thou intruder, thy father is dead !
Then he asked if I thought his time had now
came,
If I ever saw so weak a man recover again.

I answered him calmly, though I scarce hid the
sigh,
They tell me who knew thee thy fate seemed as
nigh,
That thy soul it seemed trembling on the verge
of the grave,
And the arm that then saved thee is still able to
save ;
Then a light gleam o'er his countenance flies,
It lives but a moment, it sickens and dies ;
It cheers but a moment, for short is that reign
Of joy, or of hope, that is built upon pain ;
His hope and his murmurs have yielded to pain,
And sorrow and silence are reigning again ;
Yet his spirit still lingers it still warms the
clay,
But the least blast from death shall blow it
away,
The softest winged arrow that descends from
above
Shall bear it away to the mansions of love.

HYMN.

*Written on hearing a Missionary Sermon Preached by Dr.
James Brownley.*

COME, Holy Spirit, with all thy power,
Not us alone that crave,
All earth is thirsting for the shower
And all we'd have thee save.

Come, Advent season, longed-for hour
When war and crime shall cease,
When none resist the omniscient power
And all will dwell in peace.

When earth's remotest corners ring
With our Redeemer's praise,
And every breeze that blows shall bring
Glad tidings of His grace.

Then, Christians, onward be thy toil,
Till heaven and earth shall see
Heathen, Turk, and Jew all join
In one fraternity.

PSALM 42.

“ As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.”

As when, pursued his native woods around,
The trembling hart flies from the insulting hound,
He seeks to find the living brook once more,
And lave his weary limbs on the refreshing shore.
Thus when pursued by woes and earthly care
My foes press on to drive me to despair;
Drunk with success they cry, “ Where is thy God ?
Smite with thy faith, call down His chastening
rod ! ”

My weary soul, tired of this earthly pain
Still seeks in faith that joy in heaven it hopes to
gain.

133RD PSALM.

BEHOLD how pleasant to see,
Brothers dwell in unity ;
Like the ointment on the head
That ran down on Aaron's beard ;

And into its precious flow,
Reached his garment's skirts below ;
As the dew upon Hermon,
Or the dew of Mount Zion—
There the Lord His blessings pour
Even life forevermore.

PE.

My faith I constantly will keep,
Because I find thy truth is sweet ;
'Tis light to enter in Thy temple,
And understanding to the simple.
I panted till Thy voice I heard,
And longed to hear Thy mighty word
Look and be merciful to me
As Thou usest to those that love thee.
In righteousness teach me to move,
And from its path let me not rove—
Let me not be oppressed by man,
So that I may Thy precepts scan ;
Let thy face on Thy servant shine
So will I keep Thy laws divine—
Rivers are flowing from mine eyes
Because Thy statutes they despise.

VERSIFICATION OF THE 134TH PSALM.

BLESS ye the Lord, ye servants of His might,
Who stand in His holy place by night ;
Lift up your hands and bless the Lord on high,
From Zion, Him who made the earth and sky.

A CANTICLE.

THE SONG OF MOSES. EXODUS XV. VERSIFIED.

April 3rd, 1899.

SING to the Lord, He hath triumphed gloriously :
The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the
sea,
The Lord of my strength and song, He is my sal-
vation :
He is my God, I will prepare Him an habitation ;
He is my father's God, I will exalt His fame,
The Lord is a man of war, Almighty is His name.
Pharaoh's chariots and His host He cast into the
sea :
His captains all chosen from their fate cannot
flee.

The depths have covered them : they sank as a stone.

Thy right hand, O Lord, so glorious in power is known :

Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy,

And in the greatness and power of Thy excellency

Thou hast overthrown them that rose up against Thee :

Thou sendest forth Thy wrath, consumed they cannot flee,

And with the blast of Thy nostrils the waters leap Together, the floods stood upright as an heap,

And the waters were congeal'd in the heart of the deep ;

The enemy said, I will pursue, o'ertake, my lust enjoy :

When satisfied ; my sword I'll draw, my hands them shall destroy.

Thou didst blow Thy wind, the sea about them hovered :

They sank down as lead, the mighty waters covered.

Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among Thy thunders,

Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders ?

Thou stretchest out Thy right hand, they are consumed,
The earth swallows them, they are entombed.

Thou in mercy led forth the people Thou redeemed :

Guided to Thy habitation the holy and esteemed.

And the inhabitants of Palestina shall hear,

And the land shall be o'erwhelmed with fear :

Then the duke of Edom shall be amazed ;

And the mighty men of Moab, trembling and dazed ;

The inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away.

Fear and dread shall fall on them, and none to stay.

By the greatness of Thine arm they shall be still as a stone ;

Till the people pass o'er, Thou hast possessed Thine oyn.

Thou shalt bring them, and plant them in the mount by the grace

Of thine inheritance, which Thou hast made for Thy own dwelling place,

In Thy sanctuary, O Lord, and may we not sever,

And the Lord, He shall reign for ever and ever.

For the horse of Pharoah went in with his chariot ;

And the horsemen and Pharaoh shared the same lot.

For the Lord brought again the waters of the
sea,
But the children of Israel on the dry land went
free.

FROM THE 29TH PSALM.

COME give unto the Lord, O ye of might,
To strength and glory He has all the right,
Give to the Lord the glory due His name,
Worship the Lord with beauty's holy flame,
The mighty God of Glory's heard afar,
His thundering voice the elements do mar,
The waters by His voice their course maintain,
A voice extended as the rolling main.

AN ELEGY ON A POOR MAN.

THEY are tears sincere that o'er his tomb are
shed,
No wealth but toil whilst here he did control;
But now he is wealthier than the wealthiest
dead,
The curse of riches rests not on his soul.

THE DREAM.

I DREAMT that I was crossed in love
A proud yet heavenly fair,
Had taught me that my suit was vain,
And driven me to despair.

Reeling from the bloody deed
A desperate suicide,
The spirit freed from earth it bounds
Through distant realms to glide.

Then swift along the heavenly spheres,
I strode from star to star,
Nor deemed the heavenly path too bright,
Nor thought the strides too far.

I passed Orion, raging God,
Who still pursues in vain,
The six bright nymphs of purest flame
And one of mortal stain.

I passed beyond our stellar round
Through many a starry sphere,
Where orbs unknown to earth abound,
And suns as bright appear.

Then looking back to take one glance
Where friends I left were few,
Ah! vision false 'tis strange to tell,
Though then it seemed so true.

Ah! strange it was the earth seemed lost
In one the earth might claim,
But ah! that name I must not tell
That eclipsed the earth with flame.

Nor shone earth like a halo round,
But seemed a darkened zone,
The fading sun at distance frowned
All unnoticed and alone.

Not Canis Major's glittering star
Could boast in heaven a purer name,
Or Aldebaran shining afar,
Than she that fanned my bosom's flame.

But now my feasting eyes are turned,
Sweet music fills my ears,
And floating soft on silvery clouds,
A heavenly throng appears.

A glittering star on a shining car
Did Newton's light display,
With equal clearness near and far
To guide their heavenly way.

First Homer blind, and Pindar proud,
And Ossian king of song,
And Maro smooth, and Milton learned,
And Byron came along.

Then Shakespeare, first of mortal men,
The gathered passions round him crowd
Love, hate, and envy, worshipped then
And owned their master in the cloud.

And bright upon a silvery cloud
There came a brilliant trio,
'Twas Dante sweet, and Petrarch sad,
And Michael Angelo.

And these were of the vocal choir,
Then came a minstrel throng,
Some skilled in verse to tune the lyre,
And some the lyre alone.

Latona's son and Pan were there
And Orpheus tuned the lyre,
Thamyris, and Demodocus,
And David filled the choir.

Ten thousand thousand smaller bards,
All helped to swell the song,
Oh! how I wished for vocal power
To mingle with that throng!

Thus bright around the vision burned
In vision's brightest day,
But Sol he burned, the vision turned
And truth poured in a ray.

I awoke and found myself alive,
Rejoicing still to be ;
And willing still to live for one,
That will not live for me.

AN INVITATION.

Come, Mary, let's go down to the sea,
For now the vast waters are at rest,
Old Neptune has fallen asleep
And the halcyon is building her nest.

Come, Mary, come, let us away,
O'er the face of the gay spangled deep,
The porpoise may carelessly play,
And the sailor his hammock may keep.

Our vessel may ride o'er the main
Secure as the olive-branch dove,
And return you to your dove-cot again
With a heart full of friendship and love.

A VALENTINE.

And when our white sails shall return,
And you with your kindred shall be;
Thy beauty shall gladden all round,
Like Venus come out of the sea.

A VALENTINE.

February 14, 1849.

Rising from a bed of pain,
With feeble hand and feebler strain,
With trembling pen that scarce can write,
This short epistle will indite.

This winter rose receive from me,
Emblem of sadness, and love for thee,
But "hope the charmer" will not blast
The future prospects with the past.

But soon as verdure glads the pain,
To health and strength restored again,
Tuned full high to thought that's gay
Pour forth many a roundelay.

Then sing, ye little songsters gay,
Nor wait ye for my laggard lay,
But charm ye each those mates of thine,
And leave me to my Valentine.

TO MISS IRENE.

THE other day, Miss Irene,
You accused me of being green ;
Whilst others say that I am shallow
For loving one that is so yellow ;
Blend the colors and they are blue,
An emblem of the heart that's true.

THE DYING DRUNKARD.

THE lightnings flash, the thunder roars,
The drenching rain a deluge pours ;
But harms no more the drunkard's den,
He has passed the range pf mortal ken.

Fainting, expiring and alone,
None know his pain, or hear his groan ;
Oh, thinks he of a second birth,
Who only lived to trouble earth ?

All that were his have gone before,
He lives to see their troubles o'er ;
But still he sought that cursed bowl
That wrecked his home, to drown his soul.

Oh, be some guardian spirit by,
To guide that spark that ne'er can die;
Nourish, instruct it, and prepare,
And be that soul thy guardian care.

A TEMPERANCE HYMN.

Would ye give your Maker pain,
And crucify your God again?
With poisoned blood disease your race,
And every earthly act disgrace?

If ye would destruction shun,
And glorify your Maker's Son,
'Tis Temperance alone can gain
His filial love, and quiet reign.

Then seek virtue for your bride,
And take the virgin to your side;
Seek with her a heavenly rest,
And be with her forever blest.

THE BRAVE ARE NOT FORGOTTEN.

ENOUGH of fame will pay the freeman's toil,
The laurel grows where'er it finds a soil.
And round his grave though humble when it's
found,
All that is heard must have a hallow'd sound,

OH ! BURY ME MID THE TREES I LOVE.

Oh ! bury me mid my children dear,
Where I toiled with joy and with pain ;
I labored in pain, but cheered on by hope,
Doubly charmed by beauty and gain.

Oh ! bury me mid my children dear,
Though away my spirit has roved ;
My mouldering body by nature's decree,
May be part of those trees that I loved.

WRITTEN ON THE RESULT OF THE
ELECTION.

1845.

SAD are my thoughts for my dear land,
Destruction hovers o'er her strand ;
Long shall Columbia rue the day
That she rejected Henry Clay.

The rabble shout with maniac joy,
But silent is the mind that's coy,
Ah ! they would shout though they could see
The uplifted veil of misery.

Then shout aloud, ye rabble joy,
You that the prosperous would destroy,
Short will be their revelry
That must bear part the misery.

Go ask the world of Henry Clay
Go ask in South America,
Go ask who aided suffering Greece,
Go ask who made your Country's peace.

And how for this has he been paid ?
He has been beat by foreign aid ;
The man that checked the foreign brand
Feels their power in his own land.

And must we take that desperate band,
Those filthy scrapings of the land,
Those sweepings of Columbia soil
That rather rob than live by toil ?

We must, we must, the die is cast !
Columbia's misery has come at last.
Oh ! seal mine eyes ye powers above,
Seal them for the patriot love.

Philanthropists, I own with shame,
Though we boast of liberty,
Half of our broad domain
Cast their votes for slavery.

(Ye mercenary foreign aid,
What can ye gain by a free trade?
Is it the hope that time will come
When you can live again at home ?)

And stronger yet my bosom yearns
That constant for the patriot burns ;
Have they reduced our Henry Clay,
Though all his votes were cast away ?

Has Cicero's blood disgraced his name
Or Antony marred Brutus' fame,
Nor aught that impious man can say
Defame the name of Henry Clay.

And now from public strife he'll cease,
Who sought to guide the helm in peace,
And loved his country better far
Than thousands that cry out for war.

'Mid sweet retirement let him rest,
And blessings of his country's best
There calmly wait the destined day
That calls to Heaven our Henry Clay.

WRITTEN AT A WEDDING.

1840.

LET's grasp at pleasure in its flight,
Come on, my joys, away, ye fears ;
She has sown more mirth on this gay night,
Than all she'll reap in after years.

THE RESCUE.

SUDDEN he stops his steed, hark ! what's the cry ?
What the alarm that makes the people fly ?
'Tis but a pause, then quickly starts his steed,
The willing courser springs forward at full speed.
So swiftly moves, so suddenly he bounds,
He seems to fly or scarcely touch the ground—
And in a moment he is on the dock,
Where to the cry the crowding people flock ;
Now he alights, though scarce he checks his speed,
(Quick to the word stopped the unguided steed)
Then rushes impetuous where the waters show
That life's expiring in the realms below.
Headlong he plunges in the briny deep,
The parted waters close upon his feet !

Then all is still, the mute spectators stand,
With dewdrop stillness gazing from the strand.
In that solemn moment you might have heard
The faintest chirrup of a callow-bird,
A pin's light fall upon a marble floor
Would break the stillness of that silent shore ;
All anxious eyes are gazing from the shore,
And each begins to think he is no more,
When one the silence broke and thus began :
" A warning take from this imprudent man—
You saw how rashly he did seek the deep,
And now behold him with his fellow sleep."
Nor had he ceased before his head did ride
Above the waves, and, laboring 'gainst the tide.
But soon they do perceive he strives in vain
To stem the rolling flood, or shore to gain.
They seize the reins which then his courser
wore,
The well known lines did guide him to the
shore ;
To raise him on the dock they now began ;
Then first they did perceive the rescued man.
He by the hair the drowning man had grasped
Who about his wrist both his hands had clasped.
He ties the lines so lately cut away
And mounts his steed and gives him ample sway,
He fled from thanks where he his succor gave,
And bound not him he rescued from the grave ;

Though wet his garments and his bridle rent,
He tarried not, but on his journey went;
When now the rescued was himself again
He dimly viewed him on the distant plain.

WRITTEN ON HEARING THE RESULT OF
MERCER'S TRIAL.

YE virtuous maidens, exalt the fame,
Of this thy young and bold protector's name;
Place it high honored in memory's fame,
And even let it be an honored name.
Place on thy banners him with sword in hand,
And by his side young innocence shall stand.
Long shall that name admired be
Who dared chastise the foulest villainy.
Virtue dared smile though demonism frowned
When first she such a bold protector found;
(For well she knew 'twould to her maidens yield
A full protection from his ample shield.)
Henceforth injured innocence shall call
Upon that name who wrought a villain's fall;
And the mean wretch, though on destruction's
brink,
From that proud name his coward soul shall
shrink;

Let those proud names with equal honors be,
Mercer the chaste, and Mercer of liberty ;
The laurel wreath which virtue shall prepare
The avenging Mercer shall forever wear.
Whilst indignant virtue shall forever shun,
The neglected grave of worthless Hilerton.

LOZENGES AND PASTE.

OLD Esculapius rejoice again,
Thy son has reached the pinnacle of fame ;
Too long thy race in indolence has dwelt,
And worthless fossil medicine has dealt,
Till Shirkman rose with paste and lozenges
Which every Son of science now prefers.
His years of study have raised deathless fame,
And with the gods shall be an honored name.
What pity he with us a name should lack :
I asked our Ducks, they only answered, Quack.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND, TO ANSWER
A DOGGEREL SLUR.

NEGLECTED Poetess, I now discern,
The boy that does your future state concern ;
His intellectual countenance does shine
With traits of well marked genius like thine.

His full round face is like thy foot, all sole,
With features expressive as a stagnant pool,
His long ashy hair that might an ass disgrace,
In scattered locks hang o'er his greasy face.
His little brain must long ago have fled,
But a thick skull protects his feeble head.
Like feeble fortresses are fortified
With thicker walls their want of strength supplied ;

His ill-shaped form doth to my mind arise,
A horrid picture paints before mine eyes ;
His shapeless bulk let me awhile conceal,
For why should I the monster here reveal ;
Enough it is that I alone should know,
Let others wait for comic nature's show.
Suffice to see when time has brought to light
This hideous loon, this vacant man of night ;
Let's hear no more of thee and thy friend,
She who on every meanest action tend,
Be ceased, let's hear no more the worthless rhyme,
Nor strive to make two copied verses chime.
Think not for making rhyme I deem thee wise ;
Such doggerel trash as thine let all despise—
Thy coarse collected words a soul denies,
In sweeter strains than thine the screech owl
cries.

A LETTER CARRIED BY A CLIENT
FROM ONE LAWYER TO ANOTHER.

I HAVE caught two fools, my crafty brother,
You will pick one, and I the other ;
Both of them in my trap flew,
The meanest one I send to you.

HUNGRY SHYSTER.

THE SPIDER FIGHT.

WHY should a poet raise his theme so high
And constant aim his verses for the sky ?
Why not sometimes drop a few lines on earth,
In honor to the place that gave him birth,
If others won't, then I will choose a theme,
And write about some warriors I have seen.

Tired of sleep, as on my bed I lay,
Just as the night was giving way to day,
A hungry fly, who, early, left his rest,
Flew at full speed into a spider's nest ;
Forth from his hiding place the spider came,
And with his silken web secured his game.

Nor scarce secured, when forth a neighbor came,
And with the first he did dispute the game.
Hard was the fight and angry was each blow,
But soon the first the last did overthrow ;
Wrapt in one common web the spider and the
fly,
And which was which you scarcely could descry.

But ere the conqueror has left the place,
You not an atom of the web might trace ;
He asked no ruined fabric to display
The toils and struggles of a well fought day.
Gorged with the ample breakfast he had gained
Was pay sufficient for the fight maintained.

OH! ABSALOM !

OH! Absalom, my son ! my son !
Would thou had the battle gained
And o'er Israel thou had reigned !
Sooner would I die for thee
Than have had thee slain for me !

Oh ! Absalom, my son ! my son !
Thy hair was too long,
Or the bough was too strong.

THE RUSTIC POET.

BENEATH a hill, secluded spot,
A poet dwells, not in a grout ;
But in a mean and lowly hut,
That smoke has painted black as soot ;
His lowly bed is made of straw,
And nature formed the earthen floor ;
A stump his seat, a stump his stand,
Rudely formed by nature's hand ;
And not a kettle, not a pot,
Is seen about that sacred spot.
The only things he keeps on hand,
Are those which nature does demand ;
A conch shell is his only cup,
And seldom from it takes a sup ;
For sweeter draught the bard does think,
Does he receive, who kneels to drink,
For he was truly nature's child,
Romantic, artless, rude and wild.
He for flesh no blood doth spill,
Nor for his drink would roots distill,
For he on fruits and berries lives,
And they are such as nature gives ;
Luxurious cates cannot please,
He only loves poetic ease.

For he despised all civic love,
And nature only can adore.
There does he dwell, contented still
The sovereign lord of his own will ;
A satiate and contended mind,
That like his walks are unconfined.

OUR REVOLUTIONARY GRANDSIRE.

THOUGH they were not of high degree,
Great were their deeds of chivalry,
In the long strife for liberty.

ON SEEING THE GREAT WESTERN COM-
ING UP THE LOWER BAY ON HER
FIRST TRIP TO THIS COUNTRY.

(THE FIRST STEAMER.)

WHAT would Ulysses had to tell
If he upon his voyage to hell,
Had met with this almighty boat ;
He had thought all hell had got afloat ;
And quick would have retraced again,
His passage o'er the watery main,

A PASTORAL.

LET's pass the flitting hours along,
In gay and sweet pastoral song—
For mirth and joy to youth belong.

Then let us in this welcome bower,
And give to ease the idle hour—
They are fools who strive to check its power.

Though ever humble be our lot
Let's be content with what we've got,
For wealth knows not the peaceful cot.

"No gay Alexis of the Grove,"
Shall after come and fondly prove
That we were born to love.

Yet when this clay to dust decay,
And dreaming life has passed away,
Shall we not sleep as sound as they ?

Then Agondecy fondly sing,
Whilst I the wreaths of roses bring
And crown thee Flora gentle queen.

Then pass the flitting hours away,
In gay and sweet pastoral lay
And chanting some fond roundelay.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

WILD it grows and beauteous blows
The tree of liberty—
Each mountaineer does hail with cheer
Himself as wild and free.

Raise the song of liberty,
Let the sound arise—
Rally round thy native tree
Peal thy notes along the skies.

Columbia's free-born sons arouse,
And guard thy liberty—
You must not loose in wild carouse
Thy father's heaven defended tree.

Let no crafty one invade
Nor heed the sirens' sound ;
Let laurel grow beneath its shade
And myrtle twine around.

To dig its soil, its limbs to prune,
More glories to display,
'Twill check its sap, its blossoms blast,
'Twill wither and decay.

AN ELEGY ON A TROUBLESOME PET.

POOR PUSS ! she is dead :
'Twas a blow on the head,
Caused the soul, from the body, to sever :
Pets have but few friends,
Who whilst living attends,
But when dead, are forgotten forever.

LOVE SHOULD BE RECIPROCAL.

WHY for naught do we sell
Those passions that are pure ?
Love should be reciprocal
And then it will endure.

They misconstrue the gift of heaven,
Who sigh upon a barren heart,
It for a blessing has been given
And if abused it will depart.

When a true one's heart you gain,
Lest its fire should depart ;
With thy bosom's holy flame,
Naturalize that heart.

When we behold a humid eye,
With placid soft, and genial look,
Then from those scornful sneers we fly,
And the proud scoffer is forsook.

HENRY CLAY.

May, 1848.

WHAT makes this general shout again,
Why rings that name o'er hill and plain?
'Tis the spirit's secret power,
That guides the patriot's perilous hour.
From every clime it echoes forth,
From the wide extended north,
From the southern burning plain,
Henry Clay is called again.
From each river, nook, and dell,
From mountain heights where patriots dwell,
From the lake's remotest bound,
All conspire to raise the sound;
He comes with justice on his brow,
Like Cincinnatus from his plough.
And angry winter's sullen spleen
Must yield before the vernal scene;
The smile of youth is on that brow,
Where rough armed time has used his plough;

And joy and mirth is lurking there,
Though oft oppressed with toil and care;
The statesman hears the summons loud,
He sees the gathering people crowd—
He loathes to leave his dear Ashland
To take the public helm in hand.

SILENCE.

Written at a Party.

SILENCE, thou older than the eternal plan,
Thou wert ere yet the heavens began,
Thou still hast reign, and still thy reign shall be
When time is lost in vast eternity.

Thou honest friend, thou lasting foe
That secret serves, or waits the secret blow;
Death must submit but health may bid thee flee,
Now I rebel, come, ladies, join with me.

OUR BEAUTIFUL HOUNDS.

OUR beautiful hounds so agile and fair,
So docile to learn that the house is their care ;
So cleanly and proud they own all the grounds ;
And with a keen vigil they keep up their rounds.

The beautiful hounds, the joy of our home,
On their couches contented they seek not to roam ;
They seek us at times for a fond, loving kiss,
And a kind, gentle patting is the height of their
bliss.

Where are the people, though savage or learned,
That the dog's faithful service no affection has
earned;

In poverty or wealth, so faithful and true ;
In health or in sickness they will suffer with you.

So welcome they meet you, so true and sincere,
With a kind, honest heart you have nothing to
fear ;

In the chase they will follow o'er mountain and
bogs,
And the sure sign of a rogue is the hater of dogs.

TO LORD BYRON.

SPIRIT of Lord Byron, my bosom inspire
With thy strength and sweetness; but not with
thy ire.

My bosom already is burning with rage,
And this world is too much for man to engage.

TO FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS.

WARRIOR, priest, historian, and sage,
Whose works have pleased the learned of every
age,

May thy good spirit on my course attend,
Be thou my guide, and Heaven shall be my
friend.

TO TUPPER.

MAY Tupper's labors long the good man tend,
To nourish virtue and innocence defend,
Those old wise sayings in that work combined,
Deserves the attention of the studious mind,
'Twill yield more joy in their lone midnight hours
Than all the fabled amaranthine bowers.

TO THOMSON.

I LOVE the bard who various seasons showed,
With a like spirit of their tempering God,
And may such music ever round me ring,
As when to indolence he turned each string.

SCOTT.

THE border minstrel marks each lay
With wild fantastic fantasy
Nor scarcely has he tuned the strings
Save when the marvellous he sings.

ON SEEING A ROSEBUD THAT WAS
BROKEN DOWN BY A HAIL-STORM.

THE rosebud blasted in the storm,
For its untimely fate we mourn ;
But when it withers with decay
We mourn not that it passed away.

THE GRAPE VINE.

ACCURSED vine, pest of our race !
Thy cruelties through time we trace,
Thy stone has killed a bard of yore,
Thy juice has murdered myriads more.

THE VIOLET.

THOU emblem of Columbia's heir,
Early blooming soft and fair
With color of a heavenly hue,
An emblem of the heart that's true ;
Thou heedest not the early blast
That comes with Spring when winter's past,
And frozen dew and chilly rain
To blast thy bloom may strive in vain.
Nor doth thy beauty seem to mind
The damp and blasting eastern wind,
But like Columbia's hardy heir
Ever blooming sweet and fair.

• *SWEET IS THE BANQUET OF THE MIND.*

SWEET is the banquet of the mind,
Whether in study's room confined,
Or loitering through the pathless field,
Each to the mind sweet nurture yield.

Full often have I musing stood,
In some lone solitary wood,
Or trod the unfrequented way
Where the thick boughs obstruct the day.

There in these rude recesses find,
A sweet enjoyment for the mind,
And inly feel such joy as this,
Is treasured for our heavenly bliss.

To me no feast is like the mind,
Though tasteful viands were combined
• The epicures of cates may sing,
But musing is my banqueting.

AN ODE.

WHILE sporting on the new made hay
Little Cupid chanced that way,
Sporting o'er the flowery meads,
And now he lags and now he speeds,
And now he's on the flowery spray,
And now he's on the fragrant hay ;
His wings that caught the solar beams,
Refluent turned the golden streams ;
His quiver o'er his shoulder hung,
His bow in hand for mischief strung.
He first began his art to try
Upon a wanton butterfly,
When issuing from a cloud, there came
The queen of love, the laughing dame ;
With witching smile she bade the boy
To nobler game his shafts employ.
The ready rogue he seized a dart
And aimed a blow full at my heart.
Then as a pencil ray of light,
The viewless arrow takes its flight ;
Full in my breast the weapon stood,
It wounds, it smarts, but draws no blood,

I sighed, I writhed, I sank with pain,
Nor thought I e'er should rise again ;
The villain sought his mother's arms,
The mother smiled with tenfold charms,
"Mama," he cried, "I want new game,"
Then kissed the laughter-loving dame ;
The admiring queen the infant eyed
And in approving smiles replied ;
His wings he spread, a glittering flame,
Then sought those eyes from whence he came ;
And here my giddy senses veered,
And in the mist all disappeared.

AMERICANS, TO ARMS !

AMERICANS, assert a cause so just !
Cling to the honors of thy father's shades !
Thou hast lied to freedom and betrayed her trust,
Thou owest the debt that honor should have paid.

Knowest thou the debt that sons forever owe,
To long dead soldiers who for freedom fought ?
Knowest thou thy glories are an empty boast,
When all thou claimest thy fathers' blood has
bought ?

In slothful ease thus did our fathers, rise ?

No ! with their blood their liberty they sealed ;
They taught the stubborn Briton how to yield,
And changed the hue of many a dark brown
field.

Shall freedom's sons to freedom's cries be deaf ?

Shall your brave brothers call for aid in vain ?
Are they a prey to ruthless chieftains left,
And you in ease and luxury mock their pain ?

Shall gallant Ringold wake compassion's tear

And murdered Clay arouse no vengeful ire ?
Shall kind compassion soften into fear,
And vengeance just provoke no patriot fire ?

Go seek the couch where the soft Persian slept,

The tempting couch the valiant Grecian tries,
The conquering Roman rich upon it crept ;
The Goddess wept, and weeping from them flies.

THE ALIEN OF ERIN.

It was written during the Irish famine of 1848. As I was driving on the country road in my farm wagon, I picked up and took in my wagon a miserable, forlorn looking young Irishman. And this the tale of distress he told me. And with my muse put it to verse.

A poor lorn alien in a far distant country,
Bewails the sad plight of his relatives' home ;
He moans o'er the famine and pestilence raging,
The hard bitter causes that forced him to
roam.

No more shall gay fancy paint scenes bright and
cheering—

Those gay happy scenes, to life so endearing—
Pale ghastly ghosts and faint famine fearing,
Chill memory is faded mid scenes so forlorn.

No more shall sleep's pleasing fancy attend
thee,

Thy brothers' pale ghosts shall rise from their
tombs,

Thy sisters still living, in life still more dreary
And their faint suffering offspring have sum-
moned thee home!

Adieu ! the fond scenes of life's pleasing fancy,
Adieu ! to the hope that e'er can enhance thee,
Adieu ! to affections since death claims my Nancy,
But welcome the hour when fate seals my
doom.

And now he breaks forth in strains sad but
cheering,

Oh ! why do I wail o'er the sorrow that's past,
There's a last gleam of hope to the patriot en-
dearing,

That oppression and tyranny not always can
last ;

But through the dark cloud of melancholy gleam-
ing,

A bright star is most brilliantly beaming,

'Tis Erin ! that long in oppression was teeming,

Now happy are her sons, and her sires cease
to mourn.

THE POLE'S DREAM.

I dreamed of my country, I dreamed of her woes,
I dreamed she was surrounded by numerous foes,
I dreamed she was fighting upon a broad plain,
And I thought her oppressors the battle would
gain,

I saw her surrounded on every side,
By foemen triumphant wherever they ride,
Though hopeless their fighting yet none of them
fled,

And fast were the numbers increased of the dead.
Oh! my Country, I cried, and raised up my eyes;
When a cloud on the horizon seemed to arise,
It seemed like a cloud that was rising to warn
The world that there was fast approaching a
storm;

Though dark was that cloud, yet it had a bright
tinge,—

A dark rolling cloud with a silvery fringe!
But soon I perceived as I viewed it again,
It was not in heaven, but it rolled on the plain.
Then with joy I beheld they were waving their
spears,

And heaven was filled with their shouts and their
cheers—

But my countrymen still did not them espy,
Or else they were wearied too much to reply;
Their foes as regardless of the coming power-
Did suddenly feel an iron tempest shower;
Now as they advance in thick and firm array
Russia and Prussia everywhere gave way,
Through Poland's ranks is heard the joyful cry,

The battle's gained ! the Russ they fly ! they fly !
Through the long lines the shouts of victory
flies,
The joyful sound reverberates from the skies ;
The wounded and dying have forgot their pain,
And join the shout—Poland shall live again !
And here I wake, the joy too much for me,
And as I waked I shouted, Victory !

BE FRUGAL, YE POLES.

Be frugal, ye Poles, and waste not your toil
Whom Heaven has given an ample store,
But keep it for the foes to spoil
That have oppressed your country sore.

THE HOTTEST SUN.

THE hottest sun that ever shone
Beneath the torrid's burning zone,
Can never warm the human breast,
If not of liberty possessed.

WELL TEMPERED STEEL.

WELL tempered steel, in broadsword shape,
Or iron cast in moulds of grape,
Can more of freedom's gifts obtain
Than all the gold that misers claim.

THE WARNING.

AWAY from the south, away let me flee;
The land of the south is no land for me,
The land where they smile at the cruellest deed.
Away from the south, away let me speed;
The land where there's slaves, the land of the
sun,
The land of oppression I ever will shun.
Laugh'st thou for joy let oppression beguile,
For Heaven has treasured a tear for each smile;
A dark stormy cloud has Heaven sent forth,
Already that cloud appears in the north,—
A cloud that brings an invincible band,
To rush like a tempest over thy land;

Then freedom succeeds when tyrants are gone,
The brightness of liberty o'er thee shall dawn ;
The sunshine of freedom to thee shall be given,
The only true joy that descendeth from heaven.

TO LIBERTY.

GENIUS of liberty, awaken their souls !
Let the giants of freedom rush from their strong-
holds !
Ye that would be free, join in the fights,
That tyrants may learn that men know their
rights.
Ye far distant nations, come join in the war
And Poland will follow if you go before ;
Oppressed and trampled her spirit is broke,
And her neck is borne down with the weight of
her yoke.
Ye nations, pour in your terrible force
Of men upon foot and men upon horse ;
In a cause that is just your banners display,
In the strength of your numbers sweep oppres-
sion away ;
You'll cheer their sunk spirits as you sweep o'er
the plain,
Then they will join you like soldiers their free-
dom to gain.

Then Poland once more of her freedom shall
boast,
And oppressors shall either be scattered or lost.
With a palm on his brow shall the patriot rest,
And the laurel and myrtle crown liberty's crest;
When ages shall bless thee for aid thou hast
given
The joy of your spirits shall brighten all heaven.

RISE, PATRIOTS, RISE!

RISE, patriots, rise in every land !
And patriots lend a helping hand.
Let tyrants that's to tyrants true,
Know freemen are united too ;
The heart's high pulse, the melting tear,
Won't check the tyrant's mad career ;
The only check the wretches know,
Is freemen's truest, deadliest blow.
Though clouds may veil the heavens awhile,
Forbidding Sol on earth to smile,
Yet nature, that's forever true,
Draws good from good, and evil too.
Think not the rains that wash the sand
Can drive the fatness from the land ;
But o'er the warfare of the storm,
Shall rear a goodlier, stouter form.

Ruin and war awhile may check,
But worth and valor cannot wreck;
The blood that feds a suffering land
Shall rear again a stronger band;
The land that raised a chief so true
Can raise a band to follow too.
That band must prove itself as true,
And know and feel its duty too;
Heaven string their arm! and will prepare
To lay the tyrant's bosom bare;
The wintry storm must pass away
Before the sun can shed a ray,
Another cloud must burst again
To rend the sky and drench the plain;
The lightning of that vivid flash
Shall bury tyrants in its crash,
The shades of mighty heroes slain
Shall catch the fire and spread its flame;
The echo of its thundering roll
Shall rend the earth from pole to pole;
Vengeance with war shall flood the plain,
The groaning mountains feel the pain.
Then through the chasm will pour the sun,
And all the din of war is done;
Minerva to their aid shall run,
And drive the war cloud's rolling dun,
Peace like a charm shall glad the plain,
And Hungary shall be free again.

TO IRISHMEN.

You that have lived in a land that is free,
Go help your countrymen get liberty ;
Though you should be sacrificed in the strife
You pay your country what you owe her, your
life.

And why should you so ignobly crave
That loan that your country so generously gave?
Arise in your strength, let cowards see,
Though they may live slaves, that you will be free.

THE SQUALL.

THE lowering clouds in dark'ning tempest spreads,
And threatens vengeance on our guilty heads ;
The lowly herds the awful storm foresee,
And from its wrath by instinct wisely flee.
'Tis man alone, conceited, bravely wise,
He breasts the storm ; or when too late he flies ;
On a frail plank to threat'ning fate how blind,
To meet the storm, and leave the shore behind ;
Light souls compelled by ruling destiny ;
For one that would, its vengeance cannot flee,

The storm-tried sailors shrink not at her fears,
Nor yield to beauty (loveliest in her tears).
In vain she weeps, in vain expresses her fear,
The women cheered her, and the sailors jeer :
The wind deceives them with a favoring gale,
They cast their lines, and spread forth every sail ;
When all adverse, with one tremendous burst,
O'erwhelmed by waves, and all their joy reversed,
So charged with wrath the maddened tempest
flies ;

Veiled in deep blackness, swallowed up their cries,
While mortals frightened, shrinking from the
sight,

The winds rush by in frantic mad delight.
When all is calm, the sighing zephyrs lave
But find no relic o'er the weeping wave,
Roll on ye waves, ye are guiltless of a crime ;
Roll while ye may, ere swallowed up by time,
To-day are spent and all their labor vain,
Till the loud cannon summon'd them again ;
They all obey ; and funeral honors paid
All but the body of the lovely maid :
Perhaps like him, who more than mortals blessed,
Mounted the wind and left his friend a vest,
She mounts the storm and triumphs in the blow
And casts her mantle on the waves below.

ALAS! FOR POOR POLAND!

ALAS for poor Poland, thy woes are unnumbered,
Scattered from Columbia to Siberia's shore;
Oh! ne'er were such woes on a nation encumbered

Such oppression and tyranny ne'er heard of before.

Genius of Liberty, where art thou keeping,—

Hast thou been slumbering on Columbia shore?
Arouse from thy nest, and no more be thou sleeping,

But fly unto the land where oppression is sore.

Arise, thou proud champion, mount on thy pinions,

Rise, and fly to the land of the brave and the few;—

The land oppressed by mercenary millions—

Haste, and give that support to the patriot due;
Ye Poles that are scattered in far distant nations,
By cruel oppression from your homes have been cast,

At the first alarm, rush to your country's salvation,
Though sore be your battles, you shall conquer at last.

Ye liberators how long will ye dormant lay,
And let the oppressors hold their unrighteous
 sway?
How long shall Europe's free-born sons in Asia
 toil,
And Afric's sons be bound upon Columbia's
 soil?
Rise in your strength, your mighty influence
 use,
And let no more the tyrant brute, the man
 abuse—
Proclaim that all are free and draw the northern
 sword,
And aloud to Heaven declare for freedom's
 lord.
And fast as the glad tidings spread from sea to
 sea,
Their chains they'll cast away, and every man
 be free.

And you, ignoble slaves, are much to blame,
Too willingly you wear your master's chain;
Too willingly obey your master's word,
And leave neglected mighty freedom's sword!
The noble eagle will not live a slave;
For next to freedom, he does hold the grave:
'Tis better far to live a moment free,
Than an eternal life of slavery.

You that are slaves for length of years,
Do you not long to see them pass ?
Then you that are forever bound,
Do you not know death is the last ?

WRITTEN WHILST SITTING UP WITH A
SICK FRIEND. (JOHN JONES.)

BEHOLD how slow life's current ebbs away,
And lingering still cleaves to its gathered clay,
Stretched on his bed, a living form of death,
Feebly he groans, and sudden draws his breath,
And many times his watchers hear with pain,
Murmuring talk from a delirious brain,
Eager they listen, with the hope to gain
The subject that does most torment his brain ;
Sometimes at toil his laboring mind will stray
And full as often says, Away ! away !
So faint he is they think his sun just set,
But still he lives, and still he feebler gets,
And yet he lives and yet 'gainst death can toil,
So faint a light requires but little oil ;
But, alas ! such life as now he lives
No comfort to himself nor others gives,
When he shall yield beneath the conqueror's
power,
His friends will hail the time a welcome hour.

150 *THE DEATH OF GEN. W. H. HARRISON.*

And is the sufferer dead? He is gone.
Few are the relatives he has left to mourn;
He long had borne 'gainst pains and keenest
smart,

At length the victor pierced a vital part.
Much had he borne ere he resigned to death,
Then like a hero yielded up his breath.
Short and bitter was that life
Since heaven had called away his wife;
But unto thee she has been kind
And has not left thee long behind,
The soul has sought its better part,
For realms of love it did depart—
Those peaceful realms where it shall reign
Free from every earthly pain.

ON THE DEATH OF GEN. W. H. HARRISON,
1841.

COLUMBIA weep, for from thee has been torn,
The noblest gem that did thy brow adorn!
Ye sons of freedom weep, thy wound is sore,
For thy loved Magistrate is now no more,
The noble chief whom virtue did inspire
With all the merit of his honest sire,
The statesman who in our first council shone,
The noble father of a noble son.

Great is our loss, is the whole nation's cry,
We mourn a loss we never can supply,
He every labor shared, and danger faced
Like Alexander o'er Gedrosia's waste:
His labor is o'er, he has met his doom,
For he is gathered to his father's tomb.
Ohio shall mourn for her hero so brave,
And the buckeye shall blossom o'er Harrison's
grave.

WRITTEN WHILST SITTING UP WITH A
DEAD FRIEND.

To man alone the faith is given
That teaches him that friends shall meet in
heaven:
On us alone the fancy crowds,
To meet departed friends beyond the clouds—
And this alone our spirit cheers,
Our friends once more in brighter life appears;
A truth which fancy can't despise,
That we shall meet again beyond the skies—
To seek that truth alone 'twas given
That it might teach us we were born for heaven.

DID EVER LOFTY THOUGHT ARISE.

DID ever lofty thought arise
In any breast beneath the skies
But some there were that would despise.

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES ADAMS.

MY gentle cousin, thou art early gone,
Thy days were numbered ere mine had begun.
Oh! had thou been to transmigration free,
And that thy change had been from thee to me,
Then of noblest spirit I'd been possessed,
Bold, generous, free, with every virtue blest
Or had to thee a different fate been given—
More time on earth had left enough for heaven
Then had thy wit and virtue given to birth
Full many an act that now lies hid from earth.

Thou mightst have reached that pinnacle of fame
Where worth and virtue hold eternal reign;
But why this theme? 'tis weak impiety—
Fate's course is free, and dark is eternity.
We must submit though hard it seems to brook,
Time proves the justice of the Almighty yoke.

DANIEL PELTON, BORN JAN. 17, 1818.

HAD January never been,
I had escaped my toil and trouble ;
For first it came to give me birth,
And since to make my sorrow double.

TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY KIRKE
WHITE.

At early dawn a rosebud blew,
Its fragrance filled the air around ;
An envious insect on it flew,
It drooped and fell upon the ground.

Though lost to life it grew to fame,
Its branches filled the space around ;
The sighing winds that through it came,
Bore on their wings a mournful sound.

His spirit will forever live,
Though his body must decay ;
That naught but pain for life can give,
'Tis but a cumbrous load of clay.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

KIRKE WHITE, thou brilliant star upon the bleed-
ing cross ;
Thy works were just enough to make us feel thy
loss ;
Thy ceaseless toil for fame to dire disease gave
sway,
And nursed the canker-worm that gnawed life's
strings away.

ON THE DEATH OF GEN. NARCISO LOPEZ,
1851, THE PATRIOT OF CUBA.

AND is the cry that valor's fled,
That the last spark of freedom's dead,
That blood rusts where the helmet shone,
And the last blast of fame has blown.

Think not because Lopez is low,
And Chitendon has felt the blow ;
The eagle screaming o'er their gore,
Shall myriads call to free the shore.

Columbia's dear devoted band,
Patriots of the heart and hand,
Iron-armed, and bosoms true,
Freedom lives for such as you.

THE POOR BARD.

SOMETIMES a farmer, and sometimes a cobbler,
Sometimes a poet, and sometimes a hobbler,
I go hobbling, and singing, ploughing and sowing,
And can't raise enough to eat while I'm mowing.

THE SQUALL.

THE morn was clear, the sun arose,
And onward in his glory shone,
And kindly in his genial rays,
As ever sun before was known.

But dark'ning clouds in gathered might,
Nor distant peals were heard to warn;
They came and burst in wild delight,
And left us o'er the wreck to mourn.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN SHAUGHNESSY.

POOR, foxy John is dead and gone,
And be his journey sweet and long ;
For short his life, and rough the road,
And down he fell beneath the load.

ABD-UL-AZIZ, THE GOVERNOR OR MIS-
RULER OF BOSNIA AND HERZEGO-
VINA FROM 1861 TO 1876.

*Who opened the veins in his arms with scissors and bled
himself to death.*

MIGHTY Moslem, as thou dieth,
All thy glory fades away ;
Though in the mausoleum thou lieth,
And what ! a scissors did thee slay.

A coward hand, and woman's weapon,
Brought thee to a death of shame ;
The harem rugs, and couch you lounged on,
Has clouded all your early fame,

Not thus on Gilboa died the mighty,
When by foemen hardy pressed ;
The trusty sword, that failed in battle,
Entered deep his manly breast.

June 6th, 1876.

GARIBALDI.

BRAVE Garibaldi ! bravest of the brave,
Heaven strung thy arm thy bleeding land to
save ;
I often thought their spirits were but one,
The Wallace, Tell, and God-like Washington.
And still the spirit comes on earth again,
And still the same assumes a magic name.
The magic charm infused in every breast,
The freeman rallies ; tyrants know no rest ;
From hill to hill you hear the generous cry,
And grateful pæans ring along the sky,
To arms ! To arms ! brave Italy to arms.
And heavens re-echo with the loud alarms.
Shall Latin prowess still forever lie,
And Rome's proud sons be recreant to the cry ;
Shall Tuscan glory calmly fade away,
Or Venice, cringing, shun the glorious day ?
Is there a spot that will not raise the cry,
Long live the chief ! and longer, Italy !

WELCOME, KOSSUTH.

So the chief of Magyars has come to the land
Of the brave and the free an invincible band ;
All hail to the chief, ye sons of the brave ;
And the laurel shall flourish o'er each patriot's
grave.

The tyrants of Europe, with their blood banners
streaming,

Would crush the last spark of liberty beaming ;
They would tread to the dust the proud image of
God,

With the blood that would free them, they would
fatten the sod.

But the Goddess of freedom has heard her sons
crying,

And spread her broad shield where her brave son
was flying ;

And bears him away through weeping and sigh-
ing,

To arm him with vengeance for the dead and the
dying.

With the halo of truth, and the bright star of
freedom,

The tyrants shall tremble when again he shall
come ;

And the steel of his good sword shall flash in
their eyes,

With a stroke more terrific—it's the flash of the
skies.

The dark cloud of tyranny is beginning to wane,
And the bright star of freedom shall gladden the
plain.

The mist of oppression is passing away
While freedom with sunshine is spreading her
day.

TO ROBERT B. MINTURN.

"WHEN some dear one the thoughts has long
confined,

"The pen alone can ease the aching mind."

Thus let me strive my passions to allay,

And in fond raptures pour my soul away ;

By easy march thou didst invade my breast,

And near my heart thou hast a throne possessed ;

The thought of thee I cherish with delight,

For oft my mind does bring thee to its sight.

Near we abide, yet seldom do we meet,

But the rare visit meets a hearty greet ;

Satiate friendship too familiar grown,

Loses the luster that at first was shown—

Thus the fired pile that sheds too bright a blaze,
The flame must weaken as the wood decays.
These are objections that occur to me,
Nor these alone are keeping me from thee,
The press of business and the love of home,
Even friends themselves can seldom tempt to
 roam ;

Where'er I go, or where'er the mind can flee,
Misery stares, the heir of villainy ;
First pity melts, then various passions turns,
And rage like fire my tortured bosom burns.
When sickened at the thought of treachery,
My soul in fondness gladly turns to thee ;
If all this world were generous like thee
The just Creator would more bounteous be.
But if my friend, thou deem this flattery given,
Accuse the muses and the powers of heaven.
I only write what freely comes to me
And what in justice does belong to thee.
Natural friendship in nature's verse receive,
Nor waste a thought o'er untaught rhyme to
 grieve ;
Bold truth when spoke the conscience puts at
 ease

But secret treachery grows by slow degrees ;
In my first ranks a place I have fixed for thee,
And oh ! my friend, by this remember me.

AN ODE—IMITATION OF ANACREON.

FILL the goblet, fill it higher,
Let rosy wine to love inspire,
For who can then their rage control
Against the god that's in the bowl.
With rosy cheeks and dewy eyes
We'll praise the god as round it flies.
Let Bacchus' gifts inspire the soul,
And Orpheus' lute the verse control,
Let Anacreon form the sacred three,
Then who could from the triad flee.
Pass the joyous bowl around,
Still with love and music crowned,
To quench our thirst, a vain desire,
And in the fruitless strife expire.

I WADNA LEAVE MY BONNIE HAME.

July 7th, 1895.

I WADNA leave my bonnie hame,
For a the warld could give ;
The hame I toiled for sin' I came
In this cauld warld to live.

My cannie wifie will gang a' where,
And winna stay at hame;
She wants to hear the braid sea rair,
And court the lightning's flame.

She wants the center still to be
Of an admiring thrang;
The farther sen' mair sonsie she,
And sweeter swalls the sang.

Gie me my hame, my quiet hame,
With comforts hame can gie;
And I'll forego the gaudy show
Of luxury's turbid sea.

Sooner than gang the warld around,
And leave my tutelar god;
I'd in the quiet graveyard lie,
Beneath my ain green sod.

TO MATILDA.

WHEN quiet in thy peaceful home,
Nor joys, nor smiles, shall tempt to roam;
When worldly cares have left thee free,
Remember then, remember me.

When tempted forth by nature's smiles,
To sylvan walks, or pathless wilds,
When hope runs high and all seems glee;
Think then, Matilda, think of me.

But when to peace, or joy inclined,
Or sacred page or verse sublime;
Oh! then oblivion cloud my verse!
Forget me then, my Valentine.

HOW CAN I BEAR THIS SMOULDERING FIRE?

How can I bear this smouldering fire,
Or bid its flame her bosom move?
How can I check this strong desire,
Or tell my Mary that I love?

I'LL call to aid the tuneful choir,
And strive with song her heart to gain;
I'll trust the Goddess of the lyre,
Who needs not send a dart in vain.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

WELL, its past! and passed well,
But ere it comes again
How much joy shall madden into pain?
How many shall not live to tell?

AN ACROSTIC.

MAY does gaudy fruit trees plume,
And June can force the roses bloom ;
Rich they blossom for a day,
You may long such blooms display.

Heaven's best blessings ever on thee tend,
And earthly charms with heavenly blessing's
blend,
Goddess of love, celestial are thy charms
Equipped secure in coy Diana's arms ;
Receive thou this from him thy beauty charms.
Take this a pledge that I am truly thine,
You reign my queen, my lovely valentine.

TO A BLIND GIRL, WHO WAS VERY
HANDSOME.

THY rolling orbs, deprived of sight,
Have not bereaved thy mind of light ;
The beauty that thy friends may see,
May shine on them but not on thee ;
Such the decree of early date,
To save thee from Narcissus' fate.

I HAVE LOVED A THOUSAND DOVES.

I HAVE loved a thousand doves ;
Heavenly nymphs and queens of love
Nor each have had a separate part,
But all at once possessed my heart.
Nor breaks my heart, nor is it sore,
For I could love a thousand more ;
Nor least among the nymphs divine,
Is my lovely Valentine.

TO MISS ANNA H.

LONG beguiled by fancy's wiles
In airy dreams did scan her,
But far before those ideal forms
Have I beheld my Anna.

I sought our fairy island bounds,
The south, the west, the manor,
Nor thought so near she would appear,
My lovely, blooming Anna.

Let bloody warriors love their fame
And bleed about their banner,
But for be fame that scourge of earth ;
My love shall be my Anna.

If not my love, then be my muse,
Thy love inspiring, then,
With bolder hand, I'll tune the lyre
To the more sacred ten.

But should my love be crowned with joy,
Then this shall be my song,
Whilst Anna's hand shall tune the lyre
And urge the verse along.

Delighted I'll be
Nor e'er will be dull,
While I am believing
The smiles I'm receiving
Of the maid of Von Kull.

Delighted I'll cull
The Gardens of Gull,
And cast at thy shrine,
An offering divine,
A rose of Von Kull.

TO CATHERINE.

CATY, for thee I touch the lyre,
Thy muses do my verse inspire,
But why should I my passions tell
Mournfully as Philomel.
Music should raise the soul on high,
And bid our melancholy fly.
Thine has the power of Orpheus' lute
That held its sway o'er man and brute,
And sweet thy siren songs we hear,
As e'er fell on Ulysses' ear.
Sing on, sweet girl, inspire my verse to tell
To future times the music of the belle.

I DREAMED I HAD A DREAM.

LAST night I dreamed I had a dream,
And thought through silent sleep did teem;
I dreamed I saw a maiden bright,
Her manners free, her air was light,
And she possessed a heavenly face
And form, that might an angel grace;

Her temper and her grace the same,
Superior in mind and frame.
I gazed on her with such delight
It filled my soul with rapture bright:
I thought, who could this maid behold
And not to her his thoughts unfold;
I dreamed I wished my dream was true,
And that this maid I really knew.
So much had it my mind harassed,
A thousand pangs came o'er my breast,
The agitation of my mind
Could not be long to sleep confined;
I waked and found my dream was true,
And thoughts of night to day had flew,
And she that goddess of my dream
A maiden was my eyes had seen.

•
TO MISS A.

My dearest friend, let me thy pity move,
Whilst I relate to thee the power of love;
The lovely maid which thou didst bring to me,
Has bound my heart, that never can be free;
Her beauteous and heavenly form designed
To make a deep impression on the mind.
Around her Georgian head the ringlets glow
And o'er her breast in soft profusion flow.

That ample breast is roving Cupid's home,
And from that breast he has no need to roam ;
From azure eyes he throws his darts around,
And I, alas ! received a fatal wound.

Full in my breast its way a weapon found,
Transfixed my heart and left its mortal wound.
My bleeding heart with agitation glows
Whilst the deep wound my throbbing bosom
shows.

Oh ! that mine eyes but once had seen the light,
And in that light had been this maiden bright,
Then from that theme my verse had never roved,
Rivalled by none, but Anacreon loved.

LOVE.

THEY say that love is from the sky,
That love with mortals cannot die ;
If earth's frail love e'er reached the sky,
The heavens with love took many a lie.

Love is but an earth-born flame,
Low of birth, but high in fame ;
Its meteor-lights are fair to see,
And, like meteors, flash and flee.

They paint love bright as the rainbow,
But, like it, 'tis an empty show ;
They tell us gentle love will rove,
But who can catch a roving dove?

Let friendship be our only guide,
Swift glides the bark before the tide,
The willing helmsman and the wind
Fast leave the sinking shores behind.

When folly bids us court the adverse wind,
Our useless sails but drive our bark behind ;
When wrecked at length upon a leeward shore
The mocking sighs contemptuous o'er us roar.

ON PRESENTING A LADY WITH A JEWELLED HEART.

Don't mistake this for a heart,
This is a thing that can be bought ;
Never with life it had a part,
By handy workman it was wrought.

Not so the heart that warms my breast,
And burns with fear, that hope is vain,
Wearied still, deprived of rest,
For you alone can ease my pain.

TO SPRING.

THOU blooming season of my early choice,
Nature rejoices with instinctive voice;
The blossoming fruit-trees and the budding vine
Add their glory to thy power divine.
The skies rejoice, the sporting clouds do play,
And, weeping, shed their tears of joy away;
The sod-bound earth has changed the gloomy
scene

Of snow-white garment for the verdant green;
The wild bird's song with music fills the plain,
In higher notes carol a loftier strain;
All that has life thy beauties doth admire,
And I the feeblest join into the choir;
Yet I will praise; for how can I refrain,
Though all my song cannot increase thy fame;
Thy milder sun, thy pleasing garment green,
Is ever welcome from the wintry scene.

I'D TAKE YE FROM THAT CLAY-COLD
PLACE.

SWEET flower I'd shed a tear for thee,
A tear for thy captivity ;
Though thou art gently placed beside
One that well might be a bride.

Though both may boast unrivaled grace,
I'd take ye from that clay-cold place ;
I'd place thee in some flowery plain,
Or streamlet side, to bloom again.

THE FLORA.

Our small steamboat that ran against George Law.
But still the Flora breasts the waves,
Though threatening ice invades the bay ;
In vain the threatening tempest raves,
The Flora still pursues her way.

With iron gauntlets roughly shod,
Their last dread champion takes the ring ;
The people still they are not trod,
But for the Flora proudly sing.

To freeman's toil when heaven's awake,
No demon threat can keep in awe,
The tempests are not for the sake,
Of humbling man to tyrant Law.

COLLINS GRAVES' RIDE.

May 18th, 1874.

SWIFT rushed a horse adown the dale,
Now beneath the rider reeling ;
"Who'll spread the news along the vale ?"
The gallant rider is pealing.

Just strength enough that steed possess'd
To reach one threatened village,
To warn the people to escape,
Before the water pillaged.

For high upon that mountain stream
The angry waters, lashing,
Had burst their bounds, a frightful scene,
And down the vale was dashing.

Who'll spread the news, the valley save
From scenes of human slaughter ?
"I'll spread the news," cried Collins Graves,
"I'll head the ruthless water."

Swift is that steed, and true that boy
Shouts, shouts like a hero brave :
"Run ! Run ! the reservoir's right here,
Life ! Life ! is all that you can save."

Five minutes he to Skinnerville
The dreadful torrent led ;
And still, as plunging down the hill,
The frightful tidings spread.

The distance down to Haydensville,
By scarce two minutes saves ;
That precious time saves precious lives,
O ! Glorious Collins Graves.

Another hero caught the sound,
For still his echo saves ;
Though scarcely can he save himself,
The gallant Collins Graves.

The rider now must change his course ;
Though press'd hard by the waves,
He sav'd that noble, faithful horse,
Our noble Collins Graves.

The rushing waters pass'd along,
Destroying in their course ;
But may immortal be in song,
The rider, and the horse !

NATURE ASLEEP.

May 14th, 1843.

How still the night ! All nature seems at rest,
As if of life she'd lately been bereft ;
Her works alike appear to cease their plan,
And nature seems to sleep along with man—
As though she had lived and had her fury spent,
And seemed transformed into her monument.
The steady moon through slumbering clouds
 arise,
And slowly bends her course along the skies.
The distant brook a murmuring sound does pour,
The sound seems only sleeping nature's snore.
The lizard taught into this solemn school
Is scarcely heard to murmur from his pool.
The humming May-bug now the air has left,
Into the ground he has retired to rest.
The truant watch-dog now has ceased his bay,
And with his comrades seeks no more his prey.
Sweet is the scene where mild the waters flow
And seems a shade above a world below ;
Here on thy bank in contemplation's glow
Let me behold thy peaceful waters flow—
In meditation gazing on the deep,
The mind awake and nature's part asleep.

THE CLOVE NEAR SILVER LAKE.

'Tis nature's realm, a lovely spot is this,
Ah, restless man, what beauties do you miss!
The wandering spirit, ever bent on moil,
Nor seek for ease the just reward of toil;
Ah, hadst thou here but a lone hour to stay,
'Twould ease thy toil, and bear much pain away.
Nor discontent should tempt thy feet to rove,
But every spot in this enchanting grove
Presents some scene that nature's child can please,
And every turf invites to take your ease;
Through the tall boughs the scattering rays are
 seen,
And sighing zephyrs sport amid the green,
And gentle brooks in pleasing murmurs flow,
And loving songsters swell the enchanting show.
The finny tribe above the water seems,
As their bright scales reflect the golden beams.
The ruffled lake presents a double show,
Of nature dancing in the realms below.
Ah, restless man, unblessed that ne'er to know,
As nature lives thus gently life might flow.

TO A BLIND YOUNG LADY.

FAVORING Muse, assist me while I write
To a maid whom Heaven deprived of sight—
To her orbs, to night He has given sway,
But in her mind He pours eternal day.
Deprived of vulgar sight, mourn not thy fate,
But envy blindness of an early date—
Homer and Milton, both deprived of sight,
Did both of them receive celestial light;
Though sealed their eyes, yet from their minds
there run

A light that shed o'er earth a second sun.
How many eyes are open to the light,
And yet their doom is to grope through the
night!

From lofty mount where tedious prospects lies,
In cleft of rock some stunted shrubs arise,
Nought from its height a benefit receives,
Inhales no sweetness from the heavenly breeze.

Between two lofty hills in a rich vale,
A fertile spot where never reached the gale,
There in that dark secluded spot is found,
A fruitful plant that sheds its sweets around.

ON A LADY TEARING HER DRESS
WHILST GETTING OUT OF A CAR-
RIAGE.

ONCE more, my Muse, but with a gentler tread,
Last time thou came thou almost broke my head;
My gentle Muse, be careful in thy mirth,
Thou do not strike a head that's big with birth.
Come with a tardier pace, or tarry,
Better unborn than lost through a miscarry;
Come when thou findest me in merry glee,
But if thou won't I'll ask no odds of thee,
For sure I write with half my wits, about
A lady from my carriage tumbling out:
So long she took to dress (vain woman's sign),
To reach the boat she scarcely left us time.
With thoughtless hurry she dismounts the car,
Nor aught she deemed would there her garments
mar;
When, lo! her garment skirts caught in a hook,
Headlong she fell, thrown by the unfriendly
crook;
Instantly I raised her up with pious care,
Nor of the mischief scarcely was aware:
For in her dress was made an awful rent,
From heel to waist was the torn garment rent;

When shame and rage in mingled passions rise,
Now flushed her cheeks, now flaming from her
eyes;

Now would she speak, and now a tear would start,
When the boat's bell did bid her to depart,
Quick in her hand she gathered the torn frock,
Forgets adieu, and hurries from the dock.
Though I felt part the keenness of her pain,
Since I lost nought, I'm sure I'll not complain.
Such accidents as this we all must brook,
For they will hap sometimes, by hook or crook.

PRIDE.

A KINGBIRD, flying through the sky,
Chanced to espy a butterfly,
And, lowering from his giddy height,
On helpless beauty thought to light;
His first attempt it proved in vain,
Again he strove, and missed again;
To try again a risk must run,
That coward tyrants ever shun:
They trembling shun the chast'ning hand
Where worth and valor loves to stand,
Thus beauty often baffles pride
When he would place him side by side,
And kings that value high their throne,
Oft more in name than deeds have shone.

SONG.

THE OLD MAID'S CONQUESTS.

I SUPPOSE you think I'm an old maid,
But 'tis not as it appears ;
For I have been a young maid,
For more than twenty years.

And oft I've had a bleeding heart,
For I've had many a beau ;
But the number I don't remember now,
It was so long ago.

The first an elderly gentleman,
Whose tortured bosom wrung,
Till he was in the churchyard laid,
The willow-trees among.

The next along a young man came,
But he was rather slack ;
I hated to see his foolish face
Or hear his simple clack.

And I have had them, many more,
Or kind o' sorter had ;
But some I didn't please their mama,
And some disliked my dad.

The last I had was very young,
But he was tall, you know ;
His mother locked her infant up,
And so I lost my beau.

If you think me particular,
And love to gad about,
Just come and offer me a chance,
And I will clear your doubt.

If you think me particular,
Just bring your man along ;
I'd scarcely stop to thank you, sir,
I'd court the chap so strong.

WHO WOULD NOT BE A ROSE-BUG?

Who would not be a rose-bug,
And live all day on roses ;
And enjoy such other pleasures,
As none but Cupid knows of ?

How they must pity mortals,
With their tedious lengthened span ;
They would not live a moment,
If they had to live like man.

182 *HOW HE GOT A SEAT—AN OLD STORY.*

Oh, could their time be lengthened,
And eternity be given,
Free from all pain be strengthened,
Their life would seem worth living.

HOW HE GOT A SEAT—AN OLD STORY.

It was on a cold and blustering night,
About new-year's time, if memory serves me
right,

A traveler into a tavern came,
His frozen limbs were aching with the pain.

His longing eyes showed plainly his desire
To rest his weary limbs before the fire,
Where was seated many a rustic clown,
And the half polished of the country town.

But neither the pale nor the brandy face
Offered to give the stranger place;
Then he says to the landlord, "Tell me can I,
A lot of oysters for my pony buy?"

The landlord answered, "I do oysters sell."
"Then give you my nag a peck in the shell."
The idea of oysters for his horse's feed
Did make the tavern loungers stare indeed.

When they were taken for the horse to eat,
They followed after and forgot their seat ;
When they the oysters to the horse did show,
He curled his nose and gave a snort or two.

Then back they went and said : Sir, " your horse
won't eat."

" It matters not so long as I have a seat.

" Bring them to me, and put my horse away,
Make him a bed and give him oats and hay :
Remember this whilst I the oysters eat,
That the next weary traveler wants a seat."

PRIDE, WITH A MORAL.

A COBBLER's daughter married an undertaker,
And swore by his good trade he ne'er would for-
sake her,
But at length growing rich his trade did despise,
And gave up his business as his wife did advise ;
Now a bird was their pet, and so fondly they
loved him,
That they nursed every fancy and flattered each
whim,
Though like his master and mistress not much was
his name,

And with his own wind must trump his own
fame.
By instinct or sympathy (for birds have no rea-
son)
'Gainst the means of their wealth he joined in the
treason,
And at sight of umbrella or leather—Oh! strange
to relate,
He never stopped fluttering till they passed by
the gate:
Now it chanced that one day they both passed
together,
And Dick in his fury would have soiled every
feather,
But, all thoughtless with rage, thrust his head
through the wires,
And ere they relieved him pride suffering ex-
pires.

MORAL.

Now ye who are rich know that wealth is a
bladder,
And if ye enjoy it don't kick at the ladder;
For a pin it may burst you, and as you grow
slack,
The world's ready jokers will each have a crack.

ON A PRIEST WATCHING THE GIRLS
BATHING.

A PRIEST, not of Apollo but a virtuous God,
Forgetful of heaven, still clung to the sod ;
For how could he think of a subject so dull
As he strolled on the banks of bright Kill Von
Kull,
When some naiads of earth, or perchance dropped
from heaven,
For it matters but little when to pleasure they
are given—
With their feet and their hands they kept up a
dashing,
Which tickled the priest as he looked through
the splashing ;
For priests, I suppose, are formed much like men,
When a little lascivious, no doubt, he grew then.
In the transports of earth so hard was his fit,
That hell could not daunt him, nor the bottomless
pit.
For a bottomless pit a hole you may call
That has not a bottom but goes out through a
wall,
Where in slipped the priest, and his mirth at an
end,

For we always cry heaven when earth does offend,
And for each separate crime there is pardon in heaven,
But for two slips in one, what revelation is given.

CAUGHT IN A STORM.

FEELING quite ill, and wanting a pill,
I went for a sermon from Mr. Hill,
He sighed and he groaned and he made a great fuss,
And as near as I guessed it the subject ran thus :
That brutes were all fools, and instinct would lie ;
And truth was in man, for it came from the sky.
And to prove that his argument was not all vain,
He said it was only in man to prophesy rain ;
When splash on the windows whole buckets-full fell,
And it stormed like a heaven invading a hell.
The sermon groaned through, in the storm driven out,
For the perishing quadrupeds I was looking about ;
But the hogs and the cows were stowed away warm,
And all the wise bipeds were caught in the storm.

THE FIRST MERCHANT TAILOR.

WHEN by early sin Don Adam fell,
And near had sent his soul to h—,
His first want came, and it was sore,
Was that of finding a merchant tailor.
When looking round on nature's shelves,
They agreed to make their clothes themselves.
The cloth they took from fig-tree limbs
For thread they took some thorny pins,
Thus fitted out a-traveling went,
If traveling it's called, when out your'e sent.
'Tis true if now such dress were seen,
Some folks would think it rather green.
Though Noah may boast he was the sailor,
Adam was the merchant tailor.

PAT'S COMPLAINT SUNDAY MORNING
WHEN NO ONE WOULD RISE TO GET
HIS BREAKFAST.

If Sunday would come every day,
Then Bid and Rose and Moll might lay,
And stink in bed, till they were dead,
And on their tombs it might be said,—

Life and care let others please,
Here we may lie and stink at ease,
Who pities us will sorrow shame,
For when in life we did the same.

A THOUSAND A YEAR.

A BRIDE who the bridle had slipped at the altar,
And used it to make her poor husband a halter,
Demanded his purse when his salary was due,
And when she had counted it in a passion she
flew,
And demanded that money, that thousand a year,
And expected to see him all quaking with fear,
For she thought him too foolish to use any guile,
And felt him too vanquished to gather a smile.
But he answered her calmly, "Your rage gives
me pain,
You must count it correctly when you count it
again,
And the fact you'll believe, for the fact it is plain,
I take quarters for dollars, and expect you'll do
the same."

SAID AN ANGEL TO JOVE.

Now once on a Sabbath, a Sabbath in heaven,
A day to the gods for a holiday given,
Said an angel to Jove, "Let me go to the earth,
And I'll catch every sinner in his revel and mirth,
And the righteous this day 'tis easy to know,
For they are all at the Church in a glorious show."
Then all-knowing Jove, who knew them the
while,

Answered the stripling with a guardian smile :
"Know the hypocrite with the saint to the
temple will go,
And the worst their best actions the best day will
show ;
'Tis the care of the gods to catch sinners like
these,
And the poor hardened sinner you can catch
when you please."

CAIN AND ABEL.

In early times when sin was young,
And men sprang from one mother ;
The beau-rageous girls if beaus they had,
Did find them in a brother.

Now it chanced upon a holy day,
When each his fruits should bring ;
In true devotion to the Lord,
A holy offering.

That one there came got of the Lord,
Who taught the fruits to grow ;
And one there came an able man,
Who lambs could overthrow.

Though Cain laid on the wood full strong,
The fruit with water drunken,
Nor smoke, nor blaze could scarcely raise
From green corn or big pumpkin.

As Abel slew a tender lamb,
Cain might have thought unlawful,
And thus he raised a mighty blaze
From guts and other offal.

Then Cain he grew so mighty wroth,
His chops drooped like a feather ;
The Lord to cheer his naughty boy,
Bade him new offerings gather.

“ If thou do well, mine be the fire,
If not, sin is at thy door ;
Abel shall be thy own desire,
And him thou shall rule o'er.”

Then met the brothers in the field,
And there awhile did chat,
Till word brought word, and blow brought blow ;
Nor ended there the spat.

Then Cain with his great walking stick,
Gave him such a training ;
That such sort of work has ever since
Been known by the name of caning,

“ Where,” said the Lord, “ can Abel be ? ”
Then Cain in sin grew deeper,
And said, “ He sacrificed to thee,
Am I my brother’s keeper.”

“ What hast thou done ? thy brother’s blood
Is crying from the ground,
O’er earth’s broad-face in vain you flee,
No resting place is found.

“ A vagabond upon the earth,
The soil no more shall feed thee ;
That thou fed with thy brother’s blood,
So get thee gone and flee.”

Then Cain cried out, “ Too hard for me,
That I must ever hide ;
And dig my way through rocky earth,
Or creep upon its rough side,

“And every man that meets shall slay,
And none on me have pity;
Oh! from the halter set me free,
And I will build a city.”

“Fear sevenfold wrath,” the spirit said,
“Who shall my victim slay;”
Then marked him o’er so much like night
All shunned him in the day.

On Eden’s east where lay old Nod,
Cain knew his lovely bride;
And built a city for his son,
And peopled it beside.

If Cain such feeling had for lambs,
And felt so keen their bleeding;
He might have spared his brother’s blood,
And lived awhile near Eden.

A CHILLY FRAGMENT.

WHY do we mourn the roses, why do we feel so
drear?
Again will come the roses, but we may not be
here,

We are like the race of flowers that only blooms
a day,
We have our blooming season and then we pass
away :
The woods so bare and cheerless have almost lost
their leaves,
Are like the tottering rags that to the poet
cleaves ;
It is enough to chill one, while clothing to keep
warm,
To see how sere and lifeless they are stripped off
for the storm ;
How strange to see the trees stripped of all their
clothes,
When much we need the cover when howling
winter blows !

POOR JIM CROW.

On a lorn dry bough sat poor Jim Crow,
Cogitating over his future woe ;
For the blasts of winter had begun to blow,
And he had tasted a draught of his coming woe.
Not a leaf on the trees and the fields were all
bare,
Not a smile, not a joy, in the prospect was there ;
For joy had departed, and hope it had fled,
Save the hope that arose from robbing the dead.

194 *AN ELEGY ON OUR OLD CAT, JIM.*

Some patient old ox or honest old cow,
Or a horse that had toiled a long life at the
 plough ;
Whom parsimonious man has nourished while
 young ;
Now old and decrepit they are famished and
 stung.
For like man in despair his hopes are in pain,
For the weak are unable their rights to maintain ;
For man when he prospers may weep to see pain,
But friendless and famished he hardens again ;
For the last hope of man is the hope of despair,
And what once would have pained him, he will
 revel to share.

AN ELEGY ON OUR OLD CAT, JIM.

To-day we have lost a harmless cat,
That ne'er was known to kill a rat ;
Nor ever was he seen to play :
But quiet slept the hours away

Now surely, Jimmy, thou art blest,
For you shall have a lengthened rest ;
Complete is your rest since expiration,
For thou art rid of respiration.

IN THE OLD FOUNTAIN HOUSE.

THE FROLIC.

THE preachers say, when people play, the devil
comes on earth,
But be this fun from heaven or *earth*, there was
some jolly mirth.
The Fountain Guards at Fountain's House as-
sembled for a spree,
And for such friends as there attends the hall
that night was free.
All that befel I will not tell, 'twould take a score
of nights,
But draw one scene from out the screen that
most my soul delights ;
A score or more was on the floor of that old joy-
ous hall,
And many a lout was stuck about like pictures
on the wall ;
The fiddle tried to swell the tide and audience to
gain,
While Houseman's Dave attention craves to hear
his Christie strain ;

General Scott on the table got and kept time
with his bum,
While out the door three covies pour to stuff
themselves with rum ;
Bill De Groote in petticoat adds mirth unto the
show,
While Wheeler's Pat takes off his hat, and begs
to be her beau ;
Coffey was there and made them stare to hear
when he was young,
And how he walked, and his fiddle talked, all
Greenwich Village rung ;
Five on a seat they store the meat, (though no
way starved, you know) ;
But heaven defend, and plenty send when they
shall hungry grow !
George Codmus next shall be my text who on a
beef did sally,
And by the bone you might have known he
cleared out Shinbone Alley ;
Bob Smith, not tall, was near the wall and stuff-
ing in his head,
Oh, heaven forgive, and let him live ! an awful
slice of bread ;
On table and chair, Jim Brice was there and
audience was seeking,
He hummed and hawed and only said, he was not
used to speaking ;

Now I am next, so don't be vexed, if I should
just step out,
For you, like me, will then be free for anything
about.

A WALK ON THE NEW ROAD.

For a walk on the New Road, said I to myself,
And my muse shall attend me, a frolicsome elf,
Through Killarney's the long gut, and Pelonie's
the chat,
Through Freelinder's the smoker, and Bering's
the fat,
Through Bunger's the contrary, who argues each
point,
And knows a cat's paw from a wing by a bend of
the joint;
And Berritt's the famous, whom you all know
Are some part of the concern of Nathan & Co.;
The project and the plan of the Road it was
theirs,
And great is the profit that each of them shares.
First they proposed it to a lawyer and he looked
very wise,
(For they never speak truth when they can sub-
stitute lies);
And they opened their mouths when they heard
him tell

It would make their property available ;
And often they told it to use that big word,
And thought it the largest that ever they heard,
And they went about talking it day after day,
And when they had said it they had no more to
say.

And oft it was quoted by every great fool
Because used by a rogue that had once been to
school.

That the road is an advantage I will not deny,
But where are the flats that the land were to buy,
And who are they whose convenience it suits ?
They are part of them bipeds and part of them
brutes ;

To horses and cattle it has given full sway,
And petticoats and breeches may steal wood all
day.

Whilst on this great road I am singing its fame,
The thought has just struck me of changing its
name—

Whilst the train with their bundles keep up a
long sally

It seems quite appropriate to name it Brush Alley.

'Tis not my desire
To bring from heaven the wild electric fire,
But 'tis to strive with all the zeal I can
To make this world a happy place for man.

**LITTLE DILL-DALLY, THE PEST OF THE
LAND.**

With lungs that are like iron strong,
And wind to chatter all day long ;
And read enough in classic lore,
To know that Cleopatra breeches wore.
Of wordy cares a world had wrought
Of others' business, cares and thought.
And oft he felt he'd have been able
To have finished out, unfinished Babel ;
But felt it was designed by fate,
He should not save our sinking state ;
Yet 'gainst corruption still he railed
Nor aught discouraged that he fail'd.
Taxes, he said, had grown so high,
That soon no one the land would buy ;
Cities he called filthy sewers,
Full of blacklegs, and mischief-brewers ;
And oh ! to tell it how he grieves,
What dens they are for rogues and thieves.
He answers, if his height they slander,
Just the height of Alexander.
Like Ulysses 'mid affliction sore
And like him when he fought the boar ;

Both youth and old age he'll ever advise
But woe if they cross him, in a passion he flies.
'Tis true that some friends sometimes may shun
him,
But scarce is that friend to be found can outrun
him.
Remember, stern moralist, what by wind has been
done
How Ai was blown up, and Jericho down.

THE LEECHES, ON HAVING THEM AP-
PLIED.

A LOT of free-suckers were brought in to suck,
Who were known to feast well when they had
the good luck,
So, without any words or ado of the matter,
They all set them down without murmur or
clatter ;
No yarns or long stories o'er the viands are told,
But still as a burglar when he's turning out gold ;
Or a pig with his snout in the deep rich swill,
Not a grunt nor a murmur as he sucks down his
fill.
Thus like nobles they stuff till their paunches
stick out,
Like a gent that has suffer'd a long time from
gout ;

Or like aldermen who, for the public defense,
Are taking a dinner at the public expense,
They stuff and they suck as long as they're able,
Till stuffed out so round they roll from the table.
Though vomited out they all yielded their breath
To delirium tremens or some gut-stuffing death.
Ye stuffers and suckers, take warning from this,
And remember that stuffing won't bring you to
 bliss ;
Be modest in taking when another must groan,—
And I know ye'll be moderate when the expense
 is your own,—
Lest the stench of your stomach should choke
 you to death,
And your friends cry out : Pudding, what ! can't
 you get breath ?
Unless like a " shaver " * who by sucking grows
 leaner,
And the deeper they stick one, they still look
 the meaner.

THE POMEGRANATE.

BACCHUS, a naughty selfish boy,
Whose only thought was his own joy,
Once beguiled a Scythian maid,
Whose simple heart attention paid ;

* A Money-broker.

But soon the lady died of grief,
And thus his conscience sought relief ;
Her he metamorphosed to a tree,
And crowned its fruit to fill a prophecy.

THE PICNIC.

WHILST following my hardy steers,
The stubborn glebe compelled to yield
Before the moldboard gently shears ;
The coming hope, The fallow field.

The sweetest notes fell on my ear,
It charmed the man, it charmed the brute,
Unconsciously I left the plough,
Drawn by the power of Orpheus' lute.

At length I came in distant view,
Pleased awhile I gazed unseen,
On sylvan maze of motley hue,
Sporting on the woodland green.

When swift some tell-tale brought them word
That gazing from behind yon tree,
A minstrel he, as they had heard,
Then quickly they surrounded me,

Not more the goddesses their arts employ
When rivals stood before the shepherd boy,
Nor more enamored did the Phrygian boy
The rival goddesses behold with joy.

In sweetest strain they sang my line
My soul to heaven was born away,
Nor for a moment dreamed it mine,
But thought it some old roundelay.

They sought to have their name in verse,
And fairer never graced a line,
Here I must cease, I'll not rehearse,
Lest mortals I should term divine.

But I'll forbear to sing their praise,
A heavenly check is on my line;
Though burning with a poet's blaze
I must own the power divine.

VALENTINE TO PECK

His grandsire had the common name of Peck—
That simple appellation never shone,—
By adding pecker saved it from a wreck,
Now his great seed is known by Peckerson.

I know you are a gallant knight,
The hero of a lark ;
But all I know I will not tell—
The scene was near the Park.

As you are the connecting link,
Between the man and brute,
Pray on the Athenæum tend,
Their argument you'll suit.

If small potatoes bring a price,
You had better stay away ;
For fear some blundering fellow there,
Should seize you for his prey.

THERE IS SOMETHING IN A NAME.

THE rose it ever will be sweet,
Nor need we name the eglantine—
The coral rocks so bright and steep
Without a name would be sublime.

Yet a name is not an idle thing,
A name is the echo of a sound—
That, unknown, may make a valley ring,
But can't be trumped the world around.

GRACE BEFORE GRAHAM BREAD.

THOU who good from evil culls,
Alter this worthless plan ;
Sift our flour from the hulls,
And give our hogs the bran.

THE CAPTIVE EAGLE.

1834.

ASSEMBLED once in mighty mass,
To celebrate our liberty,
They tied the free-born eagle fast
High on a pole of white-oak tree.

“For shame! for shame!” the people cried,
“For shame, to tie the eagle fast!”
“It matters not,” I heard replied,
“With him slavery will not last.”

But soon the people changed their cry,
He burst his bonds, he took his flight,
He marked me with his eagle-eye,
And on my shoulder he did light.

“ You are mine,” I cried in triumph,
The people hard pursuing me ;
With nimble limbs I climbed the trunk
And placed him high on white-oak tree.

THE IRISH BOY HAS RETURNED FROM THE WAR.

The Mexican War, 1847.

THE blighting blast of war has blown,
No more we fight our neighbor :
The Irish boy has returned from the war
To live by honest labor.

No more when going to his toil
His heart shall be dejected,
Though he meets the sneer of worthless pride
In the land his worth protected.

For he felt, whilst fighting with our band,
He likewise fought for Erin ;
For as darkness gathered o’er his land
Columbia’s light was appearing.

For though her sons be rude and wild,
Or by slavery’s yoke dejected,
The genial warmth of freedom’s sun
Shall train them when protected.

THE FIRE-WORSHIPER'S PRAYER.

My faith is in the firmament,
It's in the fiery car,
And with a heavenly ornament
I'll nail it with a star.

My faith is in the God of day,
The cloud-dispelling power ;
The God that drives the night away,
Or cheers the gloomy hour.

My faith is in the source of life,
From whom all blessings flow ;
Or guides the elemental strife,
Or bids creation grow.

What blessings may I dare to ask,
Since righteous is thy sway,
Whilst feeble man, with little task,
Must err in every way.

We feel thy spirit in our blood,
It cheers us in our home ;
And every blessing, great and good,
From fire alone must come.

208 *ON THE COMING OF JENNY LIND.*

And when at length our spirit flies,
To seek that unknown sea,
Oh, may it find in glad surprise
Its fountain flows from thee.

My faith is in the firmament,
It's in the fiery car,
And with a heavenly ornament
I'll nail it with a star.

NOT ALWAYS MELANCHOLY.

Nor always melancholy marked his brow,
But now and then he had a spell of joy ;
Contemplation moved the furrows of her plough,
And blithe he seem'd as a Bacchanalian boy.

ON THE COMING OF JENNY LIND IN 1850.

Supposed to be written by herself.

THE halo of the western star,
The fame of liberty,
Has drawn me from the eastern shore
To see the blest and free.

The heart would own its grateful power,
 The tongue a note would raise;
 But silence claims the happier hour,
 Where love and concord plays.

In vain we tune the vocal lyre,
 Such notes are never sung,
 Such feelings from the heart may flow,
 But never from the tongue.

A KISS A DAY.

WELL may I say,
 A kiss a day
 I have had for twelve months back;
 And it may be said
 I was doubly paid
 For any it did lack.

LIKE OCEAN WAVES.

LIKE ocean's waves our transient stay,
 For wave must still for wave make way.

TO SOPHIE.

HEAR thy fond admirer praise,
And let his notes thy passions raise.
Give him the love to thee he's given,
And own that love that's pure as heaven.
He shall be wrapt in all thy ways,
Till time shall bid him cease thy praise.

EQUAL BLESSINGS ARE FROM HEAVEN.

EQUAL blessings are from Heaven,
To poets are the muses given ;
When their gifts they have received
Of all others they're relieved.

MY CUP DISTIL WITH PEACEFUL HOURS.

LET Juno seek the thunderer in his charms,
Give me the soft embraces of his arms.
Let those of tumult, in tumult get their fill,
But still with peaceful hours my cup distil.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE BURNT "LEX-
INGTON."

Like one great family they together press ;
As children mourning, mid some dire distress,
Soon from a sire to be forever torn,
All pale with fear, in sorrow all forlorn,
Together all they mix in pious fear—
All grades are lost, they are all forgotten here.
No more they feel high honors' canker rot,
Pride, friendless bastard, first to be forgot,
That worthless burden then is borne no more,
When frightened spirits seek that unknown shore.

MAY, 1838.

Ye budding trees, ye embryo fruits, rejoice,
Ye warbling throngs re-echo nature's voice,
No more dark winter's sombre coat is seen,
Ye flowers put forth, ye meads assume your
green.
No more hoarse waters through the valleys roar,
But peaceful brooks their gentle murmurs pour,
Those cedar groups, drear winter's brightest
green,
Now, sullen, seem to hate the livelier scene.

DARK WINTER SLOWLY ROLLED AWAY.

THE spring once more returns again,
And with it comes the joys of spring ;
The swelling buds begin to flower,
And with them many a promise bring.

Those darkling clouds no longer fly,
No more the sullen tempests reign ;
But heavenly showers, on gladdened fields,
And music fills the smiling plain.

When wintery life has pass'd away,
Thus hope can point beyond the grave :
Our spirit rid of morbid clay,
Eternal spring shall blooming save.

GOD'S CREATURES.

THERE was an old uncle, a crusty old uncle,
And he had of relations a few,
And of a wife's vexations, who called them relations,
At least two score and two.
Now they would come down upon him, and his
wife she would drum them,

And said she admired the whole crew.
When they first came to the house, not a flea, nor
a louse,
Nor a mosquito could enter the door ;
But they soon had the run, relation and vermin,
And the house it was all in an uproar.
But to prayer God is good, to the house that's
withstood,
The demons of Hades, or the bore ;
For now you shall see every mosquito and flea
Was gathered to the best spare room ;
Even bed-bugs and roaches no longer encroaches,
Save into this spare room of doom.
Then uncle's dear wife, the joy of his life,
Said " What shall we do with this boon ?"
Then the uncle replied, " This room, once your
pride,
Has been doomed by the Powers above ;
It's a blessing in disguise, a gift, and a prize,
A heavenly token of love ;
It shall be our guest chamber, for all times re-
mainder,
There to enjoy their dear uncle's home ;
Then quick they will leave, though the short
visits may grieve,
They never again will roam."

THIS MORNING ROSE AS BRIGHT A SUN.

THIS morning rose as bright a sun
As heaven has ever smiled upon ;
On it roll'd, but ere it went down,
All heaven was covered with a frown.
Thus in this the world you see,
First smile and then'll frown on thee.

THE BANKS OF KILL-VON-KULL.

WHEN nature is cheerful, oh, who could be dull,
On the banks of thy waters, delightful Von-Kull ?
When the blossoms of spring are returning again,
And are shedding their fragrance over thy plain,
How cheering the sight to see how the rich fields
In summer what harvest abundant she yields ;
At the close of the day it is pleasant to glide
Along the smooth face of thy soft-rolling tide.
In summer and autumn it's pleasant to share
In the fruits that thy orchards abundantly bear :
Again it is pleasant to look o'er the fields,
And see the ripe corn she abundantly yields ;
In winter it's pleasant to see how each sail
Is borne along swiftly by the force of the gale ;

THE APPROACH OF A THUNDER-SHOWER. 215

Again it is pleasant to see the sea-gull
Sporting o'er the surge when the ice binds Von-
Kull.

There always is pleasure in every scene
When fancy can throw over nature its screen.

**WRITTEN ON THE APPROACH OF A
THUNDER-SHOWER AFTER SEVERE
DROUGHT.**

In the season of 1838 we had eleven weeks of drought,
ending about the middle of September. As the shower was
approaching I lay down on the piazza and composed
the following lines :

DELIGHTED, I'll sing,
Whilst the elements ring
With the joy of the shower
That will come in this hour.
Begone, accursed dearth,
From the famishing earth !
And the unwelcome clouds
Of dust that enshrouds,
Robs nature of her hue,
That to beauty is true,
And has left us to mourn
For the season that has gone ;

That can never be restored,
Though the rain should be poured
In a copious flow
On all that's below—
For nought can supply
The time that has gone by;
But 'tis hope and not fear
That our spirits can cheer,
And what this will deny
The next year will supply.
Then, welcome the thunder
That rendeth asunder
Those huge dark rolling clouds,
That on each other crowds;
And the lightning's red flash
As together they clash,
Whilst they clamber in vain
The foremost to remain.
Though with fury they burn
They are rolled in, in turn;
And thus in grand array
Their beauty they display,
Whilst the large drops of rain
Now moisten the plain—
Then, farewell to the dearth
And drought banished from earth!

WRITTEN ON AN ORPHAN BOY.

WHO HAD ESCAPED FROM A BRITISH SHIP LYING AT
TOMPKINSVILLE, HE SAID HE WAS ILL USED, AND
SOUGHT SHELTER IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

AN orphan in a foreign land
Demands thy kind, protecting hand ;
Turn not away, who more than he
Can claim thy hospitality ?
My father' sheltering arms did crave,
My father's shelter to him gave,
For he had been an orphan boy,
Homeless and poor,—it gave him joy
To feed and shelter that poor orphan boy.

WRITTEN ON A CAST-OFF.

HOURS OF MELANCHOLY.

FROM cruel parents' bitter frown,
Impervious barriers rise ;
But cease, 'twas fate forbids to crown
Thy joys beneath the skies ;
Neglected still in drudgery moil
Thy Saviour seek, and Heaven reward thy toil !

TO MISS URSULA NIESS.

Sept. 13, 1897.

Go to your fatherland, dear child,
God's blessings take, and mine along ;
Think of the dear ones left behind :
And don't forget the child of song.

THE EYE IS THE INDEX OF THE SOUL.

You cannot judge love's latent thought
By aught that issues from the tongue,
It is with such deception fraught,
And falsehoods are so often sung.

The eye is the index of the soul,
The inner passions it will tell,
No secret passions can control
The truth that there is legible.

BUILD THINE OWN HOUSE.

Poor, simple man, to build a house for God,
Who fills the heavens and rules it with his nod!
Foul morbid dust and mouldering clay,
To raise a pile for time to mould away!
Build thy own house, and keep thy record even,
And trust in Him to build thy house in heaven.

ON TAKING A HORSE

FROM A DRUNKEN BUM, AND RETURNING HIM TO HIS
MASTER.

RECEIVE again this horse, you ass,
And never let it come to pass
A brute of such a noble strain
Shall by a mule be driven again.

ON SEEING A COW'S CARCASS

DRIFTING OUT OF THE KILLS, THAT HAD BEEN
HOISTED OUT OF A PIT HALF STARVED, AND KILLED
ITSELF STUFFING IN A RICH CLOVER FIELD.

DRIFT on, thou beast with more than mortal
paunch,

That still might lived unharmed on moderate
lunch :

Drift on with speed, for none will strive to
save

That well might fill, but don't deserve, a grave.

Drift on, thy stench has promised speedy rot,

And, like thy elegy, thou soon will be forgot.

Drift on and swell, for now thy race is run,

What beast but toad or man this would have
done ?

If thou had but in that deep pit have died,

Thy unsightly paunch would not disgrace this
tide.

My friend from meagre famine sought thy life to
save

And took thee, helpless, from a living grave.

WHO WOULD NOT LOVE A GENTLE
MAID.

Who would not love a gentle maid,
With heavenly face and angel form ;
When they could have that love repaid—
That love alone the heart might warm.

TO MY DARLING.

Like sunbeams on a mirror bright,
That dazzle as they shine ;
Thus Sophie shines a satellite,
With charms that all are thine.

ON MEETING A FRIEND WHOM I HAD
HEARD HAD DIED OF CHOLERA IN
1849.

When the blast it has swept o'er the plain,
And its bloom is wasted and gone,
With joy we behold one again,
That so lately in death we did mourn.

THE PIRATE.

WITH the steel of Damascus in his sword
And the fire of hell in his eye,
With man and with nature he warred,
And dared even Heaven defy.

TOM CLARK'S TRIP.

WHEN Tommy went to Barnegat,
The sea breeze made him shiver,
So on the place he turned his back,
And fetched up at Tom's river.

And when the river he beheld,
He said if this is Tommy's Creek ;
I'll stray no more on Jersey's shore,
Such traveling makes me sick.

ADVICE TO YOUTH.

Improve thy time, young man, I say,
Display thy blooms whilst blooms thou canst
display ;
The time will come, and is not far away,

When thy proud form shall wither and decay ;
Then will thou tell of wondrous things thou hast
seen,
And talk as though this world is but "a has
been."

SEEK NOT FOR ME MIDST MEN OF
FAME.

SEEK not for me midst men of fame,
The Muses never trumped my name ;
Privately they walk with me.
And guide my pen in secrecy.

THE WEE BUNCH OF HAIR.

June 9, 1848.

I ANCE kenn'd a songstress she was bonnie and
fair,
An' na sunset o' beauty wi' her could compare ;
But she lo'ed a wee laddie, na fortune was there,
Na beauty had he, but a wee bunch of hair.
So blame na the fishes that are caught with
a snare,
When a bonnie wee lassie is caught with a
hair.

He had nane of stature, for he was na tall,
And weightied in the balance he was naithin at all,
When you look'd on his face all ye saw that was
fair,

Was found on his lip, in a wee bunch of hair.

So blame na the fishes.—

Now I sing ye this song, that ye lassies beware,
That ye lose nae your wits, and are caught with
a hair;

For it is na of comfort, though your life it be
long,

To stan' by a blellum, and live on a song.

So blame na the fishes.—

With a head that is beld, and a mouth that is
blare,

Still saved in its beauty by a wee lock of hair;
He might hae been taller if his leg had been
straight,

But the name never mention, 'twas Paddy O'Clate.

So blame na the fishes.—

THE LAZY MAN.

LAZY man, of idle wife,
What hast thou done to pay for life?
Alone thou hast to boast of seed,
Like carcasses that maggots breed:

Thy worthless time is spent in scandal,
The most of it prophetical ;
To church a hypocrite and liar,
To ancient friends a brand of fire.
Drone of the hive, sting of the flower,
Giant of strife, chief of such power ;
Dealer in graves, and human bones,
Who paves his walks with their last stones ;
Arise ! shake off this curse of thine,
And thank for it this Valentine.

TO MR. WHAT-YOU-CALL-HIM'S DAUGHTER.

MISS Something ; Miss Nothing—Oh which shall
I say ?

MISS Something, like nothing, excuse me, I pray ;
How shall I approach one so lofty and high,
I confess while I'm doing it, one feels very shy ;
But, I, like yourself, still strive to get higher,
Like smoke that escapes from the smouldering fire,
For I laud thy proud spirit ; though ever so low,
If nourish'd and fed to a mountain may grow ;
And still creeping up, though thy progress is
slow,
But the slower the motion the surer we go.

Thus on the cords of affliction thy father waxed
strong,
Till honey and money all came in a throng.
Thus mid the dim clamor of poverty's chime
Thou hast passed all description of my meek, suffering rhyme.
But don't think I want you, though thou art a
team,
A thousand hog power in thy own self-esteem ;
I'd jump out of my skin, and over old time,
Before I'd become thy doomed Valentine.

TO SUSAN.

WHO DID NOT LIKE LORD BYRON.

YE Gods! what's the matter? My muse, it's a
loosing ;
I must hurry and write you, most beautiful Susan.
Such virtue as thine I never will slight,
While a muse, or a deil, gives me power to write :
My verse of the purest and cheapest shall be,
Such only I'd presume to offer to thee ;
Be silly 'mid fools, 'mid learned try to shine,
And if they are pious be all that's divine ;
Thus Ovid has sung, but excuse me, Oh, no!
I never have read it, they tell me 'tis so.

But don't be so hard on foolish Lord Byron,
For some silly ones he can charm like a siren,
Though his pen it was lewd, and he swore a bit
too ;

But you can't expect the whole world to be as
virtuous as you.

AULD AUNTY.

COME, ye beggarly critics in your might,
Assist me whilst of an old hag I write—
Ashamed to call the Muses to such verse,
A subject fit for meddlers to rehearse ;
Her pedigree will not this page disgrace,
For who can into dark oblivion trace ?
Suffice to say that she is here on earth,
Her presence is sufficient proof of birth ;
In years she grew but not in wisdom clever,
If e'er possessed they long ago did sever ;
She wonders much at her exaltation,
Nor dreams she was put there for temptation.
Satan had long since taken thee away,
But to increase his realms he lets thee stay ;
Let wonders cease for he will come at last,
And roughly then he will his truant grasp.
She has forgot how often she told lies,
To market girls and boys about her pies—

But check thy lies and be thy slanders ceased.
Since fortune has so much thy love increased,
That favored man whom she has smiled upon,
And learned as much to love, as thee to shun.
Torture the world, do not disturb his peace,
But in his presence let thy wrangling cease.
What worries thee need not disturb his breast,
When from his toil he has retired to rest.
The lordly bull must hear the whiffet's bay,
But the fleet horse can speed him far away.
In noble fight the lion bears the shock.
But fleet he flies him from the hated cock.
Now, lest thy cackling should such mischief
 make,
Better to cease, nor risk so great a stake.

ON SEEING THE SIGN OVER THE STORE
DOOR OF A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN
NAMED JOHN STEERS.

YOUNG John Bull, as it appears,
Has been altered to John Steers.

A PARODY ON TIPPECANOE AND TYLER
TOO.

June 19, 1896.

WHAT has caused this great commotion, motion,
motion, motion.

The country through ?
It is the ball a rolling on
For money true, and McKinley, too,
And with them we can beat any man, man, man.
And with them we can beat any man.

What had caused that great commotion, motion,
motion, motion.

The convention through ?
It was the ball, that they raised in the hall.
For money true, and McKinley, too,
And with them we can beat any man, man, man.
And with them we can beat any man.

What is causing this great commotion motion,
motion, motion,

The country through ?
It is the squall that bursting o'er all
For money true, and McKinley, too,
And with them we will beat any man, man, man,
And with them we will beat any man.

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST ELECTION
NEWS WHICH DECLARED HENRY
CLAY ELECTED IN 1844.

It was the third day before we knew the difference.

Oh, Locofocoes,* do you know,
The whigs have elected Mersereau.†
He was the native Candidate,
And he has sealed the Locoes' fate.
 Get out the way, Poke and Dallas,
 Lucky dogs to escape the gallows.

Now, Locoes, we have proved you loons,
You said that you would feast on coons;
The whigs have turned about your jokes,
And you must eat your own mud-pokes.
 Get out the way, Poke and Dallas,
 Lucky dogs to escape the gallows.

The greatest hunter of the day,
Is the famous Harry Clay;
And what is the last part of the joke,
He took the Coons to hunt the Poke.
 Get out the way, Poke and Dallas,
 Lucky dogs to escape the gallows.

* One of the names of the Democratic Party

† Elected to the Assembly.

Now Locofocoism is dead,
And of a nuisance we are rid ;
But should they ever come again,
We will sweep them up with a harry-cane .
 Get out the way, Poke and Dallas,
 Lucky dogs to escape the gallows.

Didn't you hear the Locoos say
They would hunt the Coons and Harry Clay ?
And the last Coons was all the cry,
But, Mr. Poke, they have put you by.
 Get out the way, Poke and Dallas,
 Lucky dogs to escape the gallows.

A JOLLY DEACON.

A JOLLY deacon in our town,
A lazy, idle ranger,
When he heard the dogs were killing hogs
He thought himself in danger.

Now a custom 'twas with Colonel Dog,
To take a Sabbath walk, sir ;
And crossing o'er the deacon's field,
He stopped to smell fresh pork, sir.

The sly old boots lay in the barn,
And charged the dog with stealing ;
Then sentenced death in his own court,
Without due fellow feeling.

Now had this deacon been at prayer,
Or obeying the laws of the nation,
The honest dog might have lived that day,
And Satan had vacation.

YANKEE DOODLE.

THERE was a Deacon and a Clown,
And it was his desire
That the Loco^es* of his town
Would consent to make him Squire.

Chorus.—With corncobs, Maggy, twist his hair,
With dirty brats surround him,
Let hungry friends devour his corn
And angry creditors pound him.

And when Squire he was made,
He could not serve his nation,
From inefficiency 'twas said
He sent in his resignation.

Chorus.

* Locofoco^es or Democratic Party.

When his resignation he did write,
It was not drawn correctly,
He only answered it is right,
Though no one did direct me.

Chorus.

Now to prove him more than fit
To drive his hogs to pasture,
He did another office get
Which is called road-master.

Chorus.

That all might his importance see,
That none might defy his wrath, sir
He warned them with the gravity
That Judges sentence death, sir.

Chorus.

And though this Squire would not steal,
Yet to make his neighbors grunt, sir,
He from those neighbors' front would wheel
The dirt on his own front, sir.

Chorus.

The reason why I sang this Clown
Is that it ne'er again be said, sir,
The enlightened people of this town,
Chose their Squire by the size of his head, sir.

Chorus.

THE DARKIES' JUBILEE.

COME, Organ-grinders, what you about ?
Screw up your pipes, and let yourselves out ;
De Fourth am com'in, and all am free,
And the colored man's bound to have a good
spree.

De white folks tink dey am mighty in inwen-
tion,
And make a great fuss at the world's convention,
But it's no use for'm to bray bout de fair,
Fo dey'll neber learn for to curl de hair.

When de black man gets a mighty nation,
De white folks da'l try to claim relation ;
But dey need't think about that they can't com-
pare,
For if dey flat de nose de heel ain't dere.

COON ELECTION SONG.

You tink because we am colored folks,
Some tings we do not know ;
But if you will listen here awhile,
A ting or two I'll show.

How they wheel about
And turn about,
And do just so.
And we carry off de loaves
And de fishes for de crow.

I am de slave of Mr. Pork,
And I'll tell you where I dwell;
Just this side of Texas,
Which is next door to h—well.
So I'll wheel about.

Now some of you begin to grin,
And some say, how you talk;
To call a lubly candidate,
The name of Mr. Pork.
How you wheel about.

Now I'll explain the thing to you,
And show you very plain;
So all of you may understand,
That there's guts into his brain.
So you wheel about.

That General Jackson was a swine,
That no man will dispute;
And that the present candidate,
Is come of the same root.
So they wheel about.

And when you catch and kill 'em,
Why 'tis as plain as chalk,
Marked upon a colored man,
That a dead hog is pork.
So they wheel about.

And when you come to reflect on this,
I tink you all must say
That let the hog be dead or alive ;
You better vote for Clay.
So don't wheel about.

THE OLD TOPER.

WHEN mild November's sunless days,
Made cabbage market dull,
One evening as I wandered forth,
On the banks of Kill-Von-Kull,
I spied a man whose tottering step,
Seemed weary worn with care ;
Or else of sweet forgetfulness,
He had a double share.

THE SLAVE TO INTEMPERANCE.

BEFORE the lagging winter's sun,
Proclaims the coming morn,
Ah, man that's born to misery,
Must rise to get his horn.

OLD BUSTER.

OLD Buster, what a green grave thy belly would
make,
'Twould need no stone, the grass its resting-
place would show;
Why don't you die for the poor churchyard's
sake,
And cattle to thy grave in pilgrimage would go.

TO MRS. SIMON PETER.

ÆOLUS and old Boreas, might either claim the
dame,
But both of them for blowing have had enough
of fame;
And as for human nature, mankind will ever
slumber,
Which Satan, wisely knowing, has put his mark
upon her.
N. B. Now don't blow this about, the season is so
airy,
Remember if you do, you can't call me "dear-
est Mary."

ON BURYING A DEAD HORSE.

MAN and horse
Must have their course,
And this the last.
They will not save ;
Though in their grave,
They'll stink at last.

POPE, HOLD THY PEACE.

POPE, hold thy peace, 'tis folly to proclaim,
That mean self-love and social are the same.

ON SEEING A YOUNG LADY'S DIRTY
NECK.

FOR God's sake, S——, wash your neck,
Before it sends your soul to wreck ;
For if the Moslem faith is true,
There is no hope in heaven for you.

THE PROPHECY.

SOME low canaille shall grasp thee to his arms,
And blast the beauty of those youthful charms ;
Then the blithe spirit that makes thee feel so gay,
Shall only serve to wear thy life away.

TO JANE.

WHY wish thee on a foreign strand,
Why should oblivion seal thy doom ?
Thou lovely flower that well might stand
Where thousands cultured fondly bloom.

I WOULD NOT BE A SLAVE.

I WOULD not live a woman's slave,
And be unto myself untrue ;
Nor do I much attention crave,
I only ask from them my due.
If my demand should make them wonder,
Just tell them, I say, go to thunder.

YANKEE DOODLE DEWEY.

YANKEE Doodle came to town,
And found the Spanish kicking,
He said: "You puppies, make less noise.
Or else you'll get a licking."
Yankee Doodle Doodle do,
Yankee Doodle Dandy.
Keep the step and keep the time,
And let the girls go handy.

Then madden'd Spain struck up her band,
In angry passions gluey,
Swore she would lick us with one hand.
Then 'long came Yankee Dewey.
He cleared for fight with all his might.
And in sailed Yankee Dewey ;
Yankee Doodle Doodle do,
Yankee Doodle Dewey.

That gallant fleet that once was Spain's
Is hardly now worth owning ;
That valiant crew has all been slain,
Or on the beach lay groaning.

Then noble Dewey, Yankee like,
Looked up his wounded foemen ;
He still respects a fallen foe,
But yields his flag to no man.

He cleared for fight, with all his might ;
And in sailed Yankee Dewey ;
Yankee Doodle Doodle do,
Yankee Doodle Dewey.

THE PATRIOT'S CALL.

HELP me, ye powers Divine, my country calls !
Help ! Oh, help before my country falls !
The contagion spreads, and bolder villainy grows,
Vice hides no more, corruption overflows ;
And still my country's better parts give way,
And, crouching, cry, who will the villains stay ?
Is virtue dead, and honor palled with fear ?
Has freedom fled, and hope refused to cheer ?
Is it for this our fathers fought and bled ?
And is it for this our noble statesmen led ?
Is this the land where freedom proudly shone ?
Is this the land that reared a Washington ?
Shades of our fathers, can ye not return,
Sons of the brave, with freedom's spirit burn ?

Ye statesmen dull, slaves of lucre's pellucid charm,

Arouse, we call for right, and save our state from harm.

'Tis thine the power to save our falling state ;
Nor party lines, nor pelf, should bid thee wait,
Spring to the helm, avert the dangerous shock,
And save our state ship from the dangerous rock ;
And save our honor from ignominy and shame,
And build yourselves an early statesman's name.
Our much loved land save from impending fate,
From dire disaster, and avenging hate.

URALDO AND DUNA-RINA.

EVERINA, draw near the aged bard, that thy yellow locks may float amid my gray hair, and thy bright sparkling eyes beam on my sightless orbs. Strike the harp ! and I will sing you a song of times that have winged far distant into thought : of deeds of the years of memory, when war rolled over our land, like the waves on a stormy sea ; they play on the mind like the restless fires of the north, like a meteor they light the soul. We saw the red flag of Britain, but we were unequal to the fight. We waited our coming friends,

from Armo's rocky bounds, and Sligo's shaggy side. But the foe swept over the land like the blast of the desert. At length we gathered round and fell on his scattered rear. He turned, terrible as a lion when the hunters wound him with their spears. Who can describe the meeting of hosts, when the heroes themselves know not the speed of the valiant? We pour in like the mountain tide when the snows are wasting before the sun. Uraldo heard the distant din of arms, he left the lovely Duna-rina, the white-handed daughter of the harp. He seized the spear and rushed head-long on the foe. Feeble was the youth for the battles of heroes. His skill was in the strife of love. Wounded he turned aside in the eddying tide of war. The foe broke through our lines and fled from the field, like raging fire before the driving wind. We pursue them to their dark bosomed ships, and they spread their white sails to the wind. Again we came to the field of blood to bury our fallen friends. Uraldo sat by foamy Dun-lumar. By his side was Duna-rina, with eyes of heavenly hue. She watched the tide of blood. His quivering lips foretell its ceasing ebb; she seized his bloodless sword, and plunged it in her bosom of snow! He drew the sword from the wound to mix his blood with hers; but the wound of the foe prevailed! Their spirits fled together

to the airy halls of their fathers. Their blood marked the place of their graves. We placed them side by side. Peace nestled in the walls of our cots. The foe no longer riots over our land. But we meet their sons in peace, and they rejoice in our strength. The stranger beholds their tomb, and hears the sad tale of their love. He sees them still suffering in youth, and waters their moss-bound graves with a tear.

DERICK AND HENDRICK.

OfT it is said, and oft it seems too true, that fairest flowers fade first; too delicate to touch, and finest fruit is early stung, and drops to earth, ere the genial sun has ripened into seed. Such were the subjects of my story, or such they seemed; glorying in their strength they had reached those years when every selfish thought must yield to generous, manly pride. Not born in luxury's lap, nor often dazzled by the glittering ore, they enjoyed the sturdier pleasures of an iron age; they grew in love, as they in stature grew, as gay as beautiful, and beautiful as strong, and strong as tall, and tall as graceful, and graceful as the weeping willow that bends

before the storm, that it may rise again in all its former grace and elegance. Though many a storm passed harmless o'er, yet one there came to which they could not bend. Oh ! thou sacred power ! who raised the Grecian Muse to mount on high Pegasus ; or thou, soul-inspiring spirit, who breathed heavenly sounds on tuneful Maro's harp. Come ! gentle spirit, to my native soil, and throw before my guileless pen thy fancy-flitting dreams, and clothe my verse in graceful mourning weeds. Young Derick and Hendrick for rural sports had designed the day to chase the furry race, or hunt the feathered flocks. How short their sport, how near its close, were all their earthly joys ! Hard by their house a fruitful orchard stood, bound by a hedge of elder, thorn, and briers fast entwined ; thither along its line they bent their way, on this side Derick,—on that Hendrick,—sought the game. In artful silence thus they moved along, each unconscious of his brother's tread, till Derick a luckless redbreast spied, and with a hunter's motion almost quick as sight, levels his piece and aims the fatal blow.

Who can describe the feelings of that awful shock, none but those that felt ; and those that have must die. Without one moment's warning of thought or sight, to hear a much loved brother's dying groan, and feeling with that loss the awful

deed his own ! Nor thickened briers nor galling thorns can turn his course, but frantic toward his unseen brother flies. Oh ! awful moment of conscious, careless guilt and shame, the ready censure of a heartless world ; with all the mingled passions of fraternal love, yet all unequal for the while to match his growing soul. Some God has strung his arm, some unseen Deity : or else himself a God has raised his dying brother from the ground, to interchange one look that told of accident, of pardon, love, and hope to meet again beyond the grave, then fled that soul and left two bodies in its brother's charge, who on his shoulders raised the cumbrous weight ; his own unconscious as the load it bore ; his strength just lasting till the threshold past, then sinking underneath the unwelcome load, never to pass that door again with life. The mournful truth once told he never spoke unbid again : save that he told them " Place light the clods upon my brother's tomb, for soon I'll follow." In vain they strive to comfort ; every solace proves in vain, no nourishment he took unless to quiet anxious friends. 'Twas eight long weeks before that manly form would yield to death, yet fast they saw him fail, and pined at length his life away ; and in his death seemed pining still. Oh, death ! how keen thy two-edged sword. They placed the brothers in one common

grave—"they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

Their aged parent thus of joy bereft,
No son is theirs, no hope on earth is left:
No more the filial love that warmed the boys,
Shall crown their bliss, or sweeten earthly joys:
Their tomb alone is left for them to view,
And memory painted too severely true;
No more they toil with comfort for their heirs,
No treasures gain they by their frugal cares;
No more with joy they view the rising sun:
Careless alike they see his journey run;
No more from nature seek a genial ray:
But pass their life a tedious polar day.

FROM THE FAMILY BIBLE.

Derick Houghland was born August 21st,	1750.
Hendrick Houghland „ „ October 4th,	1752.
Hendrick Houghland died September 23d,	1770.
Derick Houghland „ November 18th,	1770.

ON THE PENCIL CUTS OF MY GRAND-PARENTS.

Time, why has thou swept my fathers off?
And left those feeble pencil marks so true;
Thou seem'st at nature's noblest work to scoff,
And say, "Weak man, we leave this little toy to
you."

CAN I WOUND ANOTHER BREAST?

CAN I wound another breast,
For one that deeply wounded mine?
Though once I have her power confessed
No more I'll bow before her shrine.

TAKE ME, LADY.

TAKE me, lady, for your beau,
The author of this humble line;
Simple, by this, you well may know,
And softer as your Valentine.

TO MY OLD MARE.

HEALTH and strength, the joy of youth, no more
the friends of thee, poor old mare; though not
forsaken, all thy friends are vain; thee life en-
cumbers, oft in another's way, and always in thy
own, thou hast no joy to give for care, but will
not die in debt, even memory of thy former worth

doth pain ; it minds us of gathering storms : we see impending fate. Oh life ! too long they span when lengthened out with misery, 'twere better in the early bud to blight, than fade and wither in the sun and drought ; but I will not blame thy Maker with an impious thought, thou hast had thy day of glory and renown, and far outlived thyself, a ruined temple still remains for proof ; a heart of goodness, and an eye of fire—fame for the world and pain for thee.

A DISCOURSE ON INSTINCT AND REASON.

INSTINCT is the mind's first natural impulse, reason is instinct at a riper age, matured with care. The infant man and infant brute are on a par, each having barely enough of this gift to answer their immediate demands ; the brute increasing rapidly in its physical power is amply satisfied with that increase alone, which vastly predominates over its mind and robs it of its growth, this physical power remaining strong until the whole system is worn out.

The cultivation of the former faculty is almost entirely neglected, possessing just enough to an-

swer those ends which nature is constantly demanding, but man is possessed of a far different nature, slower in physical growth, but more rapid in mental thought; starting on a par with the brute, yet in time he becomes as widely different as the chain of nature will admit, and why? we know that vegetable bodies are injured by their close proximity to one another, and that where there is an extremely rapid growth a minor cannot flourish. And this, also, we may observe in animals; especially in man, we seldom see one of gigantic bulk possessed of powerful mind, and generally the runner, the wrestler, and the boxer, are otherwise inferior men, and the reason is this, they have been early employed in that sort of cultivation, and they have left unstirred those better faculties; while we often see the unfortunate cripple possessed of the strongest minds (of which Alexander Pope is a remarkable instance). The man seldom growing more than ten pounds in a year, leaves an ample growth for that instinctive faculty with which at first he was so scantily supplied, while the horse, and black cattle obtain an enormous bulk in four years, and their instinct but little increased from the beginning; the former has taken all the growth. Plant two trees close together and if one gets the ascendancy over the other it robs it of nearly all its

growth, but if their growth is equal, they may flourish together.

There are a great variety of instincts both in man and beast, each answering the ends for which they were formed and the greater the variety of instincts the more rational their conduct.

Mr. Smellie defines instincts to be every original quality of mind which produces feeling or action when the proper object is presented to it. From the above facts and reasoning, it seems to be apparent that instincts are original qualities of the mind, that every animal is possessed of some of these qualities of mind, that the intelligence and resources of animals are proportional to the number of instincts with which their minds are endowed, that all animals are in some measure rational beings, and that the dignity and superiority of the human intellect are necessary results, not of the conformation of our bodies, but of the great variety of instinct that nature has been pleased to confer on our species.

M. Dupont de Nemours, in an article read before the National Institute in 1807, advised to drop the term instinct altogether as the only means of avoiding the rocks on some of which every writer has shipwrecked himself. He asserts that there is in fact no such thing in existence, and that every action which has hitherto

been described under such name is the mere result of intelligence of thought, habit, example, or the association of ideas.

Brown. There is no such special faculty as reason, no ground for the distinction between reason and judgment.

Price proves there are ideas which cannot be resolved into experience, such as the ideas of cause, time, space, etc., and must be admitted as simple primitive conceptions.

Locke. There are some brutes that seem to have as much knowledge and reason as some that are called men.

Dr. Priestly. With respect to intellect men and brutes are born in the same state, having the same actual senses, which are the only inlets of all ideas and consequently the source of all the knowledge and of all the mental habits they ever acquire.

Cousin says reason is spontaneous or instinctive.

Fremont's Travels. I have been told by Mr. Bent's people of an ox born and raised at St. Vrain's Fort, which made his escape from them at Elm Grove near the frontier, having come in that year with the wagons. They were on their way out, and saw, occasionally, places where he had eaten and lain down to rest, but did not see him

for about seven hundred miles, when they overtook him on the road traveling along to the fort, having unaccountably escaped Indians and every other mischance.

Fremont's Travels. In a broad gully where there was no indication of water he found holes dug by the wolves about two feet deep; they were nice little wells, narrow and dug straight down, and contained excellent water.

Dr. Darwin relates an incident to which he was an eye-witness, of a wasp having caught a fly almost of her own size; she cut off its head and tail and tried to fly away with the body, but finding that, owing to a breeze then blowing, the fly's wings were an impediment to her own flight, and turned her round in the air, she came to the ground and cut off the fly's wings, one after the other with her mouth, she then flew away with the body.

In Captain Cook's voyage he has a singular instance of sagacity in the use of means in bears in their mode of hunting the wild deer; the bear perceives them at a distance by the scent, and as they herd in low grounds, when he approaches them he gets upon the adjoining eminence, from whence he rolls down pieces of rock, nor does he quit his ambush and pursue his game until he finds that some have been maimed.

We have glanced at the brute, and now let us look to man ; see him in our western territory but little better than the brute, digging roots for a scanty subsistence and possessing but little more intelligence than the brute.

Look at them, in the Pacific Islands, look at them in * New Holland, living in caves, mixing up earth and baking it in the sun which makes up a great part of their food ; they never in any situation cultivate the soil for any kind of food-crop, they never rear any kind of cattle or keep any domesticated animal except the dog. They have nowhere built permanent dwellings but contented themselves with mere hovels for temporary shelter, for the most part either bowers formed of the branches of trees, or hovels of piled logs loosely covered with grass or bark which they can erect in an hour whenever they encamp. They have neither manufactured nor possessed any chattels beyond such articles of clothing, weapons, ornaments, and utensils as they might carry on their persons, or in the family store bag for daily use. Do these men show any superiority over the brute ? surely none unless it is in killing them, which superiority one brute shows over another, and never can be considered a mark of intelligence.

* Now Australia.

We cannot with any degree of certainty refer to man in his primitive state; we have but an imperfect history of him, but this we know, that whilst the poets have to show man inferior in strength of body they have not attempted to show him degenerated in mind.

But let us take the barbarian of the present age; see him in our western country, the digger Indians of California, digging root for a scanty subsistence and possessing but little more intellect than the uninstructed brute.

I mean a particular tribe called diggers.

In some parts of Africa have been found cannibals, and men who would cut steaks from living animals and let them go to heal or die. Do you want anything nearer the brute than this; surely 'tis but a short link.

It is not my object to reduce man lower than he really is, but to show the effect of moral and religious education upon him.

That all cannot receive an equal share of education is certain, which goes the better to support our argument, and we should loath as much to be classed with some of these savages as our learned friends would be with the brute.

Peter, the wild man, they attempted in vain to educate while many a bird has been learned to talk, and many a brute has been taught to understand,

Would the elephant be in dread if he learned the mouse was moved by the same mechanical power, even though you could show him, link by link, the whole chain of connection ; would he have anything to fear from the mouse becoming his rival in strength ?

Just so man stands above the brute and his faculties do not differ in kind but in degree ; as there is but one sort of physical power, there is but one sort of mental : and we do deny the existence of any such faculty as reason either in man or brute.

Reason is growing instinct, if not where is that mighty faculty at birth ? Man is born with a perfect physical system, then why not a mental ; where is that embryo monarch that must afterwards rule ; is it then the subject of a blind impulse, does it exist below the faculties of the brute or is it then a nonentity ?

Animals are born with some part of that physical strength with which they afterwards attain in such perfection, and no one has disputed its being the same, but the mind which is the man's is denied having any birth at all.

Sir Isaac Newton, astonished at the instinct of animals, ascribed it to the working of a Deity within ; and yet would you cull out our meanest passions, our lack of reason and call it the work-

ing of a God? Is not reason capable of supporting the man? If so, then man's instinct is an useless appendage, the only thing in nature that was ever created in vain.

Our opponent has defined reason to be, the power by which we distinguish truth from falsehood, if so do not almost all the acts of brutes prove them reasonable beings, the bare circumstance of their existing at all clearly demonstrates this fact, for without it they would not know what food to eat or where to lodge themselves, without it they could not have preserved their race against the insidious hunter for thousands of years.

Traces of every instinct that man possesses are discoverable in the bird or brute creation, and the combination of those instincts when well balanced make up the perfect mind; upon such apparently mean bases is our reason established; hence we see the brute possesses the fundamental principles of understanding; but further into their faculties we cannot see; they may possess principles of understanding that we know nothing about; nor ever can know, for the mind can comprehend nothing where it has no natural ground to work upon; in this way we may account for the mysterious knowledge of many insects, the wasp that provides for a generation

that she is never to see, and that too without an example, or justified by her own manner of living.

LORD BROWHAM says, May not the solitary wasp have its organs, and its senses so constructed as to receive an immediate gratification from collecting and burying grubs? true they may, but is it not more reasonable to suppose that they are provided with faculties to pursue that course which nature has designed for them? We accuse them of being very limited in their capacity simply because we are not capable of knowing their diversity of action. How strange it must seem to the wild brute to see two persons conversing, and little do they know of the amount of knowledge that can be communicated in that way. It is not my object to prove a distinct sort of knowledge amongst them, but some difference in the formation of the organs of their brain, heart, nerve or wheresoever their organs of knowledge may be located.

The arm of a man ends in a hand, the horse in a hoof, and their action differs as widely as their shape; yet they are both governed by the same mechanical laws.

It has been asserted that man's physical organization constituted the foundation of his greatness.

Helvetius said, Had the arm of man chanced to have ended in a hoof he might yet have been

found in the wilderness. But I would like to differ from that philosopher, first, because I am not willing to ascribe anything to chance, and secondly, because I saw a boy performing, who was born without arms, all the offices of the fingers with his toes, and his feet did not differ in appearance from ordinary feet. In most cases where there is a will there is a way.

The beaver assembles in bodies of several hundred, and choose a convenient station on a lake or small river, regarding all its advantages with as much judgment as it could be done by men, commence building their dam, if one is required, gnawing down large trees, sometimes more than six inches in diameter at the place where they cut the trunk, and with so much judgment as to fell them in the direction they want them; then by their united efforts place them where they are wanted to build the dam.

When finished and flooded, they build their huts above the waters of the new lake, to suit their convenience, having two apartments;—one part to live in, and the other for the winter provisions.

A RARE SIGHT.

My father and two cousins were out a-hunting for fur, near a beaver dam, and came upon an

interesting sight. The snow was covered with a thin glaze of smooth ice. On a side hill, a short distance from the water, were three young beavers a-coasting. They would climb the hill to a suitable spot, squat on their hind legs, keeping their tails under them, and holding the end in their fore-paws, and let themselves go swiftly down hill with apparent delight and repeating it until they were disturbed and then fled for the water.

Buffon had a single beaver, and it appeared rather a stupid animal, which goes to show it's education makes the beaver.

The water moths which get into straw and adjust the case so that it can always float, when it is too heavy they add a piece of straw or wood, and when too light a bit of gravel. Which of the two do you call this, Instinct or Reason?

The wild horses have their sentinel while they sleep. And the crows their lookout bird while they feed.

In the 6th ward of the city of New York about 1833 or 1834, there was a large dog. If a penny was given to him he would go to a certain store and buy butter crackers; he would lay his money down on the counter and bark until somebody waited on him. The crackers were four for a penny, and he would not take one, nor allow any one to touch the penny until four crackers were laid down;

then he would pick up his crackers and leave the store, much to the amusement of all present.

REASON IS INSTINCT OF MATURER GROWTH.

One instinct counteracts and modifies another, the instinct fear is often counteracted by ambition, and by resentment; the instinct anger by fear, by shame, by compassion, and sometimes by contempt. Of modified, compounded and extended instincts there are many examples. Devotion is an extension of the instincts of love to the great first cause or Author of the Universe. Superstition is the instinct of fear extended to imaginary objects of terror. Hope is the instinct of love directed to future good. Avarice is the instinct of love directed to an improper object. Envy is compounded of love, avarice, ambition and fear. Sympathy is the instinct of fear transferred to another, and reflected back upon ourselves. In this manner all the modified, compounded or extended passions of the human mind may be traced back to their original instinct.

MY LEADEN SOLDIERS.

THERE are many incidents in life that remind me of a circumstance of my childhood. It was of a Christmas day, and Santa Claus had supplied me with a company of leaden soldiers. There was a half-witted fool living in the neighborhood, and he was my companion that day. He proposed trying how well my men could stand fire, and at once carried his proposition into effect by placing a man on the stove, who soon ran into shapeless ruin. Nothing daunted by his mischievous ignorance, he sent another to bring back the first. Though loudly remonstrated against he continued the sacrifice, and a pitched battle ensued, the noise of which brought my mother, and I succeeded in retreating with the loss of three men, for which I have since been amply paid.

When I see men running into mad speculations that can effect little or no good end, spending their time and money in climbing impervious mountains, trying how far they can penetrate into barren sands, sending good men and ships after

the long-lost Franklin, or a northwest passage, losing army after army conquering countries they have no right to, or cannot hold, venturing in business they do not understand, operating where the losses must naturally be more than the gains, and a thousand smaller follies, I think of the fool who, when he saw the second soldier did not bring back the first, would have continued until he had consumed my whole army of leaden soldiers.

Jan. 1852.

DANIEL PELTON.

HOME.

HOME that's often embittered by our present! Its memory is always sweetened in the distance, like the aged brier bush that loses its thorns, but the sweetness of its roses are never forgotten. Where now is the garden, the orchard, the wild paths, and the mossy rocks? In dreams I behold the rolling billows, and the dashing surf, I hear the cheerful sound of friends, I feel the warm kiss of a sister; but I wake to toil and study. Will I ever be repaid for this? Am I not sacrificing the best blessings of life? Does education alway make us wiser, or study make us happier. Is the student happier than the peasant, or kings renowned for

wisdom? But pardon my rebellion. I have been overcome by my social feelings; I know well it raises us above the barbarian. Education is peculiar to civilization; it enables us to bear our part in society, it is protection, it commands respect, if abroad or at home, if well applied, it makes our friends dearer, and our homes sweeter.

GARIBALDI.

BRAVE Garibaldi! bravest of the brave!
Heaven strung thy arm, thy bleeding land to
save.

I often thought their spirits were but one,
The Wallace, Tell, and Godlike Washington:
And still the spirit comes on earth again,
And still the same assumes a magic name;
The magic charm infused in every breast,
The freemen rallies; tyrants know no rest.
From hill to hill you hear the gen'rous cry,
And greatful pæans ring along the sky:
To arms! to arms! brave Italy to arms!
The Heavens re-echo with the loud alarms,
Shall Latin prowess still forever lie,
And Rome's proud sons be recreant to the cry;
Shall Tuscan glory calmly fade away,
Or Venice, cringing, shun the glorious day;

Is there a spot that will not raise the cry :
Long live the chief, and longer Italy ;
Ye chiefs, arouse ! arouse, Italian race,
And breath Vesuvian in the tyrant's face !

THE VISION.

As I was travelling up the steep path of life I became weary, and lay me down and slept ; and as I slept I dreamt ; and a vision of fancy stood in the distance, and it tempted the mind to leave the body as it were entranced, and pursued its fancy until there was danger of its not returning to its former habitation. I saw the soldier, strutting like a vain bird that hailstones might have brought fluttering to the ground, and freed its proud spirit from its frail tenement. I saw the visionary merchant, riding with scorn over his fellow-men, where a blast from heaven might have swept his proud ship on the rocks, and made him an object of pity to the very men he scorned. I saw the gambler, pursuing the fool, and sure-footed justice close upon him with her iron grapples. I saw where the false harlot by artificial light, with painted face, had allured the thoughtless youth, and left him pale with disease, with

ruined character, and broken frame, to die ere yet he reached the prime of manhood.

All seemed eager for that pleasure which their misguided fancy led them to pursue; but what most attracted my attention, was the reckless course of the drunkard, hot with the fumes of wine, he bent his course where judgment never directed, or caution never trod; yet often, through the guidance of an unseen spirit, he escaped unharmed, save that he had many days in one: insolent and loquacious was his tongue, and many and foolish were the speeches that he made, yet at times would he burst forth more eloquent than sober reason, and rushing along like a meteor consuming itself in its brightness. He was beset on every side by evil spirits, and seemed the helpless victim of them all. His tattered garments lay his bosom bare to the storm, and poverty's half-mast flag drooping from his rear. Sometime he stood on tiptoe erect, then, reeling and staggering, would fall grovelling to the ground, and, vomiting, appeared meaner than the meanest brute; then rising in wild delirium with outstretched arms, and yelling like a demon, impetuous rushes forward on every danger that presented itself. I shuddered at his hair-breadth escapes, but he seemed reckless of them all, until at length he spied in the distance a precipice, horrible to reason to behold, and by his

increasing fury seemed determined to precipitate himself in the abyss below. Again I shuddered at the very thought, and ran to his rescue. Swift by nature, my speed was increased by the cries of a wretched woman to save him. I could gain nothing on him, for his helper was the strength of madness. Reaching that precipice I hoped to see him pause a moment, but, daunted at nothing, he precipitated himself into that awful abyss ; then, as though reason had just returned, with outstretched arms, and eyes turned towards heaven, he gave one shriek that will ring in my ears till memory ceases ; "men may live fools, but fools they cannot die." I would have followed him with my eyes, but the depth, the darkness, the horror of the act, dimmed my sight, overpowered my imagination, and bewildered my brain. Af-frighted, I fled back to my former abode, and entering sudden, I shook the body with such convulsions that it forgot its weariness, and springing upon my feet we again pursued our journey.

But the dreamer had not ceased to dream, nor the imagination broken its links. For what great end was man created ? Why this journey of life ? Surely it was not that man should despise his fellowman, or lead him into temptation ; and thus cause him to mourn ; but is he not accountable who will not listen to the dictates of reason, and

thus avoid many an unforeseen danger. If so, then "wo to the crown of pride, to the drunkard of Ephraim." I found, as the mind sobered from fancy to reason, there was some truth in poetry, and fiction was not all false ; and I thought again, For what great end was man created ?

ARGUMENT BEFORE THE RICHMOND COUNTY ATHENÆUM.

DEBATE ON SECRET SOCIETIES

THERE are three principal objections to secret societies.

First, the injury they are to the members themselves. Men are called away from their business to attend to the private affairs of these societies—they are introduced to company of a dangerous nature. Their meetings are often held at Taverns where they are tempted to drunkenness and other vices, and if they escape these, the loss of time and the expenses incurred by the societies are at least twofold more than their advantages. It has been said how many bless the day they joined them—Against them I would put those that curse it, and expect a large balance. I would beg leave here to mention an individual case I am acquainted with. An old lady whose

husband was a member of three societies, to which he had paid enough to have supported her, but all of which broke down in a short time and left her "the cold hand of public charity." But a word for the public ; she had merit and they did not let her want.

But for those great and good men who belong to those societies, are they improved by them, or is there any thing about them that is calculated to improve the morals? Must we take their laws to judge of this? Surely not, for what Society of any character could exist amongst us without setting up a moral pretence? Can we judge the character of the Jews by the law of Moses? The opposition has assailed the fame of Washington ; but in milder terms than their republican friends, who at his death proclaimed in their several papers that "the King of the federal rats is dead." And that "the name of Washington shall cease to legalize corruption," but they have exalted him to the very heavens, deified him, and placed masonry as a diadem.

Let us judge of these societies by the influence they have had upon their members. It is a well known fact that the masons have ruined many of their members by their contagious corruption. As to the secret manner of doing their charity, whoever they relieve, secret as it is, it is sure to

be found out; and at the end of the year they are sure to publish the amount of relief they have afforded.

Secondly, the injury they are to the community in which they exist. Every individual in the community is injured by the existence of these selfish societies, the members bound to assist, protect and forward the interests of one another, and in doing this they draw off their patronage and protection from the community at large; men have no right to pledge to a few what they owe to the whole. What patronage we have to give should be given according to merit without regard to the Society, church, or nation to which a man may belong.

I deny that families are societies. There are many things which transpire in families that should not be told out-doors, but often are; but whenever it becomes necessary for them to enjoin their secrets with the solemnity of an oath, the sooner that family is broken up the better it will be for the neighborhood in which they live.

It is said that our Senators and Legislators are sworn; but are they sworn with any such oaths as the members of these societies take? Do they not have the privilege of reading the oath before they take it, and cannot any citizen inform himself of the nature of it, if he chooses? How they

can see in this a parallel case I do not know; surely there is no resemblance.

The character of the State of Massachusetts has been assailed because she dared to legislate against them; she has been called the killer of witches. Although there is only one case on record found and that of a very doubtful character, and how my opponent makes this out witches, I cannot see; but as further evidence of her folly she opposed the last war * and this; but in that war † which no man doubts the justice of, she was foremost. As for the last war with England she did not think it policy to fight about a few millions when it was going to cost as many hundred of millions that we were injured alike by England and France, and they were equally striving to destroy one another, ‡ and that we should not spill American blood in the cause of those who had done us wrong. As to the righteousness of the present war I shall leave every man to judge for himself.

They have employed men to erect buildings and keep those buildings shut up, so that they can be of no service to mankind, and they have taken money to pay for them which, according to their

* The war of 1812 and the war with Mexico.

† The war of the Revolution.

‡ The war with Mexico.

own argument, would have been otherwise spent and thus they have worse than wasted it : And as these societies increase, these evils will be augmented. With regard to their benevolence they assist no more widows and orphans than they are obliged to. The case must be an urgent one before it comes under their protection, and then when they get any considerable number of incumbents upon them they are sure to break down. The laws of all civilized nations make provisions for their dependent inhabitants equal to the generosity of their citizens, and how can it be expected that those who have established themselves for selfish purposes will do more. And with regard to education our State has made ample provision ; and in those communities where it has not been done, I doubt very much whether the members of those societies would think it worth while. The men who assisted Mr. Cain I believe would have assisted him if they had not been Oddfellows. There is no evidence that the good Samaritan belonged to a Society. They often impoverish men who are charitably inclined, they cut off the resources of charity at least equal to all they can accomplish under the most favorable circumstances. A man disposed to be charitable can put a dollar in his pocket and do more good with it than these societies commonly do with two ; there are

no fees to be paid out of it, and nothing to be paid for banners to trump it about.

I am willing to acknowledge the antiquity of secret societies, and we hope they will be as ready to acknowledge the founder, who was no less than his Satanic Majesty himself ; His first scheme was formed in the abodes of bliss, and it is written so charming was the scheme that he drew over one-third of the celestial spirits, but, frustrated in that scheme, he and his colleagues were lodged in the burning lake, the first lodge, and from thence I imagine they derived the name of their gloomy cells ; but in his true spirit of extension desired to have a Lodge in the new formed creation : We see him initiating himself in the good graces of woman by telling her she is in ignorance and pointing to the tree of life and knowledge, and there we plainly see the strongest feature in these societies, and by which they are easily identified to be the same. Like that tempting fruit they often find the knowledge surcharged with ruin.

Thirdly. The danger they are to the republic. There is no state of things to justify the formation of these societies. Whenever it is necessary for men to form themselves into societies for the protection of the commonwealth, then there is merit enough in the cause to ensure secrecy without the solemnity of an oath ; and where that

oath is required it is much to be feared that the motives are impure. The secret societies of France have been referred to, and it has been shown that they were in opposition. It has been asked which were right, I would answer they both were wrong; they were formed of the worst and most designing men of both parties, men that were not satisfied with the slaughter they had already caused in Europe; but were willing to sacrifice the last drop of valiant blood in France to carry out their own selfish policy.

They should not be tolerated because of the danger of taking an oath before we know the nature of it. A man, once sworn, can not reveal their secrets, however repugnant they may be to his feelings. Though crime and infamy should stare him in the face, yet that oath is stronger than the love of country or of friends, for should he reveal it who would believe a perjured man, or who would have him for their friend. The crime is not in keeping the secret but in taking the oath. But to this they would answer they have no secrets except a few signs by which they know one another, but well we know they have. The secret of the fate of Morgan who dared reveal, and well they keep it. It is the hankering after their secrets that induced many to join them. There is no doubt but that they have secret by-

laws which they hold more sacred than the laws of the land. Not that I would condemn all for the fate of Morgan ; I do not believe that the organization as a society knows anything about the fate of the wretch that violated his oath. I could not believe that our Presidents, our Governors, our Judges and many others of our best citizens would tolerate such an outrage on our civil laws. I would rather believe the four men that carried away Morgan undertook the act on their own responsibility.

But there are other dangers to be anticipated of a still more alarming character, there are no limits to the extent of the schemes which they may carry on. They may easily form plans to remodel or even to overthrow our republic. They are often established by foreigners, and branches of societies existing in governments opposed to the liberal institutions of our own. Schemes might be carried on even through the ballot-box, and should that fail, sudden and more forcible means might be resorted to that would prove destructive to life and liberty. There are some visible things that justify these suspicions, the honors of pink, blue and scarlet, are purely foreign, and resemble the purchase of squire and knight-hood in foreign aristocracies, and not to be found

in the free and enlightened institutions of our land. Nor are they allowed to address their superiors without what they call a suitable regalia, whilst the highest tribunal in our land may be addressed by the plainest yeoman in his homespun attire. Men thus trained to fealty in these nurseries of aristocracy may in time be induced to overthrow those institutions that once they loved.

ARGUMENT BEFORE THE RICHMOND COUNTY ATHENÆUM.

SUBJECT.

*Ought the right of suffrage be extended to the
black population.*

PART 1ST.

“When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature’s God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

“We hold these truths to be self evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter, or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses, and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.”

Such was the declaration of our fathers, when they would bear no longer their sufferings; to

this they added a long train of grievances, the third article of which reads thus :

“ He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless these people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislation ; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.”

Such were the grievances that urged them to battle, they did not hesitate to jeopardize their lives and fortunes, and the world applauded them for their deeds ; but the poor negro is not only deprived of his rights, and oppressed far beyond what our fathers were, but they are not allowed to hold up their head when they come before us, lest their strong effluvia offend the delicate nerves of the paler species.

Are they not men ; are they not the seed of Adam, and consequently our brethren ? Can their color disqualify them for voting, or are they not possessed of intellectual faculties sufficient to guide them ? That they are men is sufficiently proved by their intermingling with our race, that they are the seed of Adam, I trust will be readily granted. Then as it regards color disqualifying a man to vote, this leads to the inquiry into the cause of color.

The middle skin of the black man is found to contain small vessels of dark coloring matter

which shines through the outer or scarf-skin and gives that complexion which is so offensive. If color, then, is to be the criterion by which we are to judge voters' qualifications, where are we to draw the line of distinction? If we are very nice about it, many a yellow-bided fellow who has hitherto called himself a white man, will be in serious danger of losing his vote.

What is color? The best philosophy we have on colors, is that every color that is not visible has been absorbed into the substance, and hence it appears that black is the only color that will not penetrate the negro; or I should say the combinations that produce the negro's color are repulsed at his wall, whilst the white man it may enter to the very inner chambers of his heart—the truth of which is too often proved by the blackness of his deeds. But I must not be too hard on my own color, but let it rest by giving you the remark of a friend, "that it does not make any more difference in the color of a man than it does in that of a horse, or a dog." A Turkish *charge-d'Affaires*, remarked, "No Turk ever despised a man on account of his skin."

Amongst the Turks and Persians, negroes rise to the highest offices in the state.

It does not appear to me that color can qualify or disqualify a person for voting, if so the Albino

should have two votes, though his parents were as black as the ace of spades.

Should the white man vote because white skin is beautiful? Ask the toad what is beauty—the great beauty, the *To kalon*; he will answer that it is his female, with two great round eyes coming out of her little head, her large flat mouth, her yellow belly, and brown back. Ask a negro of Guinea: beauty is to him a black oily skin, sunken eyes, and a flat nose; nor is the Guinea negro alone in his notions of beauty. Herodotus, whom Cicero calls “the father of history,” tells us the Ethiopians excelled all other nations in longevity, stature, and personal beauty, and that they appear to be a superior species of our race.

The black prince Memnon, who served the Trojans, is constantly spoken of by the Greek and Latin writers as a person of extraordinary beauty. Among the Greeks and Romans there does not appear to have been any prejudice against color, neither do they speak of the inferiority of their intellect, they have not classed them amongst those innumerable hordes of hyperborean barbarians from whom we have the honor of being descended, it is a prejudice that has grown up within a few centuries, it is a discovery that has been chiefly made since the discovery of America, and has principally grown out of that

circumstance. Men went into the unholy business of enslaving men, and then despised them for wearing their chains: and it is impossible to do away with slavery and persecution in the south, until prejudice against color is done away in the north; and in order to accomplish this, now that he is no longer a slave, but has become a freedman, make him a voter, and it will be necessary to court his favor, which will have a great tendency to do away with that prejudice.

To so great an extent has this prejudice been carried that for a long time the colored people were not allowed to travel on our railroads, or steamboats, and now they are not admitted into a berth, though they should be dying for want of it. Mr. Wright, a colored man, lost his wife from such exposure.

Those hordes of paupers that land on our shores, after a time, though not self-sustaining, are allowed to vote, while the negro who has proved he can not only sustain himself, but also his indolent master, is not allowed that privilege.

And it is from that class of citizens there comes a loud clamor, the object of which seems to be, to keep, if possible, a caste of Americans lower than themselves.

But perchance I am too hard on that class of foreigners, whose intellect, after all, may be of

that same raw, barbaric character, but not so mildly put, as the native Africans who told Mungo Park, that "his was a great misfortune to be so ugly and pale, have such a long nose, and thin lips."

It is true that there appears to have been some of this prejudice among the Jews, against color; but tell us what they were not prejudiced against? they were prejudiced against the God of their fathers, who brought them up out of the land of Egypt, and delivered them from bondage; but it is singular they should have had a prejudice against a color that so closely proximated to their own.

Said Solomon in his Song of Songs, chapter 1st, 5th verse:

"I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.

"6. Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept.

"7. Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedeth, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon; for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?"

Oh, how strikingly that one passage reminds us of the colored man in the south, "they made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept."

So sang the sacred old book, in its raptures of love; and now for the new.

Acts, the tenth chapter, 28th verse. Peter to Cornelius:

.... "Ye know how that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company, or come into one of another nation; but God hath showed me that I should not call any man common or unclean."

And again in the same chapter, 34th and 35th verses.

"34., Of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons:"

"35. But in every nation, he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him."

That prejudice against color, no doubt, arose among the Jews from the dislike they had to the Egyptians, who had oppressed them; for Herodotus tells us the Egyptians were black, with curled hair.

Now, with regard to intellect, does our Constitution require that a man shall be intelligent to give him a right to vote? if so, why are they not

checked in thousands of cases ; men who, from lack of energy, capacity, or morality, are crowding our almshouses and jails ; and not only these, but thousands of those who make up the population of our land are equally unintelligent ; I would not send you in search of them over the extent of our broad domain ; but I would refer to our degenerate Huguenots, men who have had instruction within their grasp, if they chose to lay hold of it. I would have you compare them with the uninstructed negro, quick, bright, and polite, and naturally fond of sublime language, with the stupid, conceited, and uncouth native, whose only boasted knowledge is the road to Virginia, and should you doubt their intelligence by way of proving it they will tell you they “know blue pint isters from Old Vegena’s.

“ A race of rugged mariners are these,
Unpolished men, and boisterous as their seas ;
The native islanders alone their care,
And hateful he that breathes a foreign air.”

It is not from a dislike to this people that I have brought them up in my argument, but it is because they are at hand, and every one knows the truth of it. But should they adopt the proper course, they might again be restored to their ancient intelligence ; by their present negligence to

education, the world no doubt is deprived of many a star that would brighten the fame of our island, and render important services to mankind.

“Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom’d caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

And may not the negro again be brought to his former intelligence? I will inquire of the monuments of antiquity what was the wisdom of of former ages. Thebes with its hundred gates stands a perpetual monument of the intelligence of the negro, they were the fathers of arts and sciences. Ethiopia was the nursery of knowledge when the rude white man hunted the tusky boar; it was the negro that first broke the path to science, and searched through nature up to nature’s God. He was religious, moral, and intelligent.

“The Thebans,” says Diodorus, “considered themselves as the most ancient people of the earth; and asserted that with them philosophy originated, and the science of the stars.

“Their situation, it is true, is infinitely favorable to astronomical observation, and they have a more accurate division of time into months and years, than other nations.”

What Diodorus says of the Thebans, every author, and himself elsewhere, repeats of the Ethiopians.

“The Ethiopians conceive themselves (says he) to be of greater antiquity than any other nation; and it is probable, that born under the sun’s path, its warmth may have ripened them earlier than other men.

“They suppose themselves also to be the inventors of divine worship, of festivals, of solemn assemblies, of sacrifices, and every other religious practice.

“They affirm that the Egyptians are one of their colonies, and that the Delta, which was formerly sea, became land by the conglomeration of the earth of the higher country, which was washed down by the Nile.

“They have, like the Egyptians, two species of letters, hieroglyphics and the alphabet; but among the Egyptians the first was known only to the priests, and by them transmitted from father to son; whereas both species are common among the Ethiopians.

“The Ethiopians,” says Lucian, “were the first who invented the science of the stars, and gave names to the planets, not at random and without meaning, but descriptive of the qualities which they conceived them to possess; and it was from

them that this art passed, still in an imperfect state, to the Egyptians."

It would be easy to multiply citations upon this subject; from all which it follows, that we have the strongest reason to believe that the country neighboring to the tropic, was the cradle of the sciences, and of consequence that the first learned nation, was a nation of blacks; for it is incontrovertible that by the term Ethiopians the ancients meant to represent a people of black complexion, thick lips and wooly hair.

Homer corroborates the statements of the other authors; he speaks of them as a people "renowned for justice, and for length of days, and he describes Jove himself as partaking in their religious rites, he says:

The sire of Gods and all the ethereal train,
On the warm limits of the furthest main
Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race;
Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite.

And now that we have proved that the negro was once intelligent, what is to hinder him from becoming so again; what an acquisition he would then be to our republic; he would pay part of our taxes; bear his share of the burdens of government, and greatly strengthen us against our foreign enemies.

The negro should have a vote, because universal suffrage is the order of the day ; and its benign influence should be extended to him ; he should have a vote because he is a democrat in his principles, and a liberal democracy is the prevailing sentiment of the people, he should have a vote, in order to strengthen that principle ; for there cannot in the annals of history be found a single instance where a people have enjoyed uninterrupted liberty without the privilege of the elective franchise.

Where their votes cannot repel it, useless labors are heaped upon men ; splendid temples, and palaces, are built that can be of no essential benefit to mankind, huge pyramids have been erected, stones, weighing hundreds of tons have been elevated to a great height which never could have been done, had the people who were compelled to do it had the privilege of voting against it.

And now whilst the poor white man has his share of liberty he should extend it to the negro, lest by some contrivance the rich should get their foot upon his neck, and he should never be relieved. Unless the negro is represented in our legislature their liberty is in jeopardy ; and the only way to make them sure of that representation is to give them a voice in the ballot-box, that

the legislators may be compelled to do them justice through the dread of their influence.

The negro should have a vote in the north for the bearing it will have upon slavery in the south ; for it is by the influence of the north alone that emancipation in the south can be accomplished. The history of three thousand years has been sufficient to prove that man of his own accord will never liberate man : he who will not take a lesson from the past must blunder through the world on faithless hope.

The negro should have a vote to reimburse him for the sufferings that our fathers have heaped upon him.

The poor negro torn from his native land, not as our fathers were, with the prospect of liberty, but riven from their families, their friends, and their homes, were loaded with chains, scourged with lashes, oppressed, and in many cases killed with labor.

These heinous sins of our fathers are terrible to reflect upon ; and unless we change our course there must be an awful fate awaiting this nation, for there is precisely the same scenes going on daily within our territories. Vast numbers of traders are traveling through our land, whose business is to buy every negro that is offered : and daily is the father or mother separated

from their family never to behold them again, and children severed from their parents, and every social tie, whilst the cries of compassion are only repaid by the wicked oaths, and cruel scourges, of the ruthless white man. Our flag is the true emblem of American liberty, her stars shine forth for the favored Anglo-Saxon, and her stripes for the poor persecuted negro.

ARGUMENT BEFORE THE RICHMOND
COUNTY ATHENÆUM.

SUBJECT.

Ought the right of suffrage be extended to the black population.

PART 2D.

WITH what reluctance my opponent took hold of this subject, how strong were his feelings of sympathy for that unfortunate people, he did not propose the question, he did not volunteer to serve on the negative ; I know he is not exerting every faculty to carry his argument.

But far different are the feelings that prompt me on ; with joy I assist the wretched, and never

raised a stalwart arm against the oppressed. I know it is better to go with the multitude to do evil, than to incur popular odium in resisting it: but, be the consequence what it may, I will prosecute my argument in a firm and fearless manner. Many men have not dared to advocate their cause for fear of an ignorant, and worthless rabble, and often when they have dared to do it, have their houses been stoned for daring to advocate the cause of the down-trodden sons of Africa.

As the first objection was to equality, I shall endeavor to prove it: the Creator has given to all men the same organs, the same sensations, and the same wants: and has thereby sufficiently declared that he has also given them the same right to the use of its benefits, that in the order of nature all men are equal.

Inasmuch as this power has given to every man the ability of preserving and maintaining his own existence, it clearly follows that all men are constituted independent of each other, that they are created free, that no man can be subject and no man sovereign, but that all men are the unlimited proprietors of their own persons.

Equality, therefore, and liberty, are two essential attributes of man; two laws of the Divinity, not less essential and immutable than the physical properties of inanimate nature, equality

and liberty, constitute the physical and unalterable basis of every union of men in society ; and of consequence the necessary, and generating principle of every law, and regular system of government.

It is because this basis has been invaded, disorders have been introduced amongst societies, which has at length excited them to resistance, it is by acting in conformity with this rule that you can reform abuses, and constitute a happy order of society.

Look to the heavens that gives you light, to earth that nourishes you. Since they present to you the same gifts, since the Power that directs their motion has bestowed on you the same life, the same organs, the same wants, has it not also given you the same right to the use of its benefits, has it not therefore declared you to be all equal and free ? What mortal then shall dare refuse to his fellow creature that which is granted him by nature ? Let us banish all tyranny, and since mankind are all constituted alike, let there therefore exist but one law, that of nature, one code, that of reason, and but one tribunal that of justice !

And next with regard to property qualifications, has not the poor man an equal love of country, of friends, and the prosperity of the community ; has he not all at stake, and is not

his means of living as precious to him, as the rich man's fortune, who in many cases would destroy the free institutions of our land to perpetuate that fortune to his posterity ?

Is he more intelligent than the poor ; is it to be supposed that a man who has devoted his whole life to the gathering of riches can be as intelligent, as he that has devoted part of that time to the acquiring of knowledge ? Look at the biography of intelligent men, philosophers, and politicians ; and is it not a rare instance to find one that ever accumulated a fortune ? It is true that some have inherited them, and some have enjoyed the benevolent gifts of the rich, who wished to be immortalized by them, but by far the greater part have lived and died in poverty.

An old anecdote leads me to the following : suppose two men starting in the world together, the one marries, and devotes his whole substance to the rearing and educating of his family, the other remains single, and employs his strength in the raising of donkeys, when he has reared a sufficient number of them he sells them, and purchases property, now who is best entitled to a vote, the man who has replenished his country with useful citizens ; or the man that has stocked it with jackasses ?

Those countries have enjoyed the greatest

liberty whose locality has prevented the accumulation of riches. "Who are they, whose ancestry in their present localities stretches backward till its fading memorials out-measure not only all that has been written, but all that has been erected in brick or in marble, or in the aged granite itself, the primeval father of mountain, and of rock?

"Are they the inhabitants of fertile plains spreading wide their productive bosoms to the sun, rich in flocks and herds, thronged with villages and joyous with cities and palaces? I trow not! They are the men of the mountain; and if there is love of country upon earth, you will find it, where there is only a mountain pine, a mountain goat, and a mountaineer, as fast rooted and as firm footed on the rock as either.

"Glance your eye over Asia, and you shall find, that while conquest, and change of race, have swept the plains of Euphrates, and Ganges, like a flood, and the level steppes of Siberia like the north wind. Caucasus, and Himalaya, have retained their people, and their tuneful cliffs echo the same language as they did in the days of the patriarchs. And who, too, had footing on the Alps before the Swiss, or on the Pyrenees before the Basques; and how long did the expiring sounds of the Celtic language wail among the

Cornish rocks, after the lowland of England had become Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, by turns, and the mingling of a five-fold race had given to the country the most capable population under the sun? Turn whithersoever we will on the surface of the globe, or in the years of its history, the discovery is ever the same."

In order to perpetuate independence our nation must not become too rich, Lycurgus knew this fact and established equality among his adherents.

Such is the true spirit of aristocracy, that it matters not whether a man is Christian, or Turk, white or black, if he only has property, they would give him a vote, if he has money, they will give him influence, yea, if he has wealth enough, they would sell him your very liberty; think not because you have a vote yourself, you should be deaf to the rights of the negro; but remember that he has once had a vote, and lost it, and there is no more impossibility in any other distinct class of people losing theirs; wherever the designing crafts of the rich shall enable them to excite a sufficient prejudice against one another, and thus by degrees may your liberties be wrenched from you.

Do not compromise liberty, or justice, give to every negro a vote, or do not allow them to vote at all.

They are not required to bear arms, and why? Because we have oppressed and abused them until we are afraid of a just retaliation; but the negro is brave and willing to defend his country. There are numerous instances of this, one of which, I shall relate: A negro on board the Constitution, who while loading a cannon had both his arms shot off, said to his comrades, "I can be of no more service to my country," and plunged into the deep.

They are not obliged to serve as jurymen, neither do they get justice done them when they come in our courts.

That the negro is incapable, or is not yet qualified, let us compare him with the electors of Mississippi; of the white population that are over twenty-one, but one-twentieth part can read; how does that compare with the state of our negroes? If they are not naturally intelligent, why do the laws of the slave states punish a man for teaching them to read? In Virginia it is forty stripes, and six months' imprisonment for the first offense.

If they are not intelligent, why do you send your missionaries among them? If they are not worthy to come among men, and be treated as rational beings, how can you expect them to be received by your God.

By giving him a vote, he will make it his business to understand our government, which will increase his intelligence; it will give him confidence in our institutions, it will induce him to accumulate property, and thereby enable him to labor for himself, and thus diminish the number of dependent laborers, who are continually making the rich richer.

Foreigners are required to be in the country five years, to qualify them for voting; and many of them in that time do not learn our language; many of them land upon our shores in ignorance, and settle in the wilderness among a people more ignorant, if possible, than themselves, and it is necessary to give the negro a vote to counterbalance their destructive influence. I speak of the hordes of rabble only, that are poured in upon us. Among us there are many intelligent men whom I highly respect.

Our friend has attracted the attention of the ladies by pleading, or rather burlesquing, their cause; but I would place them in political, as St. Paul has placed them in religious, affairs, "Let your women keep silent in the churches, for it is a shame for a woman to speak in the church."

But who that has read the lives of female sovereigns can doubt their capacity when they devote their attention to it; but he has extended

his sympathy still further, to what he calls the "colored ladies," but for my part I have no predilection for them, but shall leave their friend to plead their cause.

He would not give the negro a vote, because, "it is a great thing to be a Roman citizen."

Are we less Roman because he is made more? Is he not as much a man of Tarshish as we are? I like that part of your argument well, let him proclaim himself an American, and a voter, and let that be an ample protection for him; that the lawless mob may not fall upon him, and beat him without any cause, or provocation; for you have seen the pale ruffian of New York fall upon them and beat them in a cruel and merciless manner for no other than the sin of being black. Men for daring to advocate their cause have had their houses stoned, their furniture piled in the street and burned; they have dared to mar, and attempted to fire the Holy Sanctuaries of God, because it was the opinion of their preacher that our Saviour was a dark-complexioned man.

As it regards the increase of their population, I have not been able to ascertain the facts, but common fame reports them to be fast decreasing, that they cannot stand our northern climate, so I think we have little to fear on that head; but I have ascertained some facts as it regards

their increase in the south, and it will show the fearful advance of slavery in our nation.

In seventeen hundred and ninety the number of slaves in the Union was five hundred thousand, and it is now three million; so we have more slaves amongst us now than there was freemen in the revolution. We may close our eyes to the history of their wrongs, their unrequited labor, and unrevenged injuries, but the curse will fall upon us at last.

“Vengeance divine to punish sin moves slow,
The slower is its pace, the surer is its blow.”

But in the north we have nothing of this increase to fear, they will not increase from immigration. No African of his own accord would come to this country, for our iniquity has reached the furthest corners of the earth; for, said a heathen of the Pacific Islands, I will not become a Christian for fear you will make me a slave, nor will the report cease with the bounds of the earth; the cry shall go up to Him that knows no distinction of color; for believe me, brothers of the Athenæum, though you have often heard their black souls damned, they are as white as ours.



LETTERS.

NEW YORK, NOV. 23, 1899.

MY DEAR MR. PELTON:—

I have read with interest and pleasure your book of poems; to the careful reader they appeal less to the sense of the *critic* than to the heart of the friend. The greater number are pervaded by that sweet sense of religion that impresses the thoughtful one and immediately brings into question the *life* of the author. Alas! among our most widely read and standard writers, how often the knowledge of some dark cloud above the horizon of that life spoils for us the beauty of the thought embodied in the verse! As we scan the lines of the beloved bard, so well known throughout our rural "Island of the States," we feel that the fountain whence these rivulets of thought have found their rise is crystal pure and deep, the career of the writer above reproach.

When the poet shall have finished his last song and laid aside the pen to take the palm, we who remain shall take up the book, the precious memento of his life-work, and read again these lines:

"Through storm and calm, through life and dark,
And joys and ills, Thou guid'st our bark,
And when at length the strife is past,
There is the Haven sought at last!

From "*The Storm*," 1878.

Sincerely yours,

READ BENEDICT."

RICHMOND, VA., July 9th, 1897.

DANL. PELTON, Esq., STATEN ISLAND.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your "Greenwood and other Poems" and I desire to express to you the pleasure I have derived from their perusal. You have deservedly earned the sobriquet of "The Poet of Staten Island." It has been truly said, "*Poeta nascitur non fit*" for no one who has not the divine afflatus can successfully enter this forbidden field or gain admission into the portals of the Muses. Your talents in the poetic line are as versatile as your fancy and as lively as your imagination. A brief glance at your poems has unearthed many hidden treasures.—"The Pomp of Wealth" is worthy of the Christian philosopher without in any way reflecting the indifference of the stoic,—it is worthy of a Pope. "Lamentation" is also a very sweet embodiment of philosophic thought! The line on page forty-one,

"The scene all fancy, but the fancy true"

is worthy of a Longfellow! Your "Concluding Elegy" is a very sweet little poem; "The Storm" is also very good. "My Old Shoes" is in quite a different vein from most of your poems, and

reminds me of John. G. Saxe, in his best day. If your book contained nothing else but that beautiful tribute: "To the memory of Burns"—poor Bobbie Burns, it would be worth preserving.

"Did you ever marry yet" was evidently drawn from the realms of the imagination, and not from personal experience,—the *licentia vatum* of the poet,—for knowing as well as I do the lovely woman, you have been so fortunate as to secure as your life's companion, with—

"Those sparkling eyes, that polished brow
That almost heavenly grace."

She could not be the "scolding woman" of your poem.

Thanking you for the book, I am,

Very sincerely,

J. S. MOORE.

RICHMOND, VA., January 15th, 1898.

MY DEAR SIR,

Permit me to congratulate you on having attained so great an age, and I doubly congratulate you on the fact that in your case it is not attended with the usual afflictions incident to and attendant upon long life, and that your "eye is not dim nor your natural force abated," and that

in your "strength there is not labor and sorrow." Under ordinary circumstances it might be considered obtrusive and ill-timed to offer my felicitations on this occasion to one with whom I have no personal acquaintance, but the mind is bound by no narrow horizon, thought eliminates space, and there can be communion of soul with soul, spiritual intercourse, intellectual appreciation without physical contact or personal recognition! And when I look upon your venerable philosophical and classic features, I recognize that catholicity of ideas, that thread of thought, that brotherhood of fellowship that makes all the world akin. And I feel as though I knew you and that my greeting will not be misinterpreted or misconstrued. It is said, you know, that great minds run in the same channel, and there is a freemasonry of intellect that is recognized by kindred spirits! There seems to be a curious fatality or coincidence in connection with your destiny and the name of Franklin, for I am told you were born on the birthday of that distinguished patriot, and born on Franklin street and married a Franklin; and I can but attribute that coupled with regular habits and a virtuous life, your longevity to the fact that you followed the advice given to David in his old age, "to take unto himself a young virgin," that to her cherishing and ministrations

is due the preservation of your physical and mental vigor, and this conviction is confirmed when I read those ardent lines :—

TO SOPHIE.

“ I’ve thought of thee a thousand times
Since I beheld thy face ;
Those sparkling eyes, that polished brow,
That almost heavenly grace.
“ Oh no ; I’ve thought of thee but once ;
In one unbroken chain
Are bound my day-thoughts and my dreams
In fancy’s burning flame.”

In this busy, bustling life it is rare to attain the age allotted unto man, three score and ten ; but to be an octogenarian is quite a distinction, particularly when coupled *Mens sana in corpore sano*,* and when one’s brow is decked with the Poet’s Laurel, and one’s name is honored with the sobriquet of “ The Sage of Staten Island.”

May you live many years ! And when you are gathered to your fathers may the turf rest lightly on your grave and your spirit be wafted on angelic pinions to the God who gave it.

Very sincerely,

J. S. MOORE.

TO DANIEL PELTON, Esq.
Staten Island, N. Y.

* A sound mind in a sound body.

MADISON, Feb. 13, 1897.

DANIEL PELTON, ESQ., STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

MY DEAR SIR :

A few weeks ago I received your beautiful volume, and have delayed acknowledgment until I could find leisure to enjoy the perusal of the poems it contains. They are tender, pathetic, sweet, and that is the only kind of poetry for which I care. Such poetry has been one great comfort and solace of my life, and now, in my old age, is more precious than ever. Hence I prefer Mrs. Hemans to Milton, and Mr. Pelton to the Iliad.

So I thank you for your thoughtful courtesy, and am doubly thankful to your estimable wife for inspiring the publication of the volume, and for prompting you to send it to me.

Hoping we may be permitted to meet before one of us makes the final journey to some "Greenwood." And with kindest regards to Mrs. Pelton, and yourself (in which my good wife cordially joins)

I remain,
Very sincerely your friend,
WM. P. LYON.

From the REV. L. H. ANGIER, D. D.,
612 Tremont Street.

BOSTON, Sept. 23, 1897.

DEAR MRS. PELTON:

I was delighted to get your kind letter of the 20th, it revived pleasant memories. I beg to assure your good husband that your octogenarian friend is not a mythical but a veritable personality, of avoirdupois about 180, and age $87\frac{1}{2}$ from 1810. After returning from Saratoga I was a little under the weather for a few days, and then getting affairs in order for my departure to Portland and Peak's Island, fifteen minutes from P., to join friends, etc., passing several days, visiting, preaching, and variously enjoying the ministrations of natural and social life. Since my return from Maine, much of my time has been taken up with plans and movements for more desirable winter-quarters, which two days ago I decided upon, and the fore part of next week I expect to make the change. When that is all over I shall have more time for my correspondents, reading, etc.

Were you to see the book your good husband so kindly sent me, with its pencil marks, and corners turned down, you would have no doubt of the pleasure and pastime I have experienced in the reading, notably "New Grounds," etc. But more of this at my leisure.

I write this in great haste, that you may hear from me before Sunday.

With kindest regards to Mr. Pelton and Mrs. Claven, if she is still with you,

Most cordially yours,

L. H. ANGIER.

Next week at 160 Concord Street.

From SIR RODERICK W. CAMERON.

NEW YORK, February 11, 1898.

DEAR MR. PELTON :

After continued search, I am happy to report that I have found the author's copy of "Greenwood, and Other Poems," which you so kindly left here for me. Mrs. Pelton informs me that you left it here on or about January 25.

I was absent in England, or rather I sailed on January 25 (which will account for my not having received the poems). I was absent until the 8th of November last, therefore, my dear sir, I hope you will hold me excused for delay in tendering you my very best thanks, and I look forward to great pleasure in the perusal of the poems.

Remaining,

Yours very truly,

R. W. CAMERON.

From the REV. JOHN C. ECCLESTON, D. D., of St.
John's Episcopal Church, Clifton, S. I.

January 19, 1897.

Many thanks, my dear Mr. Pelton, for the very interesting book of poems. I think your dear and *admirable wife* deserves the *thanks* of the Staten Island public for her desire to have the volume published.

I am faithfully and affectionately yours,
JOHN C. ECCLESTON.

NEW YORK, October 11, 1897.

DANIEL PELTON, Esq. :

MY DEAR FRIEND :

Your book, "Greenwood, and Other Poems," I received some time ago, and with much pleasure I have gone over the whole book. I have tried to find one that was above another in the book, but cannot. I find in each poem the character of Daniel Pelton, comforting the bereaved, always looking and pointing upward; even for the poor dumb beast a kind word. I see in the book a feeling of awe at wrong-doing. I find in it a joyous hope of a

hereafter, a keen observer of the teachings of nature. Yes, all through I see the heartfelt thoughts of one that I have observed from young manhood up; and then I come back to the fly-leaf of the book and see the name of the author in his own handwriting, then on the next page I see the author and she who is sunshine to him and his home; then, again, on the next page, his picture, at whose feet I have often received instruction. I believe, my dear brother and friend, that your good works follow you. Oh, that we had more such unselfish people in this grand world of ours! I thank you, again and again, for the book, the autograph, the picture, and your life.

Yours cordially,

JAMES S. COWARD.

244 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

February 4, 1897.

DEAR MR. PELTON:

I have been waiting to thank you for sending me your book of poems until such time as I had leisure to read some of them, and examine them as a whole. In the first place, the title is a pretty one. "Greenwood" is a name so suggestive of shade and rest after the long, hot working day is over; but our thoughts go beyond the earthly resting-place, and in your poem of

"The Lamb of Calvary," you show where true and abiding rest is to be found. Among those of the poems which I have read I specially like "The Old Crusier Burying Place," "On the Death of Lily," "For the Orphans' Home," "The Curse of Intemperance," and "The Clove." That must mean the Staten Island Clove—what a paradise that used to be! Especially in the early spring, with the dogwood and cherry blossoms. One of your poems, I see, was written last September in the Catskills, and that makes me hope that you and Mrs. Pelton may be there again next summer, and that I may see you both at my little cottage. I send you by mail a photograph of it, with Mrs. Harrison on the piazza, and myself with "Pony" in the garden. With my very kind regards to Mrs. Pelton, and also to Miss Flake, not forgetting Pansy, and the two greyhounds, I am,

Most sincerely yours,

ANN L. LIVINGSTON.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

March 10, 1897.

MY DEAR MR. PELTON :

After looking through the book of poems that you so kindly gave me, I feel that I must thank

you again. It is full of sweet thoughts that I am sure find an echo in every heart, to say nothing of the humor that crops out unexpectedly every once in a while. In addition to the poems you called my attention to, I like particularly the following: "The Storm," page 129; "The Death of Child," page 145; "The Death of M. E. B. B.," page 150; "On Recovering from Sickness," page 164: "To Cupid," page 181. I presume that as I continue to read I shall find others that I like equally as well.

As you say in your preface that we owe the publication of this volume to Mrs. Pelton, I trust you will both accept my sincere thanks for your kind remembrance, and for the pleasure not only already derived from the volume, but also for the "continual feast" always found in a good book.

Believe me, dear sir,

Yours very gratefully,

KATHARINE H. HUNT.

From J. M. FULLER, Esq.

Manor Road, W. N. B.

August 1st, 1897.

MY DEAR MR. PELTON:

"Greenwood, and Other Poems," reached me early last week.

Please accept my sincere thanks for same. I have not had the time to finish the book, but have read enough to convince me of its purity, both as to sentiment and metre.

Poets are born, not made, and it is to be regretted that more of your excellent type are not born. Good poetry, like good plays, or good deeds, possess a hidden power—not seen, but felt.

Kind words are like a rich perfume; they are felt and remembered long after their authors have ceased to exist. So, in your case—the kind expressions contained in your work will burn as incense for ages to come.

Again thanking you for the poems,

I remain,

Sincerely yours,

J. M. FULLER.

To MR. DANIEL PELTON,

West New Brighton,

Staten Island.

FRANKLIN AND PROSPECT AVENUES, NEW BRIGHTON, S. I.

July 12th, 1898.

DANIEL PELTON, Esq.:

My Dear Sir,—To-day, for the first time, I have found time to look at your modest little volume

of verse. To say that I am impressed and charmed by the variety and the strength and the delicacy of your symbolized thoughts would but faintly express what I feel. I have placed your book on my shelf, side by side with the work of the good ever truth-teller, Walt Whitman; and when tired of playing "doll-house," I shall take down "Blades of Grass," or "Greenwood," and revel in the truth—truths which the Backwoodsman tells so broadly and brutally, and which you tell so broadly and delicately. I should be grateful, my dear sir, if you would permit me to meet you again. I want to thank you, not for the book, but for the thoughts—my thoughts, too, some of them—expressed in symbols I could never have found.

Sincerely,

W. R. C. LATSON, M. D.

FROM MR. JOHN REID AND FAMILY.

TRINITY PLACE, WEST NEW BRIGHTON,

April 5th, 1898.

DANIEL PELTON, Esq. :

DEAR SIR,—We take great pleasure in saying to you how great has been the satisfaction we have had in perusing your poetical meditations.

We find in them much that is calculated to in-

duce thoughtful reflection. We like the deep religious tone pervading them, and they have the beauty and ring of true poetry.

Accept our united thanks for the pleasure and profit received by your excellent work, and believe us to be,

Yours very truly,

JOHN REID,

JANE A. REID,

MARIE G. COCHRANE.

From the REV. J. G. JOHNSTON.

"THE RECTORY," BLOOMFIELD, N. J.,

March 15, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. PELTON :

I have been wanting for a long time to write you, not only thanking you for your kind gift, but also to tell you how I enjoyed the book of poems, and how many times during this winter has it brought summer's brightness and bloom to my mind ; being familiar with many of the scenes and persons you so charmingly write about, adds very much to the pleasure your book conveys. And I find myself turning often to the page whereon you remember dear Mrs. Basinger, Mr. Benedict's lovely daughter. And the lines ad-

dressed to your beautiful companion find a response in my own breast, for I cherish the pleasant moments wherein I have met and conversed with your charming wife. Please present my warmest regards to her, in which my wife most heartily joins. And accepting for yourself my highest appreciation of your kindness and poetic ability, I am, dear Mr. Pelton,

Yours etc.,

J. G. JOHNSTON.

FROM SCHOOL COMMISSIONER MRS. JULIA K. WEST.

NEW BRIGHTON, May 20, 1897.

DEAR MR. PELTON:

Thank you very much for your charming volume of poems.

With sincere appreciation of your courtesy,

Very truly yours,

JULIA K. WEST.

RAVENHURST, S. I., Feb. 2, 1897.

MY DEAR MR. PELTON:

Please pardon my tardiness in acknowledging the receipt of a copy of your "Greenwood and Other Poems," with your autograph, which I value very highly.

But more than that do I value your beautiful verses to the memory of Mrs. Basinger. I shall certainly keep that little book with my treasures.

With many thanks, and my kindest regards for yourself and Mrs. Pelton, I remain,

Very truly yours,

J. GARNETT BASINGER.

21 BODINE STREET, WEST NEW BRIGHTON, S. I.,

March 22, 1898.

DANIEL PELTON, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—I have read to my wife your book of poems with delight and profit. They bespeak the language of a soul under the constraining love of the Master, whose teachings have been tested and found to be divine. Thanking you again for the gift, which I prize, I am,

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM STANDERWICK.

CHERRY LANE, Feb. 5, 1897.

MY DEAR MR. PELTON:

Thank you very much for the copy of your poems you were kind enough to leave for me in Duane street yesterday.

I prize the gift very highly, and promise myself very much pleasure from its perusal.

That the author is one whom I have known and esteemed so long lends additional value to the book, and will add to the zest with which I shall make myself acquainted with its contents.

By the way, in glancing over it hastily I have come across two lines, addressed by you to some one else, which I will venture to apply to you personally :

“ Fortune, oft false, was not to him untrue ;
And fame, unsought, a wreath upon him threw.”

That the first line of the couplet applies perfectly, your dedication is proof sufficient ; that the second may prove equally applicable is the sincere wish of,

Yours very truly,

CHAS. W. KENNEDY.

Daniel Pelton, Esq., West New Brighton.

NEW YORK, March 19, 1898.

DANIEL PELTON, Esq. :

MY DEAR FRIEND—Permit me to thank you for the very handsome copy of your poems.

I read them and re-read with much inter-

est, and often find much rest, for after that the busy toils of the day are over, I like to walk in the paths they portend.

I am indeed yours truly,

WALTER T. ELLIOTT.

MARINERS HARBOR, March 23, 1897.

DANIEL PELTON, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR :

After careful and meditative perusal of your "Greenwood, and Other Poems" I am impressed that the author has produced a collection of poems well deserving commendations of all lovers of poetry.

Copiously abounding in poetic imagery, embracing in its scope, variety of theme, comprising the thorn and the flower—the grave and the gay—the doomed and the saved—enlivening the present and inspiring a buoyant hope of a glorious immortality beyond.

Like a cluster of brilliants, it is futile for me to attempt to select the one that sparkles brightest.

From "Greenwood"—

"Where art to nature lend a moulding hand,
And grassy verdure carpets all the land,"

to the finis—it is evident that the invoked muse has not been unmindful of the poet's prayer.

Allow me to congratulate Mrs. Pelton on her good fortune in having the companionship of one who has succeeded in producing so masterly a work—she may well be proud of “Greenwood, and Other Poems.”

This cherished volume shall have a place in my library next to “Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs,”—“Flower Garden”—“Starry Heavens.” I regard the two volumes as congenial companions: while one is eloquent in prose—the other is elevating and entrancing in verse.

Yours freely and sincerely,

HORATIA T. HERVEY.

FROM CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

SATURDAY, Dec. 5th, 1897.

DEAR MRS. PELTON :

I am so sorry I had to be away on the occasion of you all having a good time. But that is my luck. I would have been in my element—with the friends of Burns. I should have written Mr. Pelton, too, ere this, but I am ashamed to say I have not read more than half of his simple and

beautifully natural *Truths in* rhythm. He gets very close to nature, and then hugs her. Well, I don't blame him—I've been there myself, but in some things Mr. Pelton has got the best of me. While I am compelled to be far away from home, and home endearments, he is mixed up forever and ever with a great bunch of refined sweetness, and three square meals; while I am like a Will-o'-the-wisp flitting, flitting all the time. Give the dear old heart my kindest regards. And regretting exceedingly that I could not have been with you, believe me ever and always,

Yours, in clouds or sunshine,

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

P. S.—I talked to 1000 people in Albany a week ago; Papers said I was the best circus of the season.

Off for Mass., Monday,

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD,
The Western Scout Poet.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25th, 1897.

DEAR MR. PELTON:

Thank you very much for your volume of Poems,—shall read them carefully as soon as I am able. The likeness of yourself and wife in the

frontispiece are most excellent—it must have been pleasant work for you both to have gathered them together for publication. Am glad to hear that you are keeping well—be careful, the weather is very cold.

With kind regards to Mrs. Pelton.

Very truly yours,

MARY M. GREENFIELD.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, February 10th, 1897.

MR. PELTON.

DEAR SIR :

Please accept my thanks, and the thanks of my wife for the very interesting volume of your Poems you so kindly sent me.

I had no idea we had such a versatile writer in our midst. Believe me I shall treasure it all the more, knowing that you have sent them only to your personal friends; the pictures of yourself and Mrs. Pelton are particularly life-like.

I am, Sir,

Yours very truly,

SAMUEL HENSHAW.

From A. A. MACKEEN, M. D.

WHITMAN, MASS., July 10th, 1898.

MR. DANIEL PELTON.

DEAR SIR:

I have delayed the acknowledgment of your volume of Poems (so kindly presented to me in person) till I had read them at my leisure. Having done so I can really thank you for having given me so much pleasure. Were I a critic I might analyze. But not being so I can simply say that they have all given me pleasure.

Please give Mrs. Pelton my kindest remembrance, and say to her that I am happy in the thought that this week Blanch and her parents will pass through Whitman, and will stay a day or so with me.

Again thanking you for the volume, which I prize highly.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

A. A. MACKEEN.

From MRS. CLARA HILL,

JERSEY CITY, Nov. 26th, 1898.

DEAR MR. PELTON:

Please accept my best thanks for the kind remembrance of the book entitled "Greenwood." I

have read it with pleasure, and you, my dear cousin, being the author of it, makes it doubly precious to me. I hope yourself and Sophie are enjoying good health. I am going to make you and Sophie a visit soon, will let you know when I am coming if possible. Kindly give my love to Sophie, and believe me,

Your sincere cousin,

CLARA HILL.

27th August, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. PELTON :

I thank you very much for the book. I have read the verses in it with a great deal of pleasure, and I hope profit. You are well versed in human nature, and no one could read "Detached thought" without finding much there to comfort in time of trial, and encourage to one's best effort. I do hope you will send a copy to the "Winter Library" at the Staten Island Academy.

Again thanking you,

I am yours sincerely,

DAVISON BROWN.

TO MR. DANIEL PELTON.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND, May 23, 1897.

MR. DANIEL PELTON, DEAR SIR, AND MRS. PELTON
YOUR DEAR WIFE.

I take this method to thank you most sincerely for your beautiful book of select Poems, and really think there is a great honor due to the author, for it will bring sunshine, comfort, and happiness to many homes, when published, and give enjoyment to the lovers of your beautiful poems.

Yours sincerely,
WILLIAM F. KENNEDY.

January 18, 1897.

MY DEAR MR. PELTON :

Having just had time to look over the lovely book of poems which you so kindly gave me yesterday, please accept my warmest thanks for your gift, and be assured of my appreciation of yours and Mrs. Pelton's gracious manners towards me at all times. Thanking you both for coming to St. John's to hear the musical service.

With kindest regards believe me very sincerely yours,

THOMAS BIRTWISTLE.

64 First Avenue,
Fort Hill, New Brighton.

January 25, 1897.

MY DEAR MR. PELTON :

Please accept our thanks for the kind thoughtfulness that prompted you to remember us with your beautiful book—that we enjoy it, goes without saying, and we hope the author and his help-mate may live many years to reap the benefit thereof.

Please tell Sophia to come and see me when she can. I should enjoy having you come also, but being somewhat of an invalid now I fear you would find it tiresome this cold weather.

Again thanking you both for your book,

I am, cordially yours,

AVA L. PEENE.

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO, CANADA, April 30, 1898.

DEAR SIR :

I have to acknowledge with much pleasure the favor of your book of poems.

It came on the 28th inst., since which time I have been unable to give it much attention. I assure you, however, from just glancing it over, and reading a very few of the poems, I am pleased to say I must congratulate you as the author of

so fine a selection, without attempting to flatter, that being out of mind completely. I must confess, with great pleasure, I appreciate your work and feel confident that, while it will compare favorably with very many of the best authors, it is far above a host of those whose productions are offered for sale.

I am highly pleased with the sentiment that to my mind involves those of your productions I have read. I will prize the present, with profound pleasure, because of its intrinsic value, and also from whom I received it. While I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, Mrs. Moore, as well as myself, are acquainted with your most estimable wife, and we feel proud of her as one of our most sincere friends. We appreciate her for her noble qualities, and at all times think of her as a superior lady whose friendship is most charming. I take the liberty of suggesting (for which I trust you will pardon me), that I have a slight suspicion that you have been to some extent benefited by Mrs. Pelton's most genial and pleasant temperament and pleasingly inventive mind. It is not only her voice and beautiful face that are attractive, but it is her pleasing and instructive manners. With your wife to prompt and suggest, I have no doubt you would be able to grasp many sentimental ideas that would

assist you in your noble work. The influence from reading your poems is most powerful and good.

I thank you kindly, equally for my wife as for myself, for this valuable gift. Mrs. Moore is just now visiting our daughter in Madison, Wisconsin.

On her return I will request her to write to your dear wife, and at the same time convey to you her gratitude for the joint gift I am quite certain she will value highly.

I trust you will overlook the extreme length of this letter, but I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without expressing, through you, dear sir, to your dear wife the thanks of the Moores for the many and pleasing evidences of her friendship to us as a family, as well as to the different members,—all have been the recipients of tokens of friendship for many years, and I regret to say we all feel that we have not reciprocated as we should have done. We all would feel highly honored with a visit from yourself and Mrs. Pelton, whenever you feel that it will be convenient; and if you allow us an opportunity to entertain you I assure you we will endeavor to convince you of our earnestness of friendship by our hospitality.

Trusting I may have the pleasure of meeting

you in the near future, I have the honor to subscribe myself.

Yours most respectfully and sincerely .

N. W. MOORE.

DANIEL PELTON,
West New Brighton,
Staten Island, N. Y.

FROM J. EBERHARD FABER.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, March 22, 1897.

MY DEAR MR. PELTON :

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your book of poems, "Greenwood," for which I thank you most sincerely.

I have not had much leisure to read it, but was very much interested. I had no idea that your talent ran in this direction, and Mrs. Faber and I will take great pleasure in reading it together.

Kindly excuse my neglect in not acknowledging your kind gift before, but having been away in Lakewood I did not have the opportunity before now.

With many thanks and kindest regards,

Very sincerely yours,

J. EBERHARD FABER.

From Miss LAURA A. BARRETT.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, 3, 25, '97.

DEAR MR. PELTON :

I wish to send my sincere thanks for the book you have so kindly sent me, the thought that prompted you to wish I should possess these poems you have written with so much feeling and sentiment, and which I am enjoying.

With many thanks,

I am sincerely yours,

LAURA A. BARRETT.

From Cousin JOHN W. PELTON, Poughkeepsie.

254 MILL ST., N. Y., Sept. 30, 1898.

DANIEL PELTON, Esq.

ESTEEMED FRIEND :

I have just returned from a trip to the White Mountains and find awaiting me a beautiful copy of your poems. Allow me to express my appreciation of your kindness, and to assure you that I shall esteem the book as a valued gift. I have not as yet had time to peruse the poems, but the value of the gift is enhanced by the noble picture of yourself and your sweet wife whom we

are glad to say we met at 791 De Kalb Av., Brooklyn.

Our kind regards for yourself and wife.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN W. PELTON.

From MRS. ELIZA A. GOULD,

LIVINGSTON, BARD AV., S. I.

January 6, 1897.

DANIEL PELTON.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I have just returned home, and find the book you so kindly left for me. I have looked through it, and so far have enjoyed it very much. I will call to express my thanks for it in a few days, and believe me with sincere thanks.

Your friend,

ELIZA A. GOULD.

From MISS JESSIE McCLELLAN,

65 PARK AV., N. Y. CITY.

January 4, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. PELTON,

I have been out of the city for the holidays, and on my return hasten to acknowledge your book of beautiful poems. I shall read it with

great pleasure, and treasure it for sake of the kind giver. It was so lovely of you to remember me. Wishing you and dear Sophie the compliments of the season, and hoping this will explain the cause of my apparent negligence.

I remain,

Cordially yours,

JESSIE McCLELLAN.

NO. 48 WEST 99TH STREET.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17, 1897.

DEAR SIR,

Allow me to thank you most sincerely for your kindness in sending me a copy of your poems. I assure you they will be read, and re-read until I am enabled to form, and express if necessary, an opinion regarding them. At the present time I am very busy, and have only had time to take a glance through your book, but even that glance showed me some things which pleased me much, and which struck a responsive chord. Thanking you again for your kindness, and

I am yours truly,

JOHN THOMSON.

DANIEL PELTON, ESQUIRE,

West New Brighton,

Staten Island, N. Y.

FROM MRS. IDA MOORE MORRIS.

MADISON, Wis., Feb. 10, 1897.

MY DEAR MR. PELTON:

Your beautiful gift came to us this morning. Many, many thanks. I have been with you two hours; only took time to put our precious Kathryn to sleep. I read a good many of them aloud to our sister Lassie. Her first wish was "that our blessed mother had a copy too." How she would enjoy it! Auntie told me Sunday that she had received one and was delighted with it. I feel we can never repay you both for all you have done for us in many ways. I shall never forget my choice visit at your home, and the jolly time we had, also the dear old Macaw. I hope you can come to Madison; we would enjoy a visit so much. Must have Sophie again, too. With much love,

Affectionately,

IDA.

Morris's Memorial History
of Staten Island.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y., July 28, 1897.

DANIEL PELTON, Esq.:

ESTEEMED FRIEND—Your very kind favor would have been acknowledged sooner had your book

not arrived during my absence. I promise myself some very pleasant hours in its perusal, and in advance thank you for the profit I shall receive. With kindest regard,

Very truly yours,

IRA K. MORRIS.

FROM MISS IDA CARSON,

PORT RICHMOND, N. Y., March 8, 1898.

DEAR MR. PELTON :

On this, my birthday, I take my pen in hand to write a tardy note of appreciation of your book of poems ; better late than never. I think I hear in my mind both you and yours, wishing me "many returns."

It is a beautiful day and I am going to spend the afternoon of it up in New Springville, my birth-place, and in the evening attend the wedding of a friend, at eight o'clock, in the Reformed church, and so I expect to spend a pleasant birthday. And now no more about self, except to say one reason for not sending this before to you is I have been so busy singing here, there and all over, that I have had but little time to give to writing. I enjoyed especially in your book "Detached Thoughts," "Charlotte Canda," "The

Setting Star," "The Battle of Inkermann," and all those "to Sophie," of course, I enjoyed immensely. Yours is a great gift, and especially so in that you give so much pleasure to others—those who have been so fortunate as to possess the book in which flow your good, lovely, expressive thoughts. Please say to Mrs. Pelton she never sang better in her life, and I tender my congratulations here. I had to leave before she finished for I had a rehearsal that night at the Harbor. Sorry I could not speak with you also.

Very truly your friend,

IDA CARSON.

From HENRY V. PELTON, Esq.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Oct. 1st, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. PELTON:

I wish to thank you for the copy of your poems which you so kindly sent. I am glad to possess them, and shall be much interested in reading them.

I am sorry the two branches of our family have met so seldom in the year past. I was glad that Mrs. Pelton made a little call on us. And hope that we shall be able to return it before very long.

Very sincerely yours,

HENRY V. PELTON.

FROM MRS. MARY E. MOORE.

ST. THOMAS. ONT., June 3, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. PELTON :

Well, you may imagine my surprise and delight when I returned home and found your beautiful book—many, many thanks! It was kind and sweet of you, to remember us so kindly—and I have read it with great pleasure; and more than all I love to look at those dear faces, one of which I have loved ever since I knew her, and in the other you see the inspired look which all younger people venerate, admire and love,—we only wish we could know you better,—can you two not visit us this summer, we have a beautiful home spot—the beautiful spot of the town. And I am sure you could enjoy a little time with us. And we would be more than pleased to have you come.

Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Ermazinger, and others often ask after you. Mrs. McDougall spoke very kindly of you, likes you very much, how could she help it! With best love to you both, and wishing you may have many years of happiness.

I am your loving friend,
MARY E. MOORE.

FROM MRS. IDA MOORE MORRIS.

MADISON, WIS., Jan. 14, 1898.

DEAR MR. PELTON :

Many, many happy returns of the day. To think you are eighty years old, and seem about fifty, so well and happy and contented. What a perfect life you have led !

We often say if we could see you and our precious Sophie. When are you coming West ?

Our latch-string is a very long one, and I trust you will try and find it. Sophie has always been the dearest friend I ever had. We all love her. Our little Kathryn tells our friends when she sees your picture that you are her "other precious Grandpapa." She is the little sunbeam in our home.

The beautiful life you live keeps you young in heart, and makes others better for having known you. I shall never forget our choice visit and the happy days we spent with you before you married Sophie, and how we all loved you.

Trusting you may see many more happy birthdays. Believe me, most devotedly,

Your friend,

IDA MOORE MORRIS.

FROM MRS. KATHARINE UNGRICH.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20, 1897.

MY DEAR MR. PELTON :

Please accept many thanks for the present you generously sent to me by Louise. I am delighted, and shall ever appreciate your kindness. Reading your poems afford me great pleasure. Thanking you again.

I am very sincerely,

KATHARINE UNGRICH.

RAVENHURST, Feb. 22, 1897.

DEAR FRIEND :

MR. PELTON—When your dear wife came into my room yesterday like the embodiment of the bright wintry sunshine, cheering us all by her presence, I could not half express the gratitude I felt for the book you have so kindly given me.

It will be a lasting joy, as I shall read, and re-read it slowly. Mr. Burkman and I both appreciate the verses written in memory of our precious Helen very, very much.

While this small gilt-edged volume "Greenwood" shall hold its place of honor next my Tennyson, and Longfellow, the idols of my earlier

years, believe me it will occupy a higher place in my esteem, and have a keener interest to my husband and me, because of the fact that we have known and loved the author.

Very sincerely yours,

ELLA BENEDICT BURKMAN.

NEW YORK, March 17th, 1899.

DEAR MR. PELTON :

Many thanks for the book of poems you kindly sent me by Mrs. Pelton. I have not had much time for perusal. I shall take much pleasure in my evenings "at home" with same. Please accept my warmest thanks, and believe me,

Sincerely yours,

D. A. ANDERSON.

131, Johnson St., BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 15, 1899.

MR. PELTON,

DEAR SIR,

Only a few words to say that I found your book most beautiful and hope that you will pardon me for not writing to you sooner; but I have been very busy of late, and any spare time I had I took great pleasure in reading it, as your dear wife asked me to select a few pieces from it,

indeed it is hard for me to do so, as I think every verse in it is most beautiful and also to know the author so well. In looking through it I have found a few pieces I like very much, such as pages 41, 130, 137, 141, 142, also page 3. Indeed I cannot explain to you how thankful I am to you for your gift. I will keep it carefully, and every time I will read it I will think of you and your dear wife. Hoping that you will remember me to her, and hoping that she is feeling better than the last time I saw her, as I have nothing more to say at present.

I remain, friend,
ANNIE MORAN

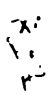
July 11, 1899.

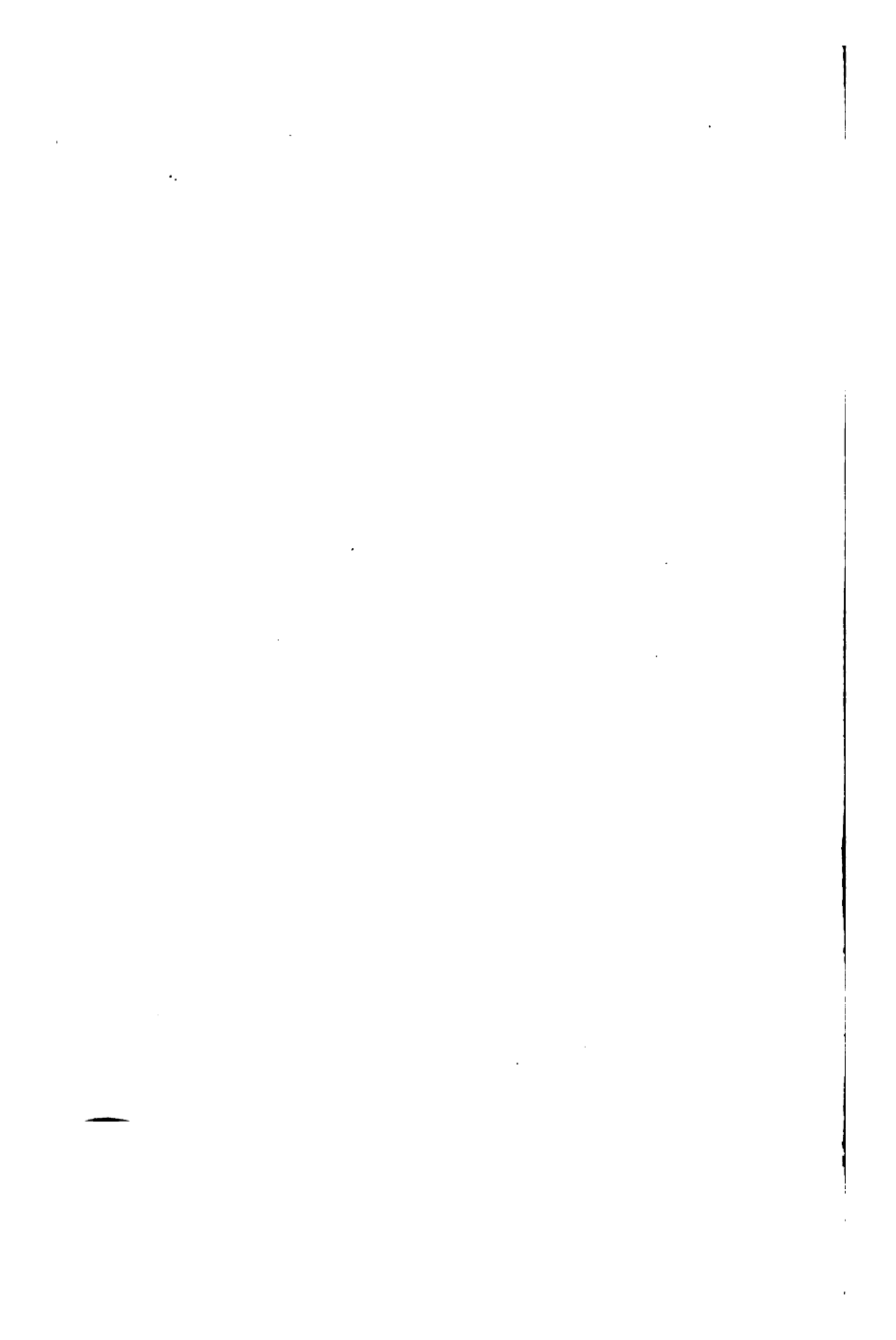
MR. DANIEL PELTON,
West New Brighton, S. I.

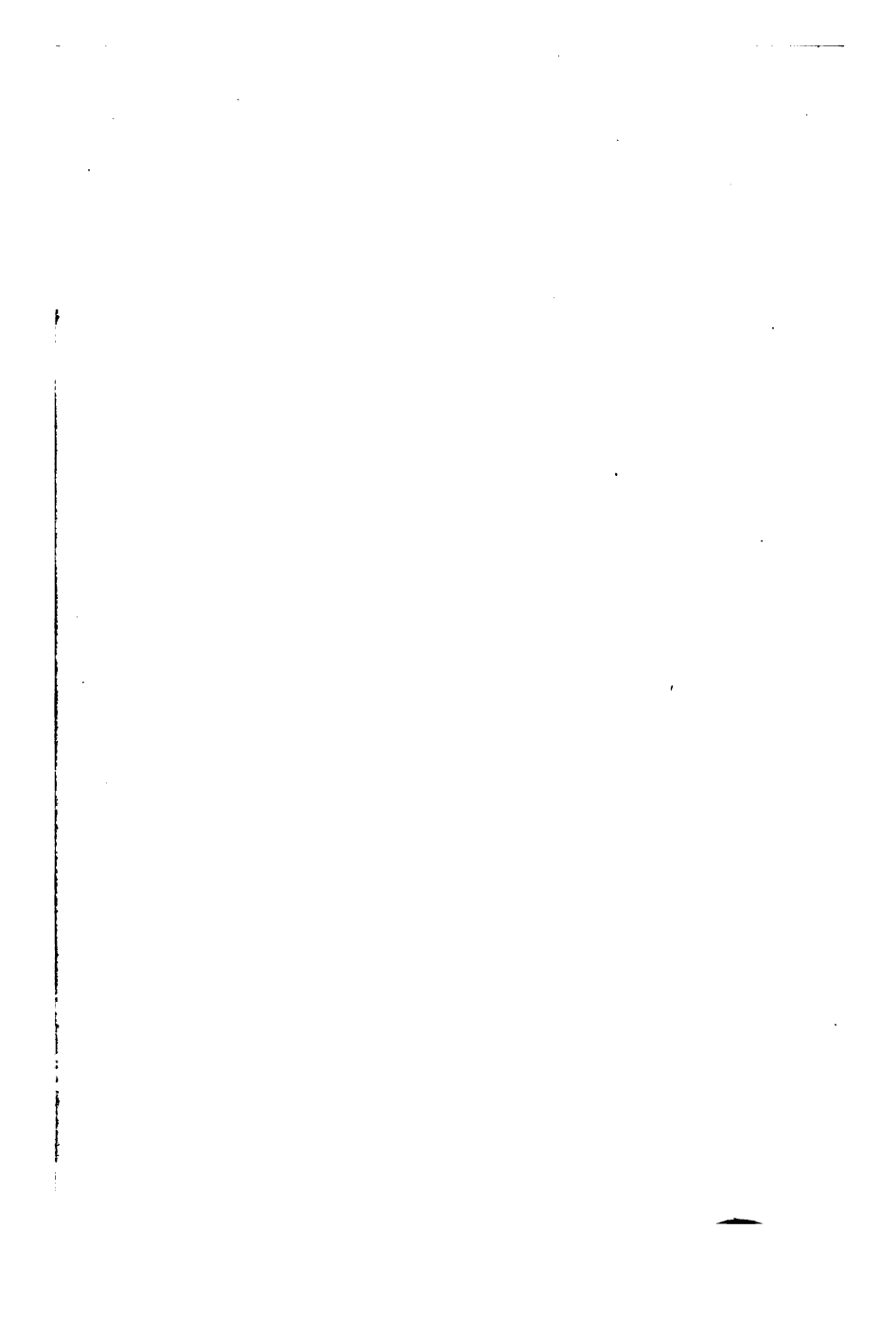
MY DEAR SIR:—

I wish to thank you for your remembrance in sending me your volume of poetry, which I have not yet had time very much to read, but have thus far been pleased to note the excellent sentiments which it contains and which are so well expressed in verse.

Yours very truly,
G. G. WILLIAMS.







AUG 9 1939

